MARY AND MARTHA

THE MOTHER AND THE WIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

BY

BENSON J. LOSSING, LL.D.

AUTHOR OF

"FIELD-BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION" "FIELD-BOOK OF THE WAR OF 1812"
"CYCLOPÆDIA OF UNITED STATES HISTORY" ETC.

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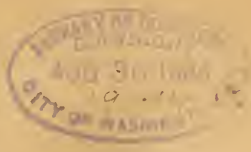

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TO

MY YOUNG COUNTRYWOMEN

THIS BRIEF SKETCH OF THE LIVES OF TWO OF THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS EXEMPLARS OF TRUE WOMANHOOD

Is Dedicated

BY THE AUTHOR

INTRODUCTION.

So quiet, so unostentatious, so eminently domestic were the lives of the mother and the wife of George Washington that the biographer and the historian have rarely mentioned theirs as distinct from their relations as mother and wife of that illustrious man. For a faithful portraiture of the character and deeds of either of these notable women, the sum of trustworthy materials to be found in memoirs, annals, or records, is very meagre. And yet the lives of these two women were indissolubly associated with the earthly destiny of one of the grandest characters in the world's history: one as his maternal guide in his childhood and youth, and the other as his conjugal companion and counsellor in his manhood and exalted career.

From 1848 until late in 1860, I was a frequent visitor at Arlington House, in Virginia, the pleasant seat of the late George Washington Parke Custis. It is situated upon high ground on the right bank of the Potomac River, overlooking the cities of Washington and Georgetown. Mr. Custis was a grandson of Martha Washington, and one of the two foster-children of her husband. He died in 1857, leaving his estate to his only child, Mrs. Mary Custis Lee, the wife of Col. Robert E. Lee, U. S. Army, who became the com-

mander-in-chief of the Confederate military forces late in the Civil War of 1861–'65. I continued my visits at Arlington House until a short time before the family abandoned it and joined General Lee at Richmond in the spring of 1861.

Arlington House was filled with treasures — precious mementos of the distinguished family at Mount Vernon. Furniture, plate, porcelain, pictures, account-books, and manuscripts of various kinds — relics of the Washington and Custis families — were there in abundance, and were placed at my disposal for inspection, research, and use.

Mr. Custis was eighteen years of age when Washington died, and twenty years old when his grandmother left the earth. His recollections of Washington and his wife, of his own personal experiences at Mount Vernon, and of his acquaintances and associates there, were very vivid. During many long conversations with Mr. Custis, of which I made brief notes to assist memory, I obtained a large amount of information, especially concerning his grandmother and her family. He had no clear remembrance of Washington's mother, for he was only five years of age when she died.

When, in 1859, Mrs. Lee placed in my hands, to arrange and annotate for the press, the communications of her father to the *National Intelligencer* for more than twenty years, under the title of "Recollections of Washington," a large quantity of autograph letters and documents pertaining to the Washington and Custis families were put into

my possession. From these papers, and from others at Arlington House, from bits of trustworthy information picked up here and there, sometimes by accident but more frequently by research during the past thirty-five years, I gathered much knowledge concerning the mother and the wife of Washington, which has hitherto been unrevealed to the public. The threads of knowledge thus gathered form the fabric of this volume, literary and artistic.

In delineating the career of Martha Washington I have mingled sketches of events in the private and public life of her husband in which she was directly or indirectly a participant—such as amusements, fêtes, military reviews, receptions, entertainments, hospitalities at Mount Vernon, and, notably, the life at various head-quarters of the army during the war for independence, at which they resided together.

So with the illustrations. Among these may be found pictures of head-quarters at which Mrs. Washington tarried with her husband after the close of each campaign; also of the two churches at which they worshipped together a greater part of their lives during forty years, and the Presidential mansions in New York and Philadelphia. In the delineation of other objects and events, care has been exercised for securing accuracy in form and costume, and for conforming to historical truth.

The engravings which illustrate the contents of this volume are fac-similes of pen-and-ink sketches made expressly for this work.

BENSON J. LOSSING.

THE RIDGE, 1886.

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MARY.

MARY,

THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON.

CHAPTER I.

"A Being breathing thoughtful breath,
A Traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, forethought, strength and skill;
A perfect Woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.—WORDSWORTH.

THE courtly knight, Sir John Froissart, the famous chronicler of the time of the Plantagenets, drew with a brilliant pen a bold sketch of a "crazy preacher of Kent," as he called him, who was an irrepressible reformer, and a leader in Wat Tyler's rebellion against the nobility of England in the 14th century.

John Ball was the mad preacher. He was of the class of married priests so hated and harried by St. Dunstan centuries before. A sturdy democrat—a prototype of the socialists and nihilists of our time—John Ball, for fully twenty years before he was silenced by the sharp and conclusive

argument of the executioner's axe, had harangued the yeomen in Kentish church-yards, in market-places, and at fairs, always taking for his text his favorite couplet—

> "When Adam delv'd and Eve span,
> Who was then the gentleman?"

In spite of stocks, and the prison of the Archbishop of Canterbury in which he had thrice languished; in spite of beatings in by-places and frequent insults, John Ball continually inveighed bitterly against the tyranny of rank and wealth and privilege which oppressed the people. His invectives were aimed at the nobles and prelates of the realm. He preached the seminal doctrine of our Declaration of Independence, pure and simple; and the people listened to him with eager ears and loving hearts, as a prophet and evangelist.

There was cause for such preaching then. The candid old chronicler says the "commonalty" were sorely oppressed, and were absolute bondmen to the privileged class. "They are compelled by law and custom," he said, "to plough the lands of gentlemen, to harvest the grain, to carry it home to the barn, to thresh and winnow it; they are also bound to harvest the hay and carry it home, and to hew the wood and carry it home."

Every Sunday, after mass, as the people came out of the church, they gathered about John Ball. On one of these occasions he exclaimed, says the chronicler, "My good friends, things cannot go on well in England, nor ever will, until everything shall be in common; when there shall neither be vassal nor lord, and all distinctions levelled; when the lords shall be no more masters than ourselves.

How ill they have used us! and for what reason do they thus hold us in bondage? Are we not all descended from the same parents, Adam and Eve? and what can they show, or what reasons give, why they should be more the masters than ourselves?—except, perhaps, in making us labor and work for them to spend in their pride. They are clothed in velvets and rich stuffs, ornamented with ermine and other furs, while we are forced to wear poor clothes. They have wines, spices, and fine bread, when we have only rye

JOHN BALL PREACHING. (FROM A MS. OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.)

and the refuse of the straw; and, if we drink, it must be water. They have handsome seats and manors, when we must brave the wind and rain in our labors in the field; but it is from our labor they have wherewith to support their pomp. We are called slaves; and if we do not perform our services, we are beaten, and we have not any sovereign to whom we can complain, or who wishes to hear us and do justice."

The people murmured, "John Ball speaks the truth." But for these utterances he was imprisoned by the Arch-

bishop of Canterbury. This act, and an unjust tax levied at about that time, set England ablaze, from sea to sea, with popular indignation. A hundred thousand Kentish men and others, led by Wat Tyler and Jack Straw, entered Canterbury (1381), plundered the archbishop's palace, took John Ball from prison, and set him on a horse as their leader, and pressed on towards London, killing every lawyer by the way—"for not till they are all killed will the land enjoy freedom!" shouted the peasants. They sang doggerel ditties, many of them composed by John Ball, which were scattered among the people to arouse them to revolt. One of them ran thus:

"John Ball, Greeteth you all,
And doth for to Understand he hath rung your Bell.
Now Right and Might, Will and Skill,
God speed every Dele.
Now reigneth Pride in Price,
And Covetise is counted Wise,
And Lechery without Shame,
And Gluttony without Blame," etc.

In these rude jingles we may trace the beginning of the literature of political controversy in England, the predecessor of the pamphlet and the newspaper controversies afterwards. They expressed the passions of the oppressed multitude; their yearnings for simple justice and their scorn of the immorality of the nobles and the infamy of the royal house and the Court.

King Richard II., just enthroned, was then a lad of sixteen. Advised by his mother, he acted wisely, though deceitfully, at this crisis, in quelling the insurrection, by meeting the malcontents face to face.

"We will," shouted the insurgent peasants, "that you free us forever, we and our lands, and that we be never named or held as serfs."

"I grant it," cried Richard; and he bade them go home, pledging himself to issue charters and forgiveness, a pledge intended to be broken. The insurgents dispersed, all but about thirty thousand who remained with Wat Tyler to watch over the fulfilment of the royal pledge. A quarrel with the mayor of London brought on a conflict. Wat Tyler was killed, John Ball and Jack Straw were seized, and their heads (cut off by the king's command) were, with Tyler's, displayed upon pikes on London Bridge.

"'Mad' as the land-owners called him," says Green, the historian, "it was in the preaching of John Ball that England first listened to the knell of feudalism and the declaration of the rights of man."

The death of John Ball occurred at Coventry in the year 1381, five hundred years ago. His voice is yet sounding ominously in the ears of the privileged classes in England, proclaiming that "all men are created equal." The latest and most startling echo of that voice was heard at the passage by the British Parliament, in the autumn of 1884, of the Franchise and Redistribution Acts, by which the government of England passed into the hands of the whole people.

What has all this to do with Mary, the mother of Washington? it may be asked. Much—it may be *very* much. Possibly the democratic spirit of our beloved patriot was inherited through a long line of ancestry from the "mad preacher of Kent." Washington's mother was Mary Ball, of English descent, the second wife of his father, and there

are weighty reasons for believing that she was a lineal descendant from John Ball, the mediæval champion of the rights of man.

ARMS OF THE BALL FAMILY.

Many years ago a resident of Petersburg, Va., sent me a rude pencil sketch of the arms of the Ball family, which he copied from a rough water-color drawing belonging to an old Virginia family. It is an escutcheon bearing a lion rampant, a coat of mail, and a shield bearing two lions and a *fleur de lis*. The crest is a helmet, with closed visor. Above the lion is a broad bar, half red and half gold. At the bottom of the escutcheon is a floating ribbon bearing the legend: CŒLUMQUE TUERI. On the back of the picture was written:

"The coat of arms of Colonel William Ball, who came from England, with his family, about the year 1650, and settled at the mouth of Corotoman River, in Lancaster County, Virginia, and died in 1669 leaving two sons, William and Joseph, and one daughter, Hannah, who married Daniel Fox. William left eight sons (and one daughter), five of whom have now (Anno Domini, 1779) male issue. Joseph's male issue is extinct. General George Washington is his grandson by his youngest daughter, Mary."

Col. William Ball was a native of Kent, and a younger brother of John Ball, a Calvinistic divine of Woodstock, who was extolled by Fuller and Baxter for his piety and learning. The colonel reluctantly served for a while in the royal army during the Civil War, and was in the battles of Marston Moor and Naseby. His estate, which was considerable, was much injured when General Fairfax crushed an

insurrection in Kent. After the death of the king, Colonel Ball came to America and settled as a planter in Lancaster County, in South-eastern Virginia. His adult children seem to have been well educated. William, the oldest, became an expert surveyor, and was active as such as late as 1737.*

In 1670 William's brother, Joseph, returned to England to look after the estate left by their father. There Joseph married, and there he dwelt until about the year 1695, when he returned to Virginia. There, late in 1706, his youngest daughter, Mary, was born. This daughter became the mother of Washington. Her brother, Joseph Ball, Jr., was educated in England for the profession of the law, became a practitioner in London, married Miss Ravenscroft, and made the country of his birth his permanent home. He probably

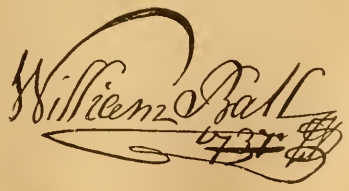
* The following note (an autograph), written by William Ball to Col. William Fairfax, is in a beautiful, round hand. "His Lordshipp" referred to was Lord Thomas Fairfax, of Greenway Court, Virginia, the friend of Washington in his youth and early manhood:

"Sir,

"I expected to have compleated the Survey this week, and to have sent it to his Lordshipp, but am verry much Indisposed that I could not doe it in time. Colonel Grymes has Directed me to have the Survey at Williamsburg next Wednesday, where I hope [to be] with the Surveys for the King's Commission and his Lordshipp's.

"I am with due Respect,

"Yr Verry Humble Servtt,



"Aprill 11, 1737."

never resided in America after he settled in England, but seems to have visited Virginia, where he had landed property. According to Bishop Meade ("Old Churches and Families in Virginia," ii., 128), he was in America in 1729; and the letter of the mother of Washington to him in the summer of 1760 (see note on page 10) shows that he was then living near London.

Very little is known of the youth and early womanhood of Mary Ball. Her father appears to have been a well-to-do planter on the left bank of the Rappahannock River, near where, a broad stream, its fresh waters commingled with the brine of Chesapeake Bay. He was a vestryman of Christ Church, in Lancaster. In a fragment of a list of contributions for the support of the minister of that parish (Rev. John Bell) in 1712, is the following entry: "Joseph Ball, £5"—a considerable sum for a Virginia planter at that time to give for such a purpose. He was commissioned a colonel by Gov. Alexander Spottswood, and was known as "Colonel Ball of Lancaster," to distinguish him from another Colonel Ball, his cousin.

Mary Ball seems to have grown to womanhood in the serene and healthful seclusion of a well-ordered home in a sparsely settled country. Like most of the girls in the colony at that time, her attainments in "book" learning must have been acquired under the parental roof, for early in the last century schools were almost unknown in that part of our country. Governor Berkeley had, half a century before, thanked God there were no free schools nor a printing-press in Virginia, and hoped there would not be in a hundred years. In 1723 the Bishop of London addressed a circular letter to the clergy of Virginia (then more than forty in

number), making inquiries about the religious and social conditions of their people. He inquired, "Are there any schools in your parish?" All answered, "none;" two or three of them excepting charity schools. Private schools, kept at the houses of wealthy gentlemen, taught, perhaps, by unmarried clergymen, were all the means provided for education outside of the College of William and Mary.

When Mary Ball was about seventeen years of age she wrote to her brother abroad on family matters, and concluded her letter as follows: "We have not had a school-master in our neighborhood until now [January 14, 1723] in nearly four years. We have now a young minister living with us, who was educated at Oxford, took orders, and came over as assistant to Rev. Kemp, at Gloucester. That parish is too poor to keep both, and he teaches school for his board. He teaches sister Susie and me and Madam Carter's boy and two girls. I am now learning pretty fast. Mama and Susie and I all send love to you and Mary. This from your loving sister,

Mary Ball *

The education of Mary was evidently defective, but not more so than that of the average young women of her class. While her chirography was plain and business-like in character, her orthography was very defective, even late in life.†

* Copied from an autograph letter in possession of a friend in Baltimore. The spelling is corrected.

† The following is a literal copy of an autograph letter of Mary, the mother of Washington, to her brother in England, in possession of Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, of New York:

But her career indicates that she had received at home an education for the higher duties of life, of far greater value and importance than any taught in schools. From her mother, who died in 1728, after a widowhood of many years, she had doubtless inherited the noblest qualities of mind and heart, and had been taught all those domestic virtues of which cotemporary testimony and tradition tell us she was a bright exemplar—industry, frugality, integrity, strength of will and purpose, obedient to the behests of duty, faithfulness, and modesty, and with deep religious convictions. She

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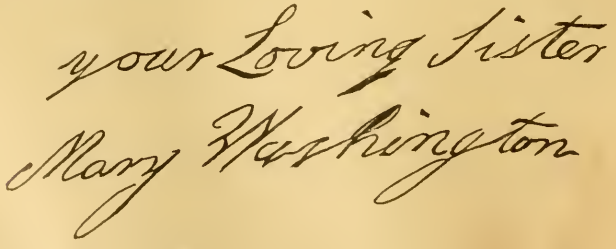
"JULY 2, 1760.

"DEAR BROTHER, this Coms by Captain Nickleson. You seem to blame me for not writeing to you butt I doe ashure you it is Note for a want of a very great regard for you and the family, butt as I dont ship tobacco the Captains never call on me soe that I never know when tha com or when tha goe. I believe you have got a very good overseer at this quarter now. Captain Newton has taken a large lease of ground from you which I Deare say if you had been hear yourself it had not been don. Mr Daniel & his wife & family is well. Cozin Hannah has been married & lost her husband. She has one child a boy, pray give my love to Sister Ball & Mr. Downman, his son-in-law & his Lady & I am Deare Brother,



"MR JOSEPH BALL ESQUIRE
At Stratford by Bow
Nigh London"

was strengthened by an abiding faith in the Divine promises which made Mary, the mother of Washington, a model woman, and yet

"A Creature not too good
For human Nature's daily food."

I have met with only two allusions, in writing, to Mary Ball before her marriage. These were in fragments of letters found in a deserted mansion near the York River during the late Civil War, and sent to me in a small package of other old papers of no real value. One of these letters, written in a feminine hand, dated "W^{ms} Burg, ye 7th of Oct^{r}, 1722," began as follows:

"Dear Sukey—

Madam Ball of Lancaster and Her Sweet Molly have gone Hom. Mamma thinks Molly the Comliest Maiden She Knows. She is about 16 y^{rs} old, is taller than Me, is verry Sensable, Modest and Loving. Her Hair is like unto Flax, Her Eyes are the color of Yours and her Chekes are like May blossoms. I wish You could See Her."

The other letter was written by "Lizzie Burwell" to a friend. It was so torn and faded as to be almost illegible; only the subjoined part of a sentence could be deciphered:

"— understand Molly Ball is going Home with her Brother a Lawyer, who lives in England. Her Mother is Dead three Months ago, and her Sister—"

Here a fragment of the letter was torn off, together with all the superscription excepting "Miss Nelly Car." At the top of the letter were the words, "tank, May y^{e} 15th, 1728."

This is the sum of my information concerning Mary Ball before her marriage, when she was about twenty-four years of age. Of that important event in her life some exceedingly interesting statements were given to the author of this volume a dozen years ago, which he published in the form of a communication in the *American Historical Record*, of which he was then the editor. The communication appeared in April, 1872, and challenged the attention of genealogists and biographers, and created considerable discussion for a while.

As some of the statements seemed to be hopelessly involved in improbability, in the absence of supporting testimony, either in history or tradition, the subject soon ceased to attract attention. New light having been cast upon it since those statements were published, they assume much importance, and they are presented in the next chapter as a part of the biography of Mary, the mother of Washington.

CHAPTER II.

In December, 1871, while at the house of the late Prof. Samuel F. B. Morse, LL.D., in New York City, he called my attention to a picture of a young lady in his possession, which it was claimed was a portrait of Mary Ball, the mother of Washington, painted just before her marriage. He gave me a brief but interesting history of the picture. Professor Morse also had in his possession a small package of documents relating to the portrait, and on my expressing great interest in the subject, he kindly handed the papers to me, with permission to make such use of them as I might choose. From their contents I compiled the communication to the *American Historical Record* alluded to in the preceding chapter, the essential portions of which I here repeat.

Professor Morse received the picture from George Harvey, a painter, to whom it had been bequeathed by George Field, of England, known in the republic of letters as the author of important works on philosophy and art.* In a written history of the picture, given to Professor Morse, Mr. Harvey said that while he was in England, in 1847, and lecturing on the "Scenery, Resources, and Progress of the

* George Field was born in 1777, and died in 1854. He was the author of "British School of Modern Artists," 1802; "Chromatics; or, Harmony of Colors" (new edition), 1845; "Outlines of Analytical Philosophy," 1839: "Tritogenea: A Synopsis of Universal History," 1846, etc.

Northern Part of the United States," he made the acquaintance of Mr. Field, who informed the artist that he possessed the portrait of Miss Ball, who became the mother of Washington, and invited Mr. Harvey to his home to see it. He accepted the invitation, and was struck with the resemblance of the features to the best authenticated portraits of Washington. Mr. Harvey mentioned the subject to his friends on his return to Boston, and to satisfy their incredulity he wrote to Mr. Field for an explicit statement, in writing, concerning the portrait. Mr. Harvey received a response under the date of "Sion Hill, Feb. 25, 1851." Mr. Field, then seventy-five years of age, wrote:

"It happened when I was a boy that, being in the neighborhood of Cookham, in Berkshire, with an uncle of mine, he pointed out a pretty country cottage, in which the parents of General Washington resided, and from which they removed to America. Our road led to a green, or common, where there resided a Mrs. Ann Morer, whose maiden name was Taylor, who there showed me the portrait of Mrs. Washington, and other reliques of the family, given to her when they quitted the place for America, to which country her aunt or mother, she told me, took George Washington in her arms.

"I believe I use her own expression. Some years after this, happening to be in the neighborhood of Cookham, I called on Mrs. Morer, who again showed me the portrait, and mentioned that two American gentlemen, friends of Washington or his family, had sought her out as the nearest relative of his nurse, and presented her with two guineas.

"Again, about 1812, when residing on the edge of Windsor Forest, my wife hired a servant, Hannah Taylor, and

finding she came from Cookham, I inquired if she knew Mrs. Morer, when I learned that she had recently died and that her effects were about to be sold by auction; on which I requested Hannah immediately to write to her mother, and desire all the pictures to be bought for me—which was done, and I obtained the portrait in question with the other heads, and have kept them ever since, as I showed it to you. As there could have been no purpose beyond the truth in this statement, I have never doubted and continue to believe it firmly. I have shown the portrait to numberless persons, and was induced to address a letter to Judge Washington,* at Mount Vernon, in 1824, supposing him to be the representative of the family, offering to restore the picture, but did not receive an answer.

"Mr. Chapman,† an American artist, known to the family, took a slight sketch of the head, in which he recognized a family likeness of the Washingtons; nor is it without resemblance to Washington portraits.

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* Bushrod Washington, Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States. He inherited the mansion and four thousand acres of the Mount Vernon estate at the death of Mrs. Washington. He was a son of John Augustine, a brother of the general. He, too, was childless.

† John Gadsby Chapman, who in 1848 went to Rome to reside, and still (1886) lives there. When Mr. Irving made his first arrangements for publishing his "Life of Washington," it was agreed to have it freely illustrated with engravings on wood, and Mr. Chapman was engaged to make the designs. He went to England in search of materials, and it was at that time, probably, that he visited Mr. Field. The author of this volume was engaged to execute the engravings, and he remembers seeing the original sketch of Mary Ball's head and bust made by Chapman. The arrangement with that publisher was ended by his failures in business.

"Mr. Justine Carleton, of New Orleans, to whom I showed the portrait, mentioned, in confirmation of my statements, the circumstances of the marriage of Augustine Washington with Miss Ball (the parents of the great George Washington) in this country, and her emigration with him to America."

Mr. Harvey permitted extracts from Mr. Field's letter to be published in a leading Boston newspaper. He was immediately so much annoyed by intrusive inquiries that he transferred the investigation of the affair to the New England Historic and Genealogical Society. He gave its secretary (the late T. Wingate Thornton) a letter of introduction to Mr. Field. Many letters passed between these gentlemen; and "Mr. Thornton," says Mr. Harvey, "obtained much information in America tending to confirm Mr. Field's statements."

By his will, dated January 19, 1852, Mr. Field bequeathed the portrait in question to Mr. Harvey, when the artist resolved to make a personal investigation concerning its authenticity. He went to England in 1853, and visited Cookham, where, according to tradition given to Mr. Field, the parents of Washington resided before they went to America. He ascertained that Washingtons had lived at Cookham. He called upon the rector of the parish church to ask leave to examine the parish register. The rector told him that "a rascally lawyer had obtained possession of the Baptismal and Marriage Register before his (the rector's) time, and at a great fire they had been destroyed; but that the records of the deaths of the Washingtons were all safe," for the Burial Register was preserved. In this Register Mr. Harvey found the names of several Washingtons of both sexes. He also found recorded therein the burial

records of several members of a Ball family who had resided there. Among them was the following entry:

"John Ball, was buried 26th of May, 1707.

"Mary Ball, was buried Oct. 23, 1729."

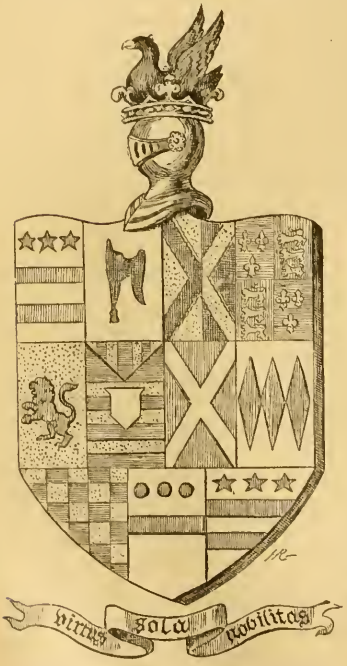
Mr. Harvey erroneously supposed these to have been the parents of Washington's mother. *Her* father's name was *Joseph*, and he was alive and in Virginia as late as 1711. The name of her mother is unknown. It is a rather singular coincidence that the year of the death of the above Mary Ball was nearly the same as that of Mrs. Washington's mother.

While he was in the vicinity of Cookham, in Berkshire County, Mr. Harvey met a very aged man, named Greathurst, who introduced him to a gentleman "who had lived in the house where Washington was born;" and by him he was permitted to "copy a drawing of the house, then supplanted by a pretty villa." In the garden Mr. Harvey saw and sketched "a large walnut-tree planted by Augustine Washington [the father of General Washington] while a-waiting to find a purchaser of the property." Mr. Harvey also ascertained (by what means he does not inform us) that Augustine Washington was in England about the year 1729, for the purpose of taking possession and disposing of some property to which he had fallen heir. This is the sum of information derived from Mr. Harvey. Let us turn for a moment to a consideration of what is known of Augustine Washington before his marriage with Mary Ball. It is very little.

Augustine Washington was a scion of an ancient family, distinguished at times in English history, and descended from William de Hertburn, a knight, who possessed the vil-

lage of Wessyngton, in Durham County, and who, according to the custom of the period, took the name of his estate. Wessyngton in time became Weshington, Wassington, and finally Washington.* The Washingtons adhered to the fort-

* The pedigree of the branch of the Washington family in Virginia down to Augustine, the father of the general, is as follows: WILLIAM de Hertburn, Lord of the manor of Washington, from whom descended JOHN Washington of Whitefield, of the time of Richard III.; ROBERT of Wharton (second son) married daughter of Robert Kilson, Esq., time of Henry VII.; LAWRENCE of Northampton and Gray's Inn, had grants of lands of Sulgrave, 30th Henry VIII., married Anna, daughter of Sir Richard Stanley, knight; JOHN of Sulgrave died 3d of Edward VI.; GEORGE of Sulgrave married Eleanor, daughter and heir of John Hastings, grandson of the 2d Earl of Huntingdon; JOHN emigrated to America in 1657, married, in 1654, Jane, daughter of Sir Hugh Wallace, of Bucks—Anne Pope, of Westmoreland Co., Va.; LAWRENCE, of Bridge's Creek, married Mildred Warner, daughter of Col. Augustine Warner, of Gloucester Co.



COMBINED ARMS OF THE WASHINGTON FAMILY.

The Washington coat-of-arms in full consists of eleven quarterings, as seen in the above engraving. It is composed of arms of families included in the pedigree of General Washington back to

unes of the Stuart dynasty during the Civil War. Sir William Washington, of Kent, married the half-sister of the Duke of Buckingham, the favorite of Charles I. Sir Henry Washington was a young and brave military leader during the war, serving under Prince Rupert (nephew of Charles), and commanding at the siege of Worcester. After the death of Charles many of the loyalists, dissatisfied with the rule of Cromwell, emigrated to Virginia, which had remained loyal to the Stuarts, where they might live free from molestation. Among these emigrants were John and Lawrence Washington, younger brothers of Sir William Washington, who reached Virginia about the year 1657, and settled at Bridge's Creek, on the Potomac River, in Westmoreland County, where they bought lands and became successful planters. John had resided on an estate in South Cave, in Yorkshire,

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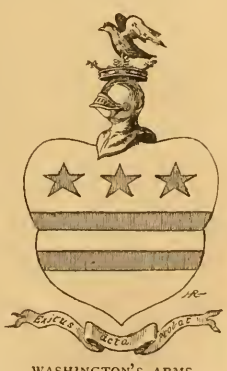
the century immediately succeeding the conquest of England by the Normans. The family in Virginia chose for its arms the quartering seen in the upper left-hand corner of the escutcheon, supposed to be the original arms of the family, which consists of a white ground, three red mullets or spur-rowels (indicating the filial distinction of the third son), and two red horizontal bars. The crest is composed of a helmet surmounted by a ducal coronet, out of which proceeds a soaring raven. Washington had his arms so painted on his English coach, a copy of which is here given. The legend — EXCITUS ACTA PROBAT: "Actions are tested by their results" —is most appropriate for the arms of Washington. The words are from Ovid—a part of a love-letter from a young princess of Thrace to her negligent lover, a prince of Athens.



WASHINGTON'S ARMS.

an ancient seat of the Washingtons.* Lawrence had been a student at Oxford, and in 1654 had married Jane, daughter of Sir Hugh Wallace.

John Washington was an energetic man, possessed of military genius and taste. Eighteen years after his arrival

CAVE CASTLE.

in the colony a serious incursion of the fierce Seneca Indians from the upper waters of the Susquehannah River

* Cave Castle, the residence of the Washingtons, is north of the Humber, and is said to be well preserved. It is a massive, square structure of stone, in the mural style, with a battlemented tower at each corner, and three stories in height. Its timber is chiefly of oak, and in several of the rooms, particularly in the large hall or banqueting room, are remains of rich carvings and gilding in the cornices and wainscoting. Over the mantle-pieces, elaborately carved, are the family arms, richly emblazoned upon escutcheons. The walls of the house are five feet thick. It stands on an eminence, commanding an extensive view of the picturesque country around it. The castle is surrounded by beautiful gardens and orchards.

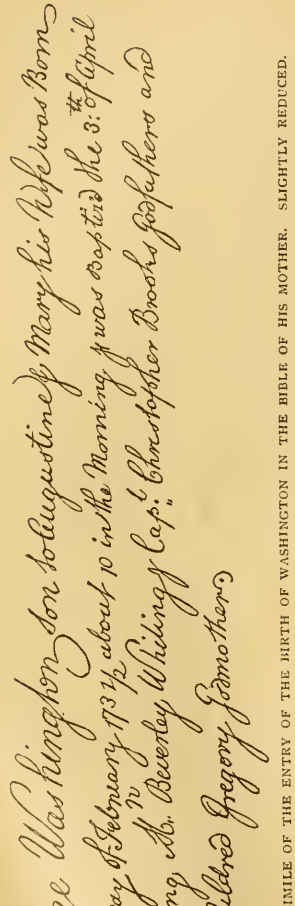
threatened the colonies of Maryland and Virginia with desolation, if not destruction. John Washington commanded a Virginia force to repel the invaders, and was successful. As a reward for his services he was commissioned colonel, and in his honor the parish in which he resided was named Washington. He married Miss Anne Pope, of Westmoreland, by whom he had two sons, Lawrence and John, and one daughter. The elder son, Lawrence, married Mildred, daughter of Colonel Augustine Warner, of Gloucester County, and had three children, John, Augustine, and Mildred.

Augustine Washington was born in 1694, and at the age of twenty-one years married Jane, daughter of Caleb Butler, of Westmoreland County. They had four children—three sons and one daughter: Butler, who died in infancy, Lawrence, Augustine, and Jane, the latter dying in early childhood. Their mother died in November, 1728, when her husband was about thirty-four years of age.

In 1792, President Washington, by request, sent to Sir Isaac Heard, Garter King of Arms, in London, a genealogical table of the Washington family in Virginia. In it occur these words:

"Jane, wife of Augustine [Washington], died November 24, 1728, and was buried in the family vault at Bridge's Creek. Augustine then married Mary Ball, March 6, 1730."

No hint is given as to *where* this marriage took place, nor is there any known record extant that can answer the question, Where were Augustine Washington and Mary Ball wedded? There is no tradition that can answer, excepting that given by Mr. Harvey that they were married in England.



FAC-SIMILE OF THE ENTRY OF THE BIRTH OF WASHINGTON IN THE BIBLE OF HIS MOTHER. SLIGHTLY REDUCED.

We have observed an intimation in a fragment of a letter (see page 11) that Mary Ball went to England with her brother in 1728, and Mr. Harvey ascertained at Cookham that Augustine Washington was there in 1729; also that families of Washingtons and Balls had lived and been buried there. He also ascertained that Augustine Washington tarried there to effect the sale of some property he had fallen heir to. In Virginia the Washington and Ball families lived in adjoining counties, and were doubtless personally acquainted with each other. The question naturally arises, "May not Augustine Washington and Mary Ball have met in England and married there?"

When George Washington was about seventeen years of age, he wrote the following sentence in his mother's Bible, in a fair, regular, round hand, unlike his writing of a later period:

"George Washington, Son

to Augustine and Mary his Wife, was born y^e^ 11^th^ Day of February, 173½ about 10 in the morning & was Baptized on the 3^th^ of April following, M^r^ Beverley Whiting & Cap^t^ Christopher Brooks Godfather, & M^rs^ Mildred Gregory, Godmother."* And in the genealogical table which he sent to Sir Isaac Heard in 1792, he wrote: "George, eldest son of Augustine by the second marriage, was born in Westmoreland County," etc.

Where was Washington born and baptized? There is no known official record that can solve the question. There is no tradition that helps to solve it, excepting the statement of Washington quoted above, and that of Mrs. Morer, who says he was born in Cookham, and was carried to America in the arms of either her "aunt or mother." How trustworthy is the tradition of the latter, let us see.

Mrs. Morer died in 1812, eighty years after the birth of Washington. She must have been a very young child when, as she says, her "aunt or mother" went to America as a

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* On the discussion of this subject some years ago, the statement in the family Bible that Washington was born on the 11th of February and was baptized on the (apparently) 3d of April, made the story of his birth in England highly improbable, for it gave the mother only fifty-one or fifty-two days to recover sufficiently from the effects of childbirth, make a long voyage of those times at that inclement season of the year, and prepare for and effect the baptism. There is internal evidence in the entry in the Bible that the writer intended to add another numeral to the figure 3 in the date of the baptism. A fac-simile of that entry is here given. It may be observed that after the figure "3" are the letters "th" instead of "rd," as they should have been if the act occurred on the 3d. The writer probably intended to write the "30th," but inadvertently omitted the cipher. If so, there was ample time for the circumstances of the birth, the voyage, and the baptism to occur.

nurse for him—too young, too, to be the likely recipient, as she says she was, of the portrait of Mary Ball and "other relicks of the [Washington] family." Mr. Field was born in 1777. He received the story from Mrs. Morey's lips when he was "a boy," say eighteen years of age, when, according to her narrative, she must have been fully seventy-five years old. Would any court receive testimony of this nature as trustworthy?

It lacked only about a month of being two years from the time of the marriage of Washington's parents until his birth, or fully three years after his father went to England. Augustine had left in Virginia his large estate and various concerns, and his two sons, one about seven years and the other about nine years of age. Would he be likely to remain abroad so long, neglectful of his family and estate, to receive and dispose of some property in England which he had inherited?

Does it not seem probable that Augustine Washington and Mary Ball were *married* in England, and after tarrying there a while to dispose of some property, returned to Virginia, where their first child was born and baptized, two years after their wedding?

The portrait in question, in the possession of the family of Professor Morse, bears weighty circumstantial testimony in favor of its being the likeness of Mary Ball. It is a three-quarter length, in a sitting posture, of a comely young woman from twenty-two to twenty-five years of age. Her figure and pose denote physical perfection. Her costume is of the Sir Peter Lely, or, rather, the Sir Godfrey Kneller style—low bosom, short oversleeves, etc. Her dress is of the shadow-of-gold color; her hair is of auburn tint, or

rather of a blonde, harmonizing with her complexion, and her eyes blue or rich gray. This corresponds with a description of her person when she was about sixteen years old, given in the fragment of a letter cited on page 12. The form and general expression of her face, especially of the forehead, eyes, and nose, are those of Washington's, in a remarkable degree as portrayed by Houdon in his statue at Richmond made from a cast from the living face, and by Rembrandt Peale, whose portrait of the Great Leader was painted while he was President, and which was pronounced by the patriot's most intimate friends the best likeness of him ever produced. She holds between her forefinger and thumb, very daintily, a pretty white flower.

Mr. Harvey expressed to Professor Morse his belief that the picture was painted by Thomas Hudson,* the most popular portrait-painter in London after the death of Sir Godfrey Kneller, in 1723. His pictures were familiar to Harvey; so, also, they were to Professor Morse, who had studied them in London. As we stood before the portrait, Professor Morse pointed out some technical features in the execution of the picture observed by both himself and Mr.

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* Thomas Hudson was a native of Devonshire, where he was born in 1701. He became a pupil of Jonathan Richardson, an eminent English portrait-painter, and married his daughter. He soon excelled his master in imagination and in the graceful pose of his subjects, and became the most fashionable portrait-painter in the English metropolis. Hudson was the tutor of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who finally effected such a revolution in art in England that his master's popularity was overthrown. Hudson had made a fortune. He abandoned the profession and retired to his estate at Twickenham, where he died at the age of nearly fourscore.

Harvey, confirmatory of their belief that it was one of Hudson's productions.

At the time of Mary Ball's sojourn in England, Hudson had a summer residence in Berkshire County, in the neighborhood of the residences of the Washingtons and Balls. May not one of the latter have employed him to paint the portrait of their charming Virginia kinswoman? Professor Morse expressed his strong conviction that this picture is a portrait of Mary Ball, which had somehow fallen into the possession of Mrs. Morer, and through Mr. Field and Mr. Harvey had come to him. And so satisfied am I by the weight of concurrent testimony that it is a portrait of the pretty Virginia girl whom Augustine Washington married in 1730, that I venture to offer a copy of it in this volume as a genuine likeness of the person of the mother of Washington.

CHAPTER III.

The home plantation of Augustine Washington stretched along the Potomac River more than a mile between Pope's and Bridge's creeks. The river is there a broad stream, and was then largely fringed by the primeval forest. Its waters abounded with the choicest fishes. This farm of a thousand acres was in the northern part of Westmoreland County, a narrow shire afterwards distinguished as the birthplace of two Presidents of the United States (Washington and Monroe) and of several Lees who were prominent actors in the early history of our republic. Of these, Richard Henry Lee, author of the resolution for independence offered in the Congress in 1776; Arthur Lee, M.D., a diplomatic agent for the Continental Congress abroad; and "Legion Harry," a brave and dashing young cavalry leader in the old war for independence, were the most conspicuous.

The dwelling to which Mr. Washington took his young wife was a very modest one, yet it ranked among the best of Virginia farm-houses at that time. It had four rooms and a spacious attic, with an enormous chimney at each end. On the river front was a piazza. It was perfectly plain at all points. The only approach to ornamentation was a Dutch tiled chimney-piece in the "best room."

The bride found at her new home a middle-aged kinswoman of her husband in charge of his two fine boys, Lawrence and Augustine. There was an ample supply of men

and women servants. The rooms were neatly furnished, and in one of them was a small collection of books, chiefly devotional in character. Among them was a copy of Sir Mathew Hale's "Contemplations, Moral and Divine," on the fly-leaf of which Augustine's first wife had written her name in bold characters. Immediately under this signature the new mistress of the household wrote "and Mary Washington," in an equally bold hand. I saw this volume and copied the signatures many years ago, at Mount Vernon. From that volume the mother of Washington undoubtedly drew, as from a living well of sweet water, many of the maxims which she instilled into the mind of her first-born, who became illustrious. It was in this modest home on the banks of the Potomac that Mary Washington gave birth to that son in the winter of 1732.

The blessings of children were rapidly showered upon the happy couple, and filled their hearts with joy. Their second child (Elizabeth) was born in June, 1733, and their third child in November, 1734. On a breezy morning in April, the next year, while servants were burning some refuse in the garden, near the house, some sparks fell upon the dry shingles of the low roof of the dwelling and set it on fire. While servants were vainly endeavoring to quench the flames, the mistress with her cook and maid removed all the furniture to a safe distance. The master was absent at the time. When he returned at noon, his home was a heap of ashes, and the family dined in the kitchen—a small cabin near by.

Prosperity had blessed the happy pair. Frugality and industry had prevailed in the household. Augustine Washington had managed his affairs prudently. He had added

acre to acre, and possessed lands in adjoining counties. He owned an estate in Stafford County, nearly opposite Fredericksburg, and on it was a dwelling almost exactly like the one which had been consumed. It stood on the brow of a steep slope of the left bank of the Rappahannock River, in sight of the town. Thither Mr. Washington con-

THE WASHINGTON RESIDENCE NEAR FREDERICKSBURG.

veyed his family, and there he made his home during the remainder of his life. It was in Overwharton parish. One of the chapels of that parish was near the residence of Washington. The sexton of the chapel was Master Hobby, the first school-teacher of George Washington. He reigned over an "old field" school-house—a log building—as a pedagogue for many years. He had a sort of bullet head and a vast amount of self-esteem. Master Hobby was regarded with great reverence by his pupils as "wondrous wise," and as they gazed at him while quaint words of wisdom dropped from his lips,

"Still the wonder grew
How *his* small head could carry all he knew."

When Master Hobby became an old man he often boasted that he was "the making of General Washington."

At their Stafford home Augustine and Mary Washington enjoyed their sweet domestic life for eight years longer, and there three more children were born—John Augustine, in January, 1736; Charles, in May, 1738; and Mildred, in June, 1739. Mildred died in the autumn of the next year.

Nearly eighty years after the birthplace of George Washington was destroyed, his foster-son, the late George Washington Parke Custis, placed a memorial stone on the site of the dwelling, bearing the following inscription:

It was on a beautiful June day in 1815 when Mr. Custis and three other gentlemen sailed from Alexandria in his own little vessel, with the memorial stone wrapped in an American flag, and landing at a convenient place, bore it to the destined spot. They gathered a few bricks from the ruins of one of the ancient chimneys and constructed a rude pedestal on which they laid the stone in a recumbent position. With a few words Mr. Custis commended this *first monument* erected to the memory of Washington to the care of the American people and the citizens of Westmoreland in particular.

When I visited the spot many years ago, it was a scene of desolation. There was a solitary chimney standing like a guardian of the place. The memorial stone was broken and almost concealed by tangled vines, briers, and rank weeds, and all around the hallowed spot were wild shrubs, the remains of some fig-trees, with here and there a stunted cedar sapling. The vault of the Washington family, at Bridge's Creek, nearly a mile distant, was in an open field, and so dilapidated that some of the remains were exposed to view; and near by were broken slabs with the names of some of the Washingtons inscribed upon them, which had been set up as mementos of affection and respect. The vault could be distinguished only by the top of a brick arch rising just above the ground. The old Pope's Creek church in which the first three children of Mary Washington had been baptized had long since fallen into ruin.

One day early in April, 1743, Mr. Washington rode several hours in a cold rain storm. He became drenched and chilled. Before midnight he was tortured with terrible pains, for his exposure had brought on a fierce attack of hereditary gout. The next day he was burned with fever. His malady ran its course rapidly, and on the 12th he died at the age of forty-nine years. His body was laid in the family vault at Bridge's Creek.

This sudden and unexpected affliction tried the character of Mary Washington by a sharp ordeal. She was then thirty-seven years of age. Her brave heart never failed her. She endured the stroke without a murmur and with calm fortitude. She submitted to the Divine Will with the strength of a philosopher and the trustfulness of a Christian. None knew the depth of her anguish from outward

manifestations, nor the poignancy of the grief that assailed her heart and mind by any uttered word. With sublime dependence on Omnipotence—with

"Heart within and God o'erhead—"

she seemed alike indifferent to the smitings of affliction and the tenderness of human sympathy. Above all the tumult of emotion she heard the commands of Duty and obeyed them. She had five children of her own, the eldest (George) only eleven years of age, who were left to her sole care and guidance. She also had two step-sons (Lawrence and Augustine) who had grown to manhood, but who yet looked reverently to her for the wise counsel and advice with which she had ever directed them.

Augustine Washington left an ample estate for his widow and children. Each of his sons inherited from him a separate farm. To the eldest, Lawrence, he bequeathed an estate near Hunting Creek, afterwards called Mount Vernon, which then consisted of twenty-five hundred acres, and also other lands, and shares in productive iron-works situated in Virginia and Maryland. The second son (Augustine) had for his part the "home farm" in Westmoreland. To George he left the lands and home where his father lived at the time of his death, near Fredericksburg, and to each of his other sons a landed estate of six or seven hundred acres. He made a suitable provision for his surviving daughter, Elizabeth. The whole family were left in a state of comparative independence. Having confidence in the prudence of their mother, he directed that the proceeds of all the property of her children should be at her disposal until they should attain their majority.

The energies of Mary Washington were now wholly devoted to the welfare of her family. She directed the education of her children largely at her knee and sometimes by the aid of private tutors. She regulated their amusements and physical exercises, so as to secure bodily health and energy. She taught them to be obedient and self-reliant; to be industrious, honest, just, and truthful; to love God supremely and their kind tenderly, and to be good and generous to all living creatures. She held a firm hand in the enforcement of discipline, but it was never otherwise than kindly in its operations. There was a dignity, a majesty, and a benignity in her mien and deportment at all times which inspired beholders with respect, awe, love, and admiration, such as afterwards distinguished her illustrious first-born son. Lawrence Washington, of Chotank, wrote towards the close of the last century:

"I was often here [at the home on the Rappahannock] with George, his playmate, schoolmate, and young man's companion. Of the mother I was more afraid than of my own parents; she awed me in the midst of her kindness; and even now, when time has whitened my locks, and I am the grandfather of a second generation, I could not behold that majestic woman without feelings it is impossible to describe."

Others bore similar testimony concerning the character of this noble matron; and General Washington himself attributed his success in life to the moral, intellectual, and physical education which he received from his mother. Indeed, experience and observation teach us that the mother gives tone to the character of the child. To the latest hour of her life her distinguished son regarded her not only with

the most grateful filial affection, but with deferential respect as his superior. His letters to her when in the public service always began with the words "Honored Madam," and he addressed her with the same deference in his personal intercourse with her.

Mary Washington corresponded with her brother Joseph, in England, quite frequently after her husband's death, for she seems to have relied much upon his judgment, particularly in matters concerning the management of her estate. In a letter to her, written at the close of the summer of 1743, he appears to answer some questions she had propounded to him concerning a settlement with her step-son, Lawrence Washington, who, on July 19th the same year, had married Anné, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of the Hon. William Fairfax, and was settled on his estate near Hunting Creek, which he had named "Mount Vernon."

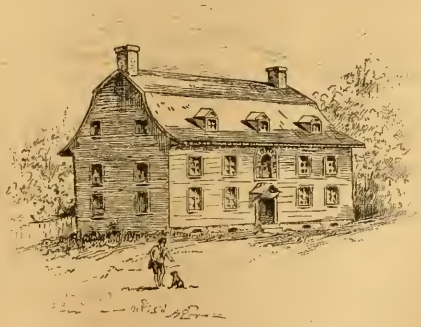
Lawrence seems to have inherited the military spirit of the Washington family. War between England and Spain was raging when he attained his majority. Admiral Vernon, commander-in-chief of the naval forces in the West Indies, captured Porto Bello, on the Isthmus of Darien, in 1740. Spain, resolved to strike England an avenging blow, obtained the aid of France. England and her American colonies were aroused. Four regiments for service in the West Indies were authorized to be raised in the colonies.

With the approbation of his father, Lawrence Washington obtained a captain's commission in the Virginia regiment, and embarked for the West Indies in 1741, to serve under General Wentworth, who, with Admiral Vernon, commanded a joint land and naval expedition against Cartagena, in South America. That expedition was most disastrous.

Fully twenty thousand English soldiers and seamen perished by a pestilence that broke out among them. Lawrence Washington escaped with his life, but received into his system the seeds of a malady against which he contended for ten years, and then yielded. He returned in 1742. He had won the esteem of both the admiral and the general, and he kept up a correspondence with the former for several years. Lawrence intended to go to England and join the regular army and seek preferment, but love, which

> "—— rules the court, the camp, the grove,
> And man below and saints above,"

changed his destiny. He became betrothed to the beautiful Anné. The nuptials were about to be celebrated, when his father died, and they were postponed until midsummer.



THE FIRST MANSION AT MOUNT VERNON.

He erected a plain, substantial mansion on the highest eminence along the Potomac front of his estate, nearly one hundred feet above the river. The house was two stories in height, had four rooms on each floor, and dormer windows

in the gambrel roof to light a spacious garret. It had a small porch in front, and a chimney at each end, built *inside*, contrary to the prevailing custom. In honor of the gallant admiral he named this beautiful seat Mount Vernon.

Mary Washington's eldest son, George, grew up a sturdy youth; well-proportioned in person, healthful and strong from much out-of-door exercise, courageous, obedient, and truthful. Mr. Custis relates that when Washington was a lad he attempted to tame a valuable and vicious young horse which had grown almost to maturity unbroken, and was highly prized by Madam Washington because it was of a blooded race which her husband had bred. He was a sorrel colt, of a fierce and ungovernable nature, and it was generally believed he could not be tamed. Early one summer morning, young Washington and two or three boys who were visiting him were admiring the pretty colt in the field, when George said if they would assist him in confining the animal and putting a bridle-bit in his mouth, he would mount him. It was done. The colt was driven into a small enclosure, the bridle was securely adjusted, and young Washington bestrode his back. The startled and angered beast, loosed from his thrall, rushed madly into the field, but was soon curbed by the strong arms of the boy on his back, riding without a saddle. Then there was a fearful struggle, the colt rearing and plunging in vain efforts to dislodge his rider. Finally, making a desperate effort, the colt burst a blood-vessel and fell, dying, to the ground.

The group of boys, excepting George, were greatly alarmed by this event. While the others were debating what to say to Madam Washington, George had instantly decided what to do—be courageous, frank, and truthful. They were

YOUNG WASHINGTON AND THE COLT.

soon summoned to breakfast. The mother, ignorant of what had happened, said to the boys, in a cheerful manner,

"Pray, young gentlemen, have you seen my blooded colts in your rambles? I hope they are well taken care of; my favorite, I am told, is as large as his sire."

There was much embarrassment among the lads when the question was repeated. George immediately replied,

"Your favorite, madam, is dead."

"Dead!" she exclaimed; "how has this happened?"

"That sorrel horse," said George, in a calm tone of voice, "has long been considered ungovernable, and beyond the power of man to tame him. We forced a bit into his mouth this morning. I mounted him and rode him around the field, and in a desperate struggle for the mastery he broke a blood-vessel, fell under me, and died."

The mother's cheek flushed for a moment, when she said to her boy,

"It is well; but while I regret the loss of my favorite animal, I rejoice in my son who always speaks the truth."

This incident vividly illustrates the character of both the mother and her son.

Little George Washington was a much petted visitor at Mount Vernon, for Lawrence loved him tenderly, and after their father's death he took a parental interest in his affairs. He was under his brother's roof much of the time. There and at Belvoir, the elegant seat of the Fairfaxes, the sprightly boy was a favorite, and he enjoyed the great advantage of being in a refined social circle, where he became accustomed, at that susceptible period of his life, to the amenities of English society in its best phases. This had a marked influence upon his future character. At Mount Vernon his brother's companions-in-arms and naval officers were frequent guests. Their conversation upon martial deeds stimulated the inborn military spirit of the lad and an intense desire for adventure. Lawrence and Fairfax both encouraged the emotion.

Believing the British navy to be a promising field for the advancement of young Washington, Lawrence proposed to his mother that he enter it. Her maternal feelings recoiled from the contemplation. George was her first-born child, and gave great promise of comfort to her. She was willing to make any reasonable self-sacrifice for his benefit, yet she could not endure the thought of surrendering him at that tender age to the rough life and the temptations to which he would be exposed, beyond the influence of a mother's tender care and advice. She hesitated long, but the earnest pleadings of the boy and the assurance of friends, especially of her physician, Dr. Spencer, that the step would redound to his great advantage, together with her own strong desire to be dutiful and just, caused her to finally yield her reluctant consent. Late in 1746, when George was nearly fourteen years of age, Lawrence procured for him a midshipman's warrant.

The ensuing winter was passed in joyous preparations by young Washington for entering upon his new sphere in life. At times his mother's fortitude became very weak. An intimate friend of the family at Fredericksburg (Robert Jackson) wrote to Lawrence:

"I am afraid Mrs. Washington will not keep up to her first resolution. She seems to dislike George's going to sea, and says several persons have told her it was a bad scheme. She offers several trifling objections, such as a fond, unthinking mother habitually suggests, and I find that one word against his going has more weight than ten for it."

At this juncture a letter received from her brother in London, dated May 19, 1747, settled the matter. He wrote:

"I understand that you are advised and have some thoughts of putting your son George to sea. I think he had better be put apprentice to a tinker, for a common sailor before the mast has by no means the common liberty of the subject; for they will press him from ship to ship, where he has fifty shillings a month, and make him take twenty-three, and cut and slash and use him like a negro, or rather like a dog. And as to any considerable preferment in the navy, it is not to be expected, as there are always so many gaping for it here who have interest, and he has none. And if he should get to be master of a Virginia ship (which it is very difficult to do), a planter who has three or four hundred acres of land and three or four slaves, if he be industrious, may live more comfortably, and leave his family in better bread than such a master of a ship can. . . . He must not be too hasty to be rich, but go on gently and with patience, as things will naturally go. This method, without aiming at being a fine gentleman before his time, will carry a man more comfortably and surely through the world than going to sea, unless it be a great chance indeed. I pray God keep you and yours.

"Your loving brother,

"JOSEPH BALL."

The writer of this letter evidently mistook the intended destination of the boy, supposing it to be the merchant instead of the naval service; but his argument was so cogent and so congenial to her feelings that Madam Washington resolved not to let her son go to sea. When this letter arrived, young Washington was at the point of departure in a British ship-of-war lying in the Potomac. His luggage was on board. His mother's later decision, kindly but firmly communicated, greatly disappointed her son, but with filial

love and ready obedience he acquiesced and returned to his studies. He was destined by Heaven for a far nobler career than man had conceived for him.

This incident illustrates the truth of the familiar apothegm, "Man proposes but God disposes."

CHAPTER IV.

Unselfish, generous, and wise, Mary Washington most cheerfully allowed her son to leave the shelter of her roof and her absolute paternal guidance, before he was sixteen years of age, to engage in an arduous and even perilous pursuit for which his later studies had fitted him. He had a decided taste for mathematics. A private tutor (Master Williams) was employed to teach him the science, and young Washington's practical mind soon developed in him a genius for its profitable use. When he left school he lived almost continually with his half-brother Lawrence, at Mount Vernon, and with the Fairfaxes, at Belvoir. By persistent study and home practice he became an expert land-surveyor, a profession then much employed and well remunerated in Virginia.

Lord Thomas Fairfax, a tall, quaint, near-sighted man, sixty years of age, who had been made misanthropic by disappointment in a love-affair in early life, was now in Virginia. He owned immense tracts of land in the rich valleys of the Alleghany Mountains. He had been educated at Oxford, and was a contributor to Addison's *Spectator*. Resolved to live in seclusion, he built a lodge in the midst of ten thousand acres in the wilderness, which he called "Greenway Court," as preliminary to the erection of a manor-house. He was an inveterate fox-hunter, and entertained with generous hospitality all visitors, especially devotees of the chase.

Young Washington became a favorite of Lord Thomas. He was athletic, possessed of great powers of endurance, was fond of hunting and expert in the chase, and he soon became useful to his lordship as a surveyor of his lands. Many and long were the pursuits of Lord Fairfax and his bright young companion after the fox and the deer, until the youth was called into the public service at a time perilous to the English settlers in Virginia.

Fairfax continued to live at Greenway Court during the storms of the French and Indian War and the Revolution, and died there, early in 1782, at the age of ninety years. He was a stanch loyalist. When he heard of the surrender of Cornwallis to his young friend Washington, he said to his favorite body-servant, "Come, Joe, put me to bed, for I'm sure it is high time for me to die!" He soon afterwards expired. His death was commemorated in a ballad:

"Then up rose Joe all at the word,
And took his master's arm,
And to his bed he softly led
The lord of Greenway Farm.
Then thrice he called on Britain's name,
And thrice he wept full sore;
Then sighed, 'Oh, Lord, thy will be done,'
And word spake nevermore!"

At the age of about sixteen, young Washington was appointed to the honorable and lucrative office of public surveyor. He made his home with his brother at Mount Vernon, because it was nearer the scene of his labors, but he often visited his mother, and gave her great assistance in the superintendence of her affairs. When he was about nineteen years old he was commissioned a major by Gov-

ernor Dinwiddie, of Virginia, and placed in charge of a military district, with a salary of $750 a year. His duty was to drill the people in military tactics, for the French and Indians on the Virginia frontier were showing signs of positive hostility to the English. He had just entered upon this duty when the failing health of Lawrence compelled that gentleman, by the advice of his physician, to seek its restoration in the West Indies. He desired George to accompany him. They started for Barbadoes in September, 1751.

LAWRENCE WASHINGTON.

The relief sought was not obtained. His malady increased, and as soon as George recovered from an attack of small-pox, Lawrence sent him home for his wife. A letter was soon received from Lawrence conveying the sad intelligence that he was no better, and would immediately return to his home in Virginia. He arrived there at near midsummer, 1752, and died in July, at the age of thirty-four years. His remains were deposited in a vault which he had constructed at Mount Vernon.

Three of Lawrence's four children had died in infancy. To the survivor, a daughter, he bequeathed the Mount Vernon estate, with the proviso that, in the event of her

death without issue, its domain and other lands should become the property of his half-brother George. That contingency soon occurred. The estate of Mount Vernon, with the paternal plantation on the Rappahannock, caused George Washington to rank among the wealthiest landowners in Virginia.

Meanwhile the mother of Washington had been carefully training the remainder of her children for the duties of life, and had managed her estate with great judgment. When the French and Indian War ended (1760), in which her first-born had gained much renown, her children were all young men and women. Elizabeth, her second child, grew to womanhood beautiful, majestic in person, and lovely in mental and moral qualities. Later in life she so much resembled her brother George that, putting on his long military cloak and his chapeau, she would often deceive her most intimate friends, who mistook her for the general. Elizabeth (commonly called Betty) became the second wife of Colonel Fielding Lewis, a wealthy merchant of Fredericksburg, who owned half the town and much adjoining territory. He was an ardent patriot, and during the war for independence he superintended the manufacture of arms at Fredericksburg. The site of this establishment in the suburbs of the town near the railway is known as "Gunney Green."

Mr. Lewis was the first mayor of Fredericksburg, a local magistrate for many years, and often represented his district in the Virginia Legislature. He built an elegant and spacious mansion for his young bride on the border of the village, which is still known as the "Kenmore House." It was built in the most substantial manner and of the best materials. It was tastefully ornamented within and without,

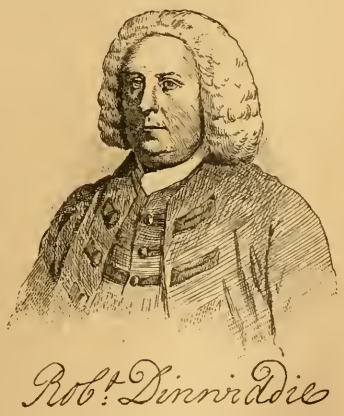
and adorned with frescos by artists brought from England for the purpose. Its beauty has faded, but it still attracts visitors because of its associations with the family of Washington. There Colonel Lewis died, about a month before the surrender of Cornwallis, late in 1781, at the age of forty-five years. His son George was commander of Washington's Life Guard at one time.

The kindling of the French and Indian War disturbed the repose of the mother of Washington, for her eldest son became actively engaged in it from the beginning. Involving as it did his personal safety and his reputation, his mother's mind was filled with keenest anxiety, which at times amounted to actual alarm and distress.

Before the gathering tempest of war burst forth, young Washington had been engaged in a most arduous and perilous public mission. The building of forts by the French in the Indian country south of Lake Erie alarmed the English colonists, especially those of Pennsylvania and Virginia, whose frontiers were in that region, and in the autumn of 1753 the vigilant Governor Dinwiddie,* of the latter province, resolved to send a letter of remonstrance to the French commander, St. Pierre. It was a mission requiring

* Robert Dinwiddie was born in Scotland about 1690. He was appointed Governor of Virginia in 1752. He had been surveyor of the customs of the colony and a member of the council as early as 1742. He was an irritable, ambitious, and grasping man, and when he left Virginia, early in 1758, "worn out with vexation and age," he was charged by his enemies (and these were legion) with having converted to his own use a very large sum of money transmitted through his hands by the imperial government for reimbursement of moneys expended by the colonists. He died in England in 1770.

courage, diplomatic skill, vigilance, and wisdom, and the governor chose Major Washington, then not twenty-two years of age, for the important task. He was summoned to Williamsburg at near the close of October, stopping to visit his mother on his way thither. His sister Betty, who was present at that interview, wrote to a friend that the deportment of their mother on that occasion was admirable. Although her mind was evidently filled with the deepest anxiety—for she could imagine the fearful perils to which her son would be exposed—perils by storm and flood, and barbarians incited to violence by Gallic enemies—she manifested no uncommon emotion. Calm, dignified, and serious, as usual, in her demeanor, she had an unfathomable depth of affection for her children, but it was always subordinate to duty. As her son arose to depart, she laid her hand gently upon his broad shoulder, and said, with an unfaltering voice, "Remember, George, God only is our sure trust; to him I commend you."



With Jacob Vanbraam, his Dutch fencing-master, as interpreter, and five or six other men, Major Washington departed on the last day of October, and returned to Williamsburg forty-one days afterwards with his mission so admirably executed that he received the plaudits of the governor and

the council. Terrible had been the sufferings of the little party in crossing the rugged mountains piled with snows, thridding tangled, half-frozen morasses, and crossing swollen streams made more savage by floating ice. Washington hastened to his mother to give her the earliest assurance of his safety, and then proceeded to Mount Vernon, where he passed the winter.

The French continued their threatening attitude. Indeed it became more so on the upper waters of the Ohio; and in the spring of 1754 a Virginia force, of which Washington was appointed lieutenant-colonel, was sent into that region as an army of observation or defence, as circumstances might decide. With the first division he left Alexandria on the 2d of April and crossed the Blue Ridge. Some severe encounters with the enemy ensued, and the Virginians were defeated. The conduct of Washington was highly approved; but new military arrangements made by wrong-headed Governor Dinwiddie so disgusted him that he threw up his commission and retired to Mount Vernon.

England declared war against France, and early in 1755 General Braddock, a distinguished Irish military leader, arrived at Alexandria with a small force of regular troops. From every lip he heard of the merits of young Colonel Washington. He invited him to Alexandria. The colonel had seen, from his porch at Mount Vernon, the British ships of war and transports on the bosom of the Potomac. His military ardor was kindled anew, and he obeyed the summons with great alacrity. The veteran and the provincial met at the house of Jonathan Carey, when Braddock invited Colonel Washington to enter his military family with the same rank he had lately borne.

Washington returned to Mount Vernon to consider the matter. There he found his mother, who, having heard of the invitation of the British commander, had hastened to Mount Vernon to persuade her son not to accept it. She pleaded with all the earnestness and pathos of a mother's love. She gave weighty reasons why he should decline the proffered honor, among them the urgent claims of her own and his affairs, upon his attentions. For nearly two days she kept his decision in abeyance.

Filial obedience was one of the strongest qualities of Washington's character. To gain his mother's free consent he urged the plea with equal earnestness that the requirements of his country at that crisis and his sense of duty demanded that he should make a sacrifice of private feelings and interests to the public welfare. He expressed a belief that with the force at hand the enemy would be driven away with very little bloodshed, for they might be easily discomfited.

"The God to whom you commended me, madam, when I set out on a more perilous errand," he said, "defended me from all harm, and I trust he will do so now; do you not?"

This last appeal carried the citadel of her arguments, and the mother yielded her assent, but returned to her home on the Rappahannock with a heavy heart. The dutiful son entered the military family of General Braddock, and on the battle-field of the Monongahela, in July following, when the British and provincial forces were vanquished by the French and Indians, and his commander was mortally wounded, Washington was the only one of sixty-five officers who escaped death or wounds. Conducting a masterly re-

treat, he saved the remnant of the little army; and he read the solemn burial-service of the Anglican Church by torch-light when the body of Braddock was consigned to the earth.

Certain that the wildest rumors of this affair would speedily reach the ears of his mother and greatly distress her, Washington took the first opportunity to write to her and assure her of his safety. From Fort Cumberland he sent the following letter, written on July 18th:

"Honored Madam,—

As I doubt not but you have heard of our defeat, and, perhaps, had it represented in a worse light than it deserves, I have taken this earliest opportunity to give you some account of the engagement as it happened within ten miles of the French fort, on the 9th instant."

After giving an account of the action, he continued:

"The Virginia troops showed a good deal of bravery, and were nearly all killed; for I believe out of three companies that were there, scarcely thirty men are left alive. Captain Peyrouny and all his officers down to a corporal were killed. Captain Polson had nearly as hard a fate, for only one of his was left. In short, the dastardly behavior of those they call regulars exposed all others, that were inclined to do their duty, to almost certain death; and at last, in despite of all the efforts of the officers to the contrary, they ran as sheep pursued by dogs, and it was impossible to rally them.

"The general was wounded, of which he died three days after. Sir Peter Halket was killed on the field where died many other brave officers. I luckily escaped without a wound, though I had four bullets through my coat and two horses shot under me. Captains Orme and Morris, two of

the aides-de-camp, were wounded early in the engagement, which rendered the duty hard upon me, as I was the only person then left to distribute the general's orders, which I was scarcely able to do, as I was not half recovered from a violent illness that had confined me to my bed and a wagon for above ten days. I am still in a weak and feeble condition, which induces me to halt here two or three days in the hope of recovering a little strength to enable me to proceed homewards; from whence, I fear, I shall not be able to stir till towards September, so that I shall not have the pleasure of seeing you till then. I am, honored madam, your most dutiful son."

This letter was timely, and greatly relieved the mind and heart of his mother, for her son's death had been reported. To this rumor he referred as follows in a letter written to his half-brother Augustine on the same day:

"As I have heard, since my arrival at this place, a circumstantial account of my death and dying speech, I take the earliest opportunity of contradicting the first and of assuring you that I have, as yet, not composed the latter. But by the all-powerful protection of Providence I have been protected beyond all human probability or expectation . . . although death was levelling my companions on every side."

Washington returned to Mount Vernon on the 26th of July, quite exhausted. His mother immediately visited him, anxious to persuade him to relinquish a military life; for the keen scrutiny of her common-sense perceived that the health and fortune, and perhaps the life, of her noble son were likely to be sacrificed upon the altar of official incompetency and injustice. He admitted as much, but his love of country and the menace of public danger, especially after the defeat of

Braddock, made him hesitate. To his brother Augustine, who was then a member of the House of Burgesses, he wrote on July 2d on this subject:

"So little am I dispirited at what has happened, I am always ready and always willing to render my country any services I am capable of, but never upon the terms I have done, having suffered much in my private fortune, besides impairing one of the best of constitutions."*

He continued: "I was employed to go on a journey in the winter, when, I believe, few would have undertaken it—and what did I get for it? My expenses home! I then was appointed, with trifling pay, to conduct a handful of men to the Ohio. What did I get by that? Why, after putting myself to considerable expense in equipping and providing necessaries for the campaign, I went out, was soundly beaten, and lost them all. I came in and had my commission taken from me, or, in other words, my command reduced, under pretence of an order from home. I then went out a volunteer with General Braddock, and lost all my horses and many other things."

Yet in the face of these adverse circumstances, these

* In 1757 and 1758 Washington was much affected by a pulmonary disease, which threatened at one time to become a seated consumption. Mr. Custis, in his "Recollections of Washington," page 527, observes: "Being ordered one morning very early into the library at Mount Vernon (a place that none entered without orders), the weather being warm, we found the chief very much undressed, and while looking on his manly frame, we discovered that the centre of his chest was indented. This is an exception to a general rule laid down by anatomists, that when the human frame possesses great muscular power, the chest should rather be rounded out and protuberant than indented."

causes for dissatisfaction, Colonel Washington's patriotism rose superior to personal considerations, and on the 14th of August he wrote to his mother as follows:

"HONORED MADAM,—

"If it is in my power to avoid going to the Ohio again, I shall; but if the command is pressed upon me by the general voice of the country, and offered upon such terms as cannot be objected against, it would reflect dishonor upon me to refuse it, and that, I am sure, must or ought to give you greater uneasiness than my going in an honorable command. Upon no other terms will I accept it. At present I have no proposals made to me, nor have I any advice of such an intention except from private hands."

At the very time Colonel Washington was writing this letter, the Virginia Assembly appointed him commander-in-chief of all their forces, with a salary of $900. His commission and instructions from the governor were issued the same day (August 14th). He accepted the trust, and early in September he fixed his head-quarters at Winchester, in the Shenandoah Valley. We need not follow him further in the progress of the French and Indian War. Its events, and Washington's services in it as commander-in-chief of the Virginia troops, are well known to intelligent readers. Suffice it to say that the time of his entire service in that war was about five years. In 1758 he was chosen a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses, left the army at near the close of that year, married, and returned to Mount Vernon, greatly to the relief of his mother, who had suffered continual anxiety on his account. In July, 1759, she wrote to her brother in England:

"Having so good an opportunity by Mr. Tranlsling, I could not let it slip. I inquire by all opportunity from you, and am glad to hear you and my sister, and Mr. Downman [Joseph Ball's son-in-law] and his lady keep your health so well. I sometimes hear you intend to see Virginia once more. I should be proud to see you. I have known a great deal of trouble since I saw you; there was no end to my trouble while George was in the army, but he has now given it up."

This brother had written to his nephew, Colonel Washington, several months before, congratulating him upon the success of his military career.

CHAPTER V.

The marriage of young Washington to a charming widow of his own age, early in 1759, made his mother very happy. The social position, the fortune, and the lively character of his bride were extremely satisfactory to Mary Washington. She was made supremely happy also because of the assurance that her eldest son was now settled for life not far from his mother, where she might enjoy his society and always consult with him about her affairs if necessary, though she was now unburdened of much care, for her children had reached maturity.

At the close of the war Madam Washington's daughter Elizabeth, as we have observed, was well married and living near her, and her three remaining sons were soon in the same happy state. Samuel, next in age to George, married Jane, daughter of Col. John Champe; John Augustine married Hannah, daughter of Col. John Bushrod, of Westmoreland; and Charles married Mildred, daughter of Col. Francis Thornton, of Spottsylvania. So all her children were settled near her, and in time numerous grandchildren contributed to her happiness. Betty Lewis had many children; Samuel was married five times and had five, and Charles had four.

Nothing of special interest is known of the life of Mary Washington from the close of the French and Indian War until the beginning of the armed struggle of the British-

American colonies for their political independence. Her already distinguished son had taken an active part in the political events immediately preliminary to that struggle, and when war was actually begun in New England, his first care was to insure the personal safety of his mother from the vicissitudes incident to the disturbed state of public affairs. His prescience and his knowledge of the British character admonished him that the contest would be long and fierce, and extend to all the colonies along the seaboard. He persuaded his mother to leave her exposed house on the Rappahannock, and he assisted her to remove from her farm into Fredericksburg, which was in sight of it, where she might enjoy the society of friends and be protected from marauders who might ascend the river. Her daughter, Mrs. Lewis, desired her mother to take up her abode with her at Kenmore House, but the wise and prudent matron chose rather to enjoy the quiet and sovereignty of a home of her own, saying, "I thank you for your dutiful and affectionate offer, but my wants are few in this life, and I feel perfectly competent to take care of myself." She chose for her residence a modest and yet quite a stylish residence, for the time, on Charles Street, at the corner of Lewis Street.

This dwelling, partially changed in outward appearance, is still in existence. It was quite long on Charles Street, having four windows and a door in front. It was two stories in height, the upper one lighted by dormer windows, which pierced the steep roof and made cheerful attic rooms. The roof in the rear extended down to within ten feet of the ground. There was a chimney at each end. In the rear of the house was a spacious garden and a large fruit-orchard. Separated a few feet from the dwelling, in the rear, was the

MARY WASHINGTON'S HOUSE IN FREDERICKSBURG.

kitchen. A passage extended from the front to the rear of the house, in which was a winding staircase leading to the chambers. Such was the dwelling-place of the mother of Washington during the war for independence, and there she died.*

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* A portion of the house has been raised and transformed into a modern two-story house with a porch. The portion which forms the corner of the streets is a part of the original dwelling. The rear part has been converted into a kitchen, and the garden is largely covered with buildings.

There has recently been published some absurd fictions about Madam Washington and this residence. One writer says, "It was from her Fredericksburg home that Washington [in 1753] went to Williamsburg to tender his services to Governor Dinwiddie, for the purpose of bearing a letter to the French commandant on the Ohio." Another writer says

Madam Washington was now in the direct line of communication between the Eastern and Southern colonies, and she was in the constant receipt of news concerning the progress of the struggle at all points. Washington communicated to her, as opportunities offered, tidings of the most important occurrences in the strife. Courier after courier would appear at the door of her dwelling with despatches which told her alternately of victory and of defeat. She received all messages with equanimity, and never betrayed any uncommon emotion. When the cheering news of the victories at Trenton and Princeton reached Fredericksburg, several of her friends congratulated her upon the brilliant achievements of her son, when she simply replied, "George

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that a place in the front room of the house is pointed out as "the spot where George used to sit on a bench and straighten out his mother's accounts;" that Washington and his mother "both dwelt there;" that "before, during, and after the Revolutionary War it was Washington's frequent practice to visit his mother in this famous house;" that "on one occasion during the Revolution Washington called on his mother, and finding her working in her garden, went out to greet her, when she laughingly exclaimed, 'Well, George, haven't they caught you?' His reply was to hand her a bag of silver; and," says the writer, "she was always kept well supplied with silver by her son during the Revolution." Another writer says, "Fredericksburg proudly lays claim to the honor of having been the scene of the early life of Washington, the home of his mother."

These assertions have been put forth as veritable history. A proper characterization of them may be formed by the consideration that Washington *never dwelt in Fredericksburg;* that his mother *did not make her abode there until* 1775, when her distinguished son was more than forty-three years of age, and that he was *not in that town (nor even in Virginia) during the whole war for independence* until late in the seventh year of the struggle (1781), when he passed through with foreign officers.

seems to have deserved well of his country ;" and when some of them read paragraphs of letters they had received, in which the skill and bravery of Washington were applauded, she said, "Gentlemen, here is too much flattery ; still George will not forget the lessons I have taught him—he will not forget himself, though he is an object of so much praise."

As the war went on and the fate of the inchoate nation seemed to depend upon her first-born—as the star of his renown rose higher and higher, and beamed with ever-increasing lustre, and his name became a synonym of hero and patriot in two hemispheres—this noble matron might have been seen every day in her unpretentious dwelling at Fredericksburg in plain attire, the same industrious, prudent, and thrifty housewife and wise manager of her affairs that she was in her country home on the bank of the Rappahannock, ever giving thanks to God for the blessings she enjoyed. With sublime trustfulness in Divine power, justice, and goodness, she was undisturbed by the tumult of the quick-throbbing heart of the nation at that crisis, or the resounding applause which greeted her son on every side.

Madam Washington had a small farm near Fredericksburg, the cultivation of which she personally superintended. She might be seen every fair day, excepting the Sabbath, riding out to her plantation in an old-fashioned two-wheeled chaise, herself driving her gentle horse, and going from field to field directing the laborers in their work. She employed an overseer, but he was always required to follow her instructions implicitly. She was a rigid disciplinarian in business as in the domestic circle, and her word was law. She always acted with deliberation, gave her commands with gravity and explicitness, and expected them to

be obeyed. Disobedience was always followed by rebuke, sometimes severe in words, if it seemed necessary. They were given, not in anger, but with such a tone and dignity that the offender would not willingly repeat the offence or incur her displeasure. On one occasion her agent departed from her instructions. She instantly called him to an account.

"Madam," said the overseer, "in my judgment, the work has been done to better advantage than if I had followed your directions."

"And pray who gave you the right to exercise any judgment in the matter?" asked the now venerable matron. "I command you, sir; there is nothing left for you but to obey."

When the infirmities of old age began to burden her, her son-in-law, Colonel Lewis, proposed that he should relieve her in the management of her affairs. She thanked him, and said,

"Do you, Fielding, keep my books in order, for your eyesight is better than mine, but leave the management of the farm to me."

Habitual secret communion with her Maker gave daily strength to the spirit of Mary Washington. She devoted an hour each day to such communion, either in her home or, when the weather was favoring, at a secluded spot on land belonging to Colonel Lewis, not far from her dwelling. This retreat was sheltered from public observation by rocks, trees, and shrubbery. To that spot, for many years before her death, she resorted to meditate and pray. As it had been sanctified to her heart and mind by such communion, which always suffused her soul with divine peace, she selected a beautiful swell of land a few steps from this retreat

as the place of her sepulture, and so she designated it in her will.

The intrepidity and trustfulness of Mary Washington never failed her; but an unconquerable fear and dread overcame her during thunder-storms, when she would retire to her chamber, and not leave it until the tempest was over-past. This fear of lightning had been caused by a most affecting event. Soon after her marriage, while seated at her own table with a young woman who was her intimate friend, lightning, during a thunder shower, entered the room, and attracted to the steel knife and fork in the hands of the visitor, melted them and instantly destroyed the life of the maiden. From this shock the courageous matron never recovered.

As soon as convenient after the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, in October, 1781, Washington departed for Philadelphia, the seat of the Continental Government. His heart was greatly saddened at the moment of his departure from the scene of his great victory by the sudden death of his step-son, Colonel Custis, who was a member of his staff. The commander-in-chief was accompanied as far as Fredericksburg by a brilliant retinue of French and American officers. They arrived there on the afternoon of the 11th of November, when Washington hastened to meet and embrace his mother at her home. She was then seventy-five years of age. Mr. Custis, in his "Recollections of Washington," has left on record an interesting account of this meeting of the aged mother and her illustrious son for the first time in almost seven years, which he derived from the lips of eye-witnesses of the event:

"As soon as he was dismounted, in the midst of a nu-

merous and brilliant suite," wrote Mr. Custis, "he sent to apprise her of his arrival, and to know when it would be her pleasure to receive him. . . . No pageantry of war proclaimed his coming, no trumpets sounded, no banners waved. Alone and on foot the general-in-chief of the combined armies of France and America, the deliverer of his country, the hero of the age, repaired to pay his humble tribute of duty to her whom he venerated as the author of his being, the founder of his fortunes and his fame; for full well he knew that the matron was made of sterner stuff than to be moved by all the pride that glory ever gave, and all the 'pomp and circumstance' of power.

"She was alone, her aged hands employed in the works of domestic industry, when the good news was announced, and it was told that the victor was awaiting at the threshold. She bade him welcome by a warm embrace and by the well-remembered and endearing name of George—the familiar name of his childhood. She inquired as to his health, for she marked the lines which mighty cares and many toils had made in his manly countenance, and she spoke much of old times and old friends, but of his glory not one word.

"Meanwhile, in the village of Fredericksburg, all was joy and revelry. The town was crowded with the officers of the French and American armies, and with gentlemen from many miles around, who hastened to welcome the conqueror of Cornwallis. The citizens got up a splendid ball, to which the matron was specially invited. She observed to the messenger that, although her dancing days were pretty well over, she should feel happy in contributing to the general festivity, and consented to attend.

"The foreign officers were anxious to see the mother of

their chief. They had heard indistinct rumors touching her remarkable life and character; but forming their judgments from European examples, they were prepared to expect in the mother that glitter and show which would have been attached to the parents of the great in the countries of the Old World. How were they surprised when, leaning on the arm of her son, she entered the room dressed in the very plain yet becoming garb worn by the Virginia lady of the olden time! Her address was always dignified and imposing, courteous though reserved. She received the complimentary attentions which were paid to her without the slightest elevation, and at an early hour, wishing the company much enjoyment of their pleasures, observed that it was time for old folks to be in bed, and retired, leaning, as before, on the arm of her son.

"The foreign officers were amazed on beholding one whom so many causes conspired to elevate, preserving the even tenor of her life, while such a blaze of glory shone upon her name and offspring. It was a moral spectacle such as the European world had furnished no examples. Names of ancient lore were heard to escape from their lips, and they declared 'if such are the matrons in America, well may she boast of illustrious sons.'"*

* "Recollections and Private Memoirs of Washington, by his adopted son, George Washington Parke Custis, and Illustrative and Explanatory Notes by Benson J. Lossing," page 141. This ball was given in the large room of the principal tavern in Fredericksburg, which was used by the dancing assemblies every winter and for public entertainments. It was plain in its architecture, having a cornice at the top and plain window casements. There were thin, figured curtains at each window.

The heart of Washington was saddened by the death of his much-loved step-son, and he did not return to the gay scene after he retired from it with his mother; but ever mindful of others, he did not allow the least manifestation of a heavy heart to mar the pleasures of the company while he was among them. He even danced a minuet with Mrs. Colonel Willis, a distinguished matron of the town, and this was the last time, it is said, he engaged in that amusement. The venerable widow of Gen. Alexander Hamilton told me, not long before her death, that Washington "never danced after the close of the Revolutionary War." She was present at several balls which he attended. He would sometimes *walk* through a figure or two with ladies during the evening, but never took the step of the dance.

The Marquis de Lafayette revisited the United States in 1784, and was twice a guest at Mount Vernon. Just before his departure for home, in the autumn, he spent a few days with Washington, and went to Fredericksburg to give a parting adieu to the mother of his beloved and venerated friend. One of the sons of the widowed Betty Lewis, who was at Mount Vernon, accompanied the marquis, and on their arrival at Fredericksburg he conducted Lafayette to the dwelling of the venerable matron. As they approached the house, young Lewis said,

"There, sir, is my grandmother," pointing to an old lady busy in her garden, gathering the refuse of the summer growth for burning.

She was clad in homespun garments, and her head was covered with a plain straw hat. In the shadow of its broad brim, from beneath a lawn cap, appeared her whitened locks. Her expressive eyes beamed with pleasure as she took the

hand of Lafayette in both her own, and said, in an almost playful manner,

"Ah, marquis, you see an old woman; but come in, I can make you welcome to my poor dwelling without the parade of changing my dress."

The gallant soldier was charmed by her sweet and cordial manner, yet displaying almost courtly dignity after the first words of welcome were uttered. She was then nearly fourscore years of age, yet her mental vigor seemed untouched by decay, and she conversed with the animation of middle age on the great events of the Revolution and the bright prospects of her emancipated country. The marquis ventured to speak of the transcendent glory which crowned her illustrious son, and the plaudits he would receive from future generations. To these expressions the matron, to the astonishment and delight of the enthusiastic Frenchman, quietly replied,

"I am not surprised at what George has done, for he was always a good boy."

The marquis craved her blessing. It was freely given; and he left that presence with a higher appreciation than ever before of the dignity of human nature unbiassed by artificial influences; the power of maternal guidance wielded by lofty and religious principles; and a warmer glow of admiration for democratic ideas, which, in their development in society in America, had created such mothers and such sons—such rulers and such citizens as abounded here.

Madam Washington's life was spared until she beheld her first-born son elevated to the highest earthly dignity to which man may aspire—the lofty seat of the chief magistrate of a young, vigorous, and free member of the family of na-

tions, and called to it by the unanimous voice of his grateful fellow-citizens. She had watched over him with fidelity from his infancy, and had been his good angel, guiding him at every step in his glorious life career; for so trustful was he in the intelligence of her judgment, and so obedient to her as his mother and mentor that it is said he never undertook any important public task or private enterprise while she was living without first communing with her on the subject.

When Washington was called to the duties of President of the United States the physical strength of his mother, then past eighty years of age, was wasting from the effects of a painful and incurable disease (cancer). He had often been with her at her own home since the close of the war, and, until her waning strength forbade, she was frequently at Mount Vernon.

On the 14th of April, 1789, Charles Thomson, the Secretary of Congress, appeared at Mount Vernon with official certificates that its master had been chosen chief magistrate of the republic. Washington at once prepared to accompany the secretary to New York, then the seat of the National Government. In the afternoon of the same day he mounted his horse, and with his favorite body-servant, "Billy,"* rode to the home of his mother at Fredericksburg.

* "Billy" (William Lee) was a notable character in Washington's family. Before the Revolution he was Washington's huntsman, and during the war he was his faithful body-servant. He was always with his master in camp and in the field, and was trusted with the custody of the private papers of the commander-in-chief when on a march or a transition from one head-quarters to another. He was a stout and very active man. In his later years, when he was made lame by an accident,

He found her quite feeble in body, but strong in spirit and bright in intellect. After the first affectionate words were uttered, Washington said to his mother,

"The people, madam, have been pleased, with the most flattering unanimity, to elect me to the chief magistracy of the United States; but before I can assume the functions of that office I have come to bid you an affectionate farewell. So soon as the public business, which must necessarily be encountered in arranging a new government, can be disposed of, I shall hasten to Virginia and—"

"You will see me no more," she said, interrupting him. "My great age, and the disease that is rapidly approaching my vitals, warn me that I shall not be long in this world. I trust in God I am somewhat prepared for a better. But go, George, fulfil the high destinies which Heaven appears to assign you; go, my son, and may that Heaven's and your mother's blessing be with you always."

The great heart of the patriot was filled with mingled emotions of love, respect, and reverence for this his best earthly friend, and moved with the utmost tenderness of feeling, he laid his head upon the shoulder of his mother, as he had done when he was a little child, and wept. She clasped his neck with her feeble arms, and her tears mingled with his. So they parted, never to meet again on the earth.

Tradition tells us that the stature of Madam Washington

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he became an object of special care. He received many presents from the numerous visitors at Mount Vernon. Washington, at his death, left Billy a home and a pension of $150 a year. He was a "spoiled child of fortune," and became intemperate. He survived his master many years.

was of the full average height of women, and that in person she was compactly built and well proportioned. She possessed great physical strength and powers of endurance, and enjoyed through life robust health. Her features were strongly marked, but pleasing in expression; at the same time there was a dignity in her manner that was at first somewhat repellent to a stranger, but it always commanded the most thorough respect from her friends and acquaintances. Her voice was sweet, almost musical in its cadences, yet it was firm and decided, and she was always cheerful in spirit.

CHAPTER VI.

WASHINGTON returned from his visit to his mother on the evening of the 15th of April, and early the next morning he set out from Mount Vernon for New York, with Secretary Thomson and Colonel Humphreys, to be inaugurated President of the United States. After his inauguration, the multiplicity of cares and exhausting duties which burdened him sapped his vitality, and he was finally prostrated by a dangerous malady (a malignant carbuncle), which confined him in his bed for several weeks, and almost ended his life.

The President had just recovered sufficient strength to ride out in his carriage when he received tidings of the death of his mother, on August 25, 1789. Although her departure was not unexpected, the announcement deeply affected him, for the tie of affection which bound these noble beings to each other was exceedingly strong. To his only sister, Mrs. Lewis, Washington immediately wrote:

"Awful and affecting as the death of a parent is, there is consolation in knowing that Heaven has spared ours to an age beyond which few attain, and favored her with the full enjoyment of her faculties and as much bodily strength as usually falls to the lot of fourscore. Under these circumstances, and the hope that she is translated to a happier place, it is the duty of her relatives to yield submission to the decrees of the Creator. When I was last at Fredericks-

burg I took a final leave of my mother, never expecting to see her more."

The death of Mary Washington was felt as a solemn public event. The members of Congress and many other citizens put on the accustomed conventional mourning. The pulpits throughout the land noticed the event with much feeling. At Fredericksburg, on the day of her funeral, all business was suspended. The weather was extremely warm, yet the heat did not deter the people from thronging St. George's Church, to which the body had been conveyed, and where the impressive funeral service of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America (then just established) was conducted by the Rev. Thomas Thornton, her pastor.

From the church the remains of Madam Washington were borne on the shoulders of strong men to the place of burial which she had selected, followed by a large procession of relatives and friends. In that quiet spot all that was mortal of Mary, the mother of Washington, was laid, on Thursday, the 27th day of August, 1789, at the end of a pilgrimage on the earth of eighty-three years. She had lived a widow forty-seven years, and had always enjoyed the love and reverence of those who knew her most intimately. Her charities, steady and judicious, were never lavish nor ill considered, but were always sufficient for the occasion, and endeared her to the hearts of the poor. Her sympathetic and wise counsels to the afflicted and wounded soul, her constant cheerfulness of spirit beaming through her natural gravity and dignified demeanor, her unaffected piety displayed in actions rather than in words, her conscientious discharge of every duty imposed towards God and her fellow-creatures, and the habitual exercise of virtues which

mark the character of a true wife and mother, caused Mary Washington to be regarded as a model woman.

"Though a pious tear of affection and esteem is due to the memory of so revered a character," wrote one of her neighbors on the day of Mary Washington's funeral, "yet our grief must be greatly lessened from the consideration that she is relieved from the pitiable infirmities attendant on extreme old age. It is usual, when virtuous and conspicuous persons quit this terrestrial abode, to publish elaborate panegyrics on their characters, but suffice it to say that she conducted herself through this transitory life with virtue and prudence worthy of the mother of the greatest hero that ever adorned the annals of history. There is no fame in the world more pure than that of the mother of Washington, and no woman since the mother of Christ has left a better claim to the affectionate reverence of mankind."

The grave in which the remains of Mary Washington lie buried was long unmarked by any memorial. A quarter of a century after the funeral the Rev. Timothy Alden wrote: "Nothing distinguishes her grave but the verdure of the grass which covers it and a thrifty young cedar near it." Sixty years ago the adopted son of Washington wrote, in reference to the death of this beloved matron:

"Thus lived and died this distinguished woman. Had she been of the olden time, statues would have been erected to her memory at the Capitol, and she would have been called the Mother of Romans. When another century shall have elapsed, and our descendants shall have learned the true value of liberty, how will the fame of the paternal chief be cherished in story and in song! nor will be forgotten her who first bent the twig to incline the tree to

glory. Then, and not till then, will youth and age, maid and matron, ay, and bearded men, with pilgrim step, repair to the now neglected grave of the mother of Washington."

The brief sketch of Mary Washington by Mr. Custis from which the above sentences were taken, was published in the *National Gazette*, at Washington City, on the 13th of May, 1826. It attracted a great deal of attention at the time, and a project was set on foot for the re-entombment of the remains of the matron, and the erection of a suitable monument over them. This movement was begun in Virginia. It was estimated that the sum of $2000 would be sufficient for this purpose. Public sympathy in the undertaking was manifested all over the Union. The press everywhere discussed the subject. A New York journal proposed that the whole sum should be raised "by the efforts of American maids and matrons." The proprietor of the estate on which was the matron's grave corresponded with Mr. Custis on the subject, and the inhabitants of Fredericksburg got up a memorial.

This effort was spasmodic. Very soon the subject slumbered so profoundly in the public mind that it seemed to be forgotten. Seven years afterwards Silas E. Burrows, a patriotic and enterprising merchant of New York City, resolved to erect a monument to the memory of the mother of Washington at his own expense. He did not propose to disturb her remains, but to build the structure on the spot where she had willed her mortal relics should repose. Vigorous preparations for the task were begun, and on the 7th of May, 1833, the corner-stone was laid there, in the presence of a multitude of people.

The ceremonies on that occasion were impressive and

imposing. The President of the United States (Andrew Jackson) accepted an invitation to officiate as chief celebrant on the occasion. On the 6th of May he went down the Potomac from the city of Washington in a steamboat, with the heads of the government departments and his private secretary, and was met at Potomac Creek, nine miles from Fredericksburg, by the Monumental Committee of that city, at the head of which was Colonel Bassett, a relation of the Washington family by marriage.* The President and suite were received by a military escort commanded by Dr. Wallace, of Fredericksburg, at whose house they were entertained.

On the following day a great civic and military procession was formed, and proceeded to the grave.† It was es-

* A very unpleasant event occurred at Alexandria. While the boat was lying at the wharf, Lieutenant Randolph, who had lately been dismissed from the navy, went on board, and proceeding into the cabin where the venerable President sat at a table, reading and smoking, made a cowardly and brutal attack upon him. The miscreant was instantly seized by the captain of the boat, when a number of Randolph's friends, who accompanied him, rescued him and bore him to the wharf. A citizen of Alexandria, hearing of the outrage, was so greatly incensed that he said to the President,

"Sir, if you will pardon me in case I am tried and convicted, I will kill Randolph in fifteen minutes for this insult to you."

"No, sir," answered the President, "I cannot do that. I want no man to stand between me and my assailants, nor none to take revenge on my account. Had I been prepared for this cowardly villain's approach, I can assure you all that he never would have the temerity to undertake such a thing again."

† The procession was formed in the following order: 1. A detachment of cavalry. 2. The Chief Architect and Masonic Societies. In this division Mr. Burrows was assigned a conspicuous and honorable

timated that fully fifteen thousand persons were present. After a prayer by the Rev. E. C. McGuire, the pastor of St. George's Church, Colonel Bassett, on behalf of the citizens of Fredericksburg, addressed the President on the character of her whom they sought to honor. To this address the President made a brief but eloquent response, in which he said:

"We are assembled, fellow-citizens, to witness and assist in an interesting ceremony. More than a century has passed away since she to whom this tribute of respect is about to be paid entered upon the active scenes of life; a century fertile in wonderful events, and of distinguished men who have participated in them. Of these our country has furnished a full share, and of these distinguished men she has produced a Washington. . . . In the grave before us lie the remains of his mother. Long has it been unmarked by any monumental tablet, but not unhonored. You have undertaken the pious duty of erecting a column to her name, and of inscribing upon it the simple but affecting words, 'Mary, the mother of Washington.' No eulogy could be higher, and it appeals to the heart of every American. . . .

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station. 3. The President of the United States, in an open carriage, with the heads of Departments and his private secretary (Major Donelson), accompanied by the Monumental Committee. 4. The clergy and relatives of Washington. 5. The Mayor and Common Council of Fredericksburg. 6. A pleasing company of small boys, in complete uniform, with wooden guns. 7. The officers of the Army and Navy of the United States, and the invited strangers. 8. A battalion of volunteers under Major Patten, and several companies of infantry from Washington and Alexandria, with the Marine Band. 9. Strangers and citizens, six abreast.

Tradition says that the character of Washington was strengthened, if not formed, by the care and precepts of his mother. . . . In tracing the few recollections which can be gathered of her principles and conduct it is impossible to avoid the conviction that these were closely interwoven with the destiny of her son. The great points of his character are before the world. He who runs may read them in his whole career, as a citizen, a soldier, a magistrate. He possessed unerring judgment, if that term can be applied to human nature, great probity of purpose, high moral principles, perfect self-possession, untiring application, an inquiring mind, seeking information from every quarter, and arriving at its conclusions with a full knowledge of the subject, and he added to these an inflexibility of resolution which nothing could change but a conviction of error. Look back upon the life and conduct of his mother, and at her domestic government, as they have this day been delineated by the chairman of the Monumental Committee, and as they were known to her contemporaries and have been described by them, and they will be found admirably adapted to form and develop the elements of such a character."

As the President deposited an inscribed plate in the corner-stone, he said,

"FELLOW-CITIZENS: At your request, and in your name, I now deposit this plate on the spot destined for it; and when the American pilgrim shall, in after-ages, come up to this high and holy place, and lay his hand upon this sacred column, may he recall the virtues of her who sleeps beneath, and depart with his affections purified and his piety strengthened, while he invokes blessings upon the memory of the mother of Washington."

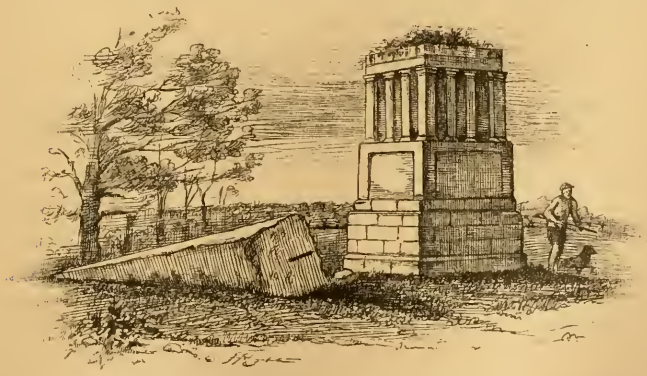
At the conclusion of this ceremony the following poem, written for the occasion by the late Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney, was read:

"Long hast thou slept, unnoted. Nature stole
In her soft ministry around thy bed,
And spread her vernal coverings, violet-gemm'd,
And pearled with dews. She bade her bright Summer bring
Gifts of frankincense, with sweet song of birds,
And Autumn cast his yellow coronet
Dome at his feet, and stormy Winter speak
Hoarsely of man's neglect. But now we come
To do thee homage, mother of our chief,
Fit homage, such as honoreth him who pays!
Methinks we see thee, as in olden time,
Simple in garb—majestic and serene—
Unaw'd by 'pomp and circumstance'—in truth
Inflexible—and with Spartan zeal
Repressing vice and making folly grave.
Thou didst not deem it woman's part to waste
Life on inglorious sloth, to sport a while
Amid the flowers, or on the summer wave,
Then flit like the ephemeron away,
Building no temple in her children's hearts,
Save to the vanity and pride of life
Which she had worshipped.

"Of the might that clothed
The 'Pater Patria'—of the deeds that won
A nation's liberty and Earth's applause,
Making Mount Vernon's tomb a Mecca haunt
For patriot and for sage, while time shall last,
What part was thine, what thanks to thee are due,
Who 'mid his elements of being wrought
With no uncertain aim—nursing the germs
Of godlike virtue in his infant mind,
We know not—Heaven can tell!

"Rise, noble pile!
And show a race unborn who rests below—
And say to mothers what a holy charge
Is theirs—with what a kingly power their love
Might rule the fountains of the new-born mind—
Warn them to wake at early dawn, and sow
Good seed before the world doth sow its tares,
Nor in their toil decline—that angel bands
May put their sickle in, and reap for God,
And gather to his garner."

When this monument of white marble was completed—all but the obelisk of beautiful design which was to surmount it—commercial reverses befell the generous merchant, and he was compelled to abandon his patriotic task. The block



MONUMENT IN MEMORY OF MARY WASHINGTON.

for the obelisk as it was taken from the quarry had been drawn to the spot, and needed only the skill and labor of the sculptor to fashion it into exquisite form. But, with shame be it spoken, it lies there still (1886), after a lapse of over fifty years, untouched by any hand but that of the

relic-seeking despoiler which has defaced it beyond recovery.

When I visited and sketched the monument in 1848, it was perfect as far as completed. Year after year the dust of the plain had lodged upon the top of the unfinished pile, and the seeds of wild-flowers had been borne thither upon the wings of zephyrs; and where the base of the promised noble obelisk should rest, Nature, as if rebuking insensate man, had woven green garlands and flowery festoons. Upon the broad tablet whereon was to be inscribed the words,

MARY,
THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON,

dark-green fungi had made their humiliating record instead.

Since that time the tooth of decay and the hands of barbarous man have hastened the work of destruction. A friend who visited the spot in 1884 wrote to me that "all but three of the eight columns which had been placed in sunken panels have been removed or destroyed. No enclosure guards the place from intrusion. The sacred spot is utterly neglected—broken, grass-grown, and dilapidated."

How much longer will Virginia—how much longer will the nation suffer such a reproach? The National Government has just completed a superb obelisk that pierces the firmament more than five hundred feet above the earth, in honor of her illustrious son. Cannot this mighty government, this nation of nearly sixty million people, with a plethoric treasury, afford to devote a few dollars in money and a few emotions of honest pride and genuine patriotism to the task of completing a work begun more than fifty years ago by a patriotic citizen in honor of the mother of Washington?

M. Washington

MARTHA.

MARTHA,

THE WIFE OF WASHINGTON.

CHAPTER I.

". . . Her form was all humanity,
Her soul all God's; in spirit and in form
Like fair."—PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

EARLY in the last century the colonial court of Virginia, seated at Williamsburg, midway between the York and James rivers, was the gayest on the continent. There was much of the old cavalier element left in Virginia society at that period, and much of the stately etiquette and conventional formality of the better class in England prevailed at the Virginia capital. Among the prominent persons of the social circle that surrounded the court at Williamsburg during the seasons of amusement at about the middle of the last century, were Col. John Dandridge and his accomplished wife, a daughter of a descendant of one of the oldest settlers in Gloucester County. Colonel Dandridge was a cultivated gentleman and an extensive planter in New Kent County. He owned a fine residence on the Pamunkey River, was a local magistrate, colonel of his military

district, and a vestryman of St. Peter's parish. The Dandridge family were descended from the Rev. Orlando Jones, a clergyman from Wales, who was among the earlier colonists of Virginia. Two of Colonel Dandridge's sons were in the British navy at this period.

Martha, the eldest daughter of Colonel Dandridge, was then just blooming into womanhood. She was a charming girl, a little below the medium stature, and possessed of an elegant figure. Her eyes were dark, and expressive of the most kindly good-nature, her complexion was fair, her hair a rich brown in color, her features were regular and beautiful, her whole face beamed with intelligence; she was sprightly and witty, and her manners were modest and extremely winning. Martha had been fairly educated by private tutors, and she was an expert performer on the spinet.

Martha Dandridge was first introduced at the vice-regal court, during the later period of the long administration of Lieut.-Gov. William Gooch, when she was fifteen years of age. She attracted universal admiration, for she was womanly beyond her years. At seventeen she was the reigning belle at that court, and numerous suitors sought to win her heart and hand.

At the city of Williamsburg lived Col. John Custis, a man possessed of large wealth, and who held, at one time, the high office of King's Councillor in the government of Virginia. He had married in early life Frances Parke, the eldest daughter of Col. Daniel Parke, who was engaged in seeking his fortune abroad in the military service of Queen Anne. She and her sister Lucy, who married Col. William Byrd, of Westover, had lived in quiet seclusion with their mother. Frances is represented as a wayward, ill-tempered,

and self-willed girl; beautiful in form and feature, and one of two heirs to a great fortune in prospect. Young Custis sought her hand with the ardor and eagerness of youth,* and married her in spite of warnings that he could never live happily with her. Their nuptials were celebrated at her home at Queen's Creek, on York River. Their honeymoon had scarcely ended when a war of words between

* The following letter of young Custis to his intended bride a few months before their marriage, in which, according to the custom of the time, he calls her his "Fidelia," is a fair specimen of passionate love-letters in the colonial days:

"WILLIAMSBURG, Feb. 4, 1705.

"May angels guard my dearest Fidelia and deliver her safe to my arms at our next meeting; and sure they won't refuse their protection to a creature so pure and charming, that it would be easy for them to mistake her for one of themselves. If you could but believe how entirely you possess the empire of my heart, you would easily credit me when I tell you, that I can neither think nor so much as dream of any other subject than the enchanting Fidelia. You will do me wrong if you suspect there ever was a man created that loved with more tenderness and sincerity than I do, and I should do you wrong if I could imagine there ever was a nymph that deserved it better than you. Take this for granted, and then fancy how uneasy I am like to be under the unhappiness of your absence. Figure to yourself what tumults there will arise in my blood, what a fluttering of the spirits, what a disorder of the pulse, what passionate wishes, what absence of thought, and what crowding of sighs, and then imagine how unfit I shall be for business. But returning to the dear cause of my uneasiness: O the torture of six months' expectation! If it must be so long, and necessity will, till then, interpose betwixt you and my inclinations, I must submit, though it be as unwillingly as pride submits to superior virtue, or envy to superior success. Pray think of me, and believe that Veramour is entirely and eternally yours.

"ADIEU.

"I pray you write as soon as you receive this, and commit your letter to the same trusty hand that brings you this."

The inscription on Custis's tombstone, given in the next page, is a significant commentary on this letter.

them began, and only ended with her life, which was terminated by small-pox when she had given birth to a son and a daughter. Tradition says her husband was no more a saint than she; but her tongue was more expert than his, and she managed to have the last word in these oral contests. The husband provided in his will for having the very last word, for he ordered his heir, on pain of disinheritance, to have inscribed on his tombstone, at the place of his burial, the following words:

"UNDER THIS MARBLE TOMB LIES THE BODY
OF THE HON. JOHN CUSTIS, ESQ.,
OF THE CITY OF WILLIAMSBURG,
AND PARISH OF BRUTON,
FORMERLY OF HUNGAR PARISH, ON THE
EASTERN SHORE
OF VIRGINIA, AND COUNTY OF NORTHAMPTON,
AGED 71 YEARS, AND YET LIVED BUT SEVEN YEARS,
WHICH WAS THE SPACE OF TIME HE KEPT
A BACHELOR'S HOME AT ARLINGTON,
ON THE EASTERN SHORE OF VIRGINIA."

The only son and heir of Colonel Custis was Daniel Parke Custis, who was born at Arlington. He was tardy in choosing a wife. His father earnestly desired him to marry his pretty cousin, Evelyn Byrd, of Westover, on her return from England. She was a charming maiden, four years the senior of Daniel. Her father, Col. William Byrd, was possessed of a princely estate, and exercised a very wide social influence. The wedding of this couple would have been pleasant to the parents of both, but Daniel Parke Custis did not acquiesce in his father's wishes. The colonel was disappointed, chagrined, and irritated. His am-

bitious desires to unite the two families by still stronger ties were paramount to the happiness of his son, and he not only positively refused to give his consent to Daniel's marriage to any one else, but he threatened to disinherit him in case he should refuse to marry Evelyn Byrd.* But the son was firm, and the conduct of his father strengthened the young man's determination not to marry his cousin.

Years passed on, Daniel Parke Custis had journeyed beyond the thirtieth year of his life, when he became smitten by the charms of Martha Dandridge. He wooed and won her heart, and desired to marry her. His father refused his consent. Colonel Dandridge's sweet daughter was loved and admired by everybody. From every lip fell eulogies of her personal beauty, her good sense, her amiability of character, and her goodness of heart. These eulogies continually reached the ears of Colonel Custis. They assailed him at all points. He listened to the persuasions of a friend of both father and son, and finally yielded. At an interview at Williamsburg with this friend, the colonel handed him the following memorandum: "I give my free consent to the Union of my son, Daniel, with Martha Dandridge." The happy negotiator of the treaty wrote at once to Daniel, who was on his estate in New Kent, saying,

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* Evelyn Byrd joined her father in England when she was about twelve years of age. She remained there until she was grown to young womanhood, and was a most attractive member of a brilliant social circle. She became engaged to marry the young nobleman who afterwards became the famous Lord Peterborough, but their nuptials were inadmissible, for he was a Roman Catholic and she was a Protestant. She returned to Virginia with her father, was never married, and died at Westover.

"This comes at last to bring you the news that I believe will be most agreeable to you of any you have ever heard. That you may not be long in suspense I will tell you at once. I am empowered by your father to let you know that he heartily and willingly consents to your marriage with Miss Dandridge; that he has so good a character of her that he rather you should have her than any lady in Virginia—nay, if possible, he is as much enamoured with her character as you are with her person, and this is owing chiefly to a prudent speech of her own. Hurry down immediately, for fear he should change the strong inclination he has to your marrying directly. I stayed with him all night, and presented Jack* with my little Jack's horse, bridle, and saddle, in your name, which was taken as a singular favor. J. Power."†

Mr. Custis had already obtained the consent of Colonel Dandridge to marry his daughter. Within an hour after he received Power's message, the lover was in the saddle on the way to the mansion of his affianced with his father's written pledge of acquiescence. There he tarried a day and a night. All the preliminaries for their speedy wedding were arranged, and in less than three weeks afterwards their nuptials were celebrated.

At this time Daniel Parke Custis had a delightful residence known as "The White House," on the Pamunkey

* Jack was a small negro boy to whom Colonel Custis had taken such a fancy that when his son Daniel positively refused to marry Evelyn Byrd, he made a will bequeathing all his fortune to this boy. Through the solicitations of his friends and the power of his paternal feelings, when his passion had subsided he destroyed the will. Then he manumitted the boy, and provided his mother, Alice, with a comfortable maintenance.

† Copied from an autograph letter at Arlington House.

River, in New Kent County. Around it lay his large landed estate. He was a kind-hearted, generous, just, and amiable young man, beloved by his friends, his neighbors, and his servants.

A few miles from the White House stood St. Peter's Church. It was built in 1703 at a cost of one hundred and forty-six thousand pounds of tobacco, then a part of the currency of Virginia. At the time we are considering, the Rev. David Mossum had been its rector more than twenty years. He was superior in character and attainments to most of the clergy of the Established Church in Virginia, who, as a rule, had not been trustworthy guides and exemplars in religion and morals.* Mossum was from Newburyport, Massachusetts, and was the first native-born American admitted to the office of Presbyter in the Church of England. He had been married four times. He was now irritable in temper and morose in disposition, made so, it was said, by being continually harassed by his fourth wife, who was a shrew he could not tame. He sometimes displayed his petulance in the pulpit.

On one occasion he had quarrelled with the clerk in the vestry, and he assailed him in the sermon that followed. The clerk was equal to the occasion, and retaliated by giving out from the desk the psalm beginning with the lines,

* "Your clergy in these parts are a very ill example," wrote the Rev. Nicholas Moreau, of St. Peter's parish, to the Bishop of London, at the close of the seventeenth century. "No discipline nor canons of the Church are observed. Several ministers have caused such high scandal of late, and have raised such prejudices among the people against the clergy, that hardly can they be persuaded to take a clergyman into their parish."

"With restless and ungovern'd rage
Why do the heathen storm?
Why on such rash attempts engage
As they can ne'er perform?"

The nuptials of Daniel Parke Custis and Martha Dandridge were celebrated in St. Peter's Church, on a pleasant morning in June, 1749, when the bride was seventeen years of age. She was "given away" by Colonel Dandridge. Among the happiest faces seen on the occasion was that of the venerable John Custis, father of the bridegroom, who, at the conclusion of the ceremony, saluted his beautiful daughter-in-law with a kiss on both cheeks. The assembled company of friends rode from the church to the White House, the wedded pair in a coach drawn by four white horses, flanked by six young black outriders dressed in white. A sumptuous entertainment was given at the mansion to friends and relatives and the gentry of the surrounding country; and the servants, enjoying a holiday, were made happy with feasting and presents.

In his first letter written to his agent in London (Robert Cary) after his marriage, Mr. Custis wrote. "I desire a handsome watch for my wife, a pattern like the one you bought for Mrs. Burwell, with her name around the dial. There are just twelve letters in her name, MARTHA CUSTIS, a letter for each hour marked on the dial-plate."*

This watch is still in existence. It has a singular history. Mrs. Washington presented it to one of her four nieces (Miss Dandridge) who lived at Mount Vernon with her aunt after Washington's death. This niece afterwards be-

* Copied from the first draft of the letter at Arlington House, in 1853.

came Mrs. Halyburton, and survived her aunt about thirty years. The watch remained in her family until after the late Civil War. The ruin which that catastrophe wrought in the fortunes of the family compelled them to sell the watch. It was sent to New York for the purpose. A generous citizen of Newburg, on the Hudson (the late Enoch Carter), bought the watch and deposited it among the relics in Washington's head-quarters at Newburg, where it now (1886) is.*

MARTHA CUSTIS'S WATCH.

Mr. and Mrs. Custis enjoyed a happy wedded life for about seven years. They were always welcome visitors among the dwellers in the Virginia capital, and indulged much in its gayeties in the winter season. The husband was a special favorite of the burly Scotch governor, Dinwiddie. When, early in 1755, the French and Indian War had begun, the governor made Custis lieutenant of Kent County, and soon afterwards commissioned him colonel of

* The engraving is an exact representation of this watch in size and figure. It has a gold case, with a circle of white enamel inlaid with gold around the edges of the face and back. Over each numeral of the dial may be seen a letter of the name of MARTHA CUSTIS, beginning at figure 1. The enamel of the face, or dial, is broken. The watch was made by Bawie, London.

DANIEL PARKE CUSTIS.

the militia of his district. He was about to call him to a seat in his council, when Death summoned the master of the White House from the earth.

Four children had blessed this union of Daniel Parke

MARTHA CUSTIS.

Custis with Martha Dandridge. The two elder children had died while they were very young, within a month of each other. This affliction bore with such crushing weight upon the affectionate father that his physical health became so

impaired that when, in the spring of 1757, he was attacked by bilious fever, he had not strength sufficient to resist the destroyer. He died at the age of about forty-five years.

Mrs. Custis was left a widow with two children (John Parke and Martha Parke) at the age of a little more than twenty-four years. Her husband had died intestate, leaving a very large estate, real and personal. She employed as her legal adviser Robert Carter Nicholas, then a rising young lawyer at Williamsburg, who afterwards filled a conspicuous place in the legal and political history of Virginia. He was a friend of her husband, and was eminently trustworthy. Pursuant to his advice she was appointed sole administrator of the great estate. She employed a trusty steward and other agents. Directing her affairs herself with these competent assistants, everything was managed with great prudence, and very soon all things pertaining to the settlement of the estate were well adjusted.

Martha Custis was now one of the wealthiest widows in Virginia. Her husband had inherited the large estate of his father, and this, with his own property, became the possession of his wife and children. Her portion consisted of lands and money, the legal evidences of which, in the form of deeds, mortgages, bonds, and certificates of deposits in the Bank of England, were contained in a strong iron box which was at Arlington House at the breaking out of the late Civil War.

About a year after the death of her husband, Mrs. Custis was visiting a friend, the owner of a large estate, who occupied a fine mansion not far from the White House on the same side of the Pamunkey. That friend was Major William Chamberlayne, who, with her father and husband, had

been vestryman of St. Peter's. His dwelling was at a public crossing of the river known as Williams's Ferry.

On the day after the arrival of Mrs. Custis at the house of Major Chamberlayne, a young officer of stately figure and of noble mien and bearing, in military undress, riding a powerful chestnut-brown horse and accompanied by an elderly servant almost as tall as himself and quite as military in his manner, crossed the ferry. Major Chamberlayne had seen them embark on the bateau on the other side of the stream and met the travellers at the landing. He recognized the young officer, and pressed him to accept the hospitalities of his house for a day or two. The soldier declined, giving as an excuse urgent business with the governor and council at Williamsburg. Major Chamberlayne persisted in urging him to tarry. The young officer still declined, and was about to ride on, when the major brought up his reserve of persuasion by telling him that one of the most charming young widows in all Virginia was then under his roof. The soldier made a conditional surrender, the terms being that he should dine—only dine—with Major Chamberlayne and his family.

That young officer was Col. George Washington. With him was his colored body-servant, Thomas Bishop, who had held the same relation to General Braddock, and at whose dying request he had entered the service of this gallant young Virginian. The horse which Washington rode, the one from which Braddock fell, mortally wounded, on the field of Monongahela, was bequeathed to him by the British general. Bishop was ordered to stable the horses, and have them ready for departure at a specified hour in the afternoon.

Major Chamberlayne and his guest entered the house. The fame of Colonel Washington was then resounding in every Virginia household, and when he was introduced to the several guests in the drawing-room his presence produced a profound impression of respect and admiration because of his elegant figure, his courtly bearing, and the deserved honors which crowned his character. Tradition says that he and Mrs. Custis were mutually pleased at the moment of the introduction; that it was a notable case of "love at first sight." The hero was charmed—nay spell-bound, by the beauty of the person and the fascinating manners and good sense of the young widow.

The hours sped swiftly. The guests lingered long at the table—quite beyond the time appointed for the departure of Colonel Washington. Bishop, punctual as Time, had waited at the gate with his master's steed with puzzled mind, for its rider had never been tardy before. "Ah, Bishop," wrote a fair eye-witness, describing the scene, "there was an urchin in the drawing-room more powerful than King George and all his governors! Subtle as a sphynx, he had hidden the important despatches from the soldier's sight, shut up his ears from the summons of the telltale clock, and was playing such pranks with the bravest heart in Christendom that it fluttered with the excess of a new-found happiness!"

Colonel Washington had been moved by the tender passion several times before. While he was yet a lad his heart was inflamed with love for Mary Bland, whose charms drew from him some sentimental verses addressed to his "Low-land Beauty." Before he was seventeen years of age he became enamoured of the beautiful sister of the wife of his

friend George Fairfax, and he wrote to his young friend, Henry Lee:

"I pass my time very pleasantly, as there is a very agreeable young lady who lives in the same house; but as that is only adding fuel to fire, it makes me the more uneasy, for by often and unavoidably being in company with her, revives my former passion for your Lowland Beauty,* whereas, were I to live more retired from young women, I might, in some measure, alleviate my sorrows by burying that chaste and troublesome passion in the grave of oblivion."

A few years later, while on his way to Boston on a military errand to Governor Shirley (as he was now to Governor Fauquier), Major Washington was so impressed with the charms of Mary Phillipse, sister of Mrs. Col. Beverly Robinson, at New York, that he then lingered long in her company, and resolved to offer her his heart and hand; but while wooing courage to make the proposal, his companion-in-arms, Major Roger Morris, captured the damsel as a matrimonial prize.

The sun had touched the western horizon when Colonel Washington arose to depart. Major Chamberlayne, who had watched his lingering in conversation with Mrs. Custis with amusement and satisfaction, said,

"No guest ever leaves my house after sunset."

The colonel was not loath to stay. He and the young widow lingered long in conversation in the drawing-room

* Henry Lee married Mary Bland, Washington's first love. She was a daughter of Col. Richard Bland, of Prince George's County. She became the mother of "Legion Harry" Lee of the Revolution, the father of the late Gen. Robert E. Lee, commander-in-chief of the Confederate forces at near the close of the late Civil War.

COLONEL WASHINGTON AND MRS. CUSTIS.

after the other guests had retired, and the sun had risen high in the firmament the next morning when he took leave of the fascinating lady and the hospitable host. The blossoms of May never appeared so fragrant to him as on that

thoughtful journey from the Pamunkey to Williamsburg. He finished his business there with all possible despatch, and retraced his journey to the Pamunkey. He turned from the road to Williams's Ferry, and reined up at the White House at near sunset, where he was graciously received by its mistress. It was the evening of a delicious late May day in 1758. The love-bound soldier remained until late the next day, when he and Bishop departed for the ferry. It was during this visit that George Washington and Martha Custis plighted their troth to each other.

Months, weary months of service in the field by the gallant soldier, intervened before the nuptials of the happy couple. Letters passed between them at irregular intervals. Only one of these epistles, so far as I know, has escaped destruction. It was written by Washington near Fort Cumberland, in July, 1758.

"We have begun our march for the Ohio," he wrote. "A Courier is starting for Williamsburg, and I embrace the opportunity to send a few words to one whose life is now inseparable from mine. Since that happy hour when we made our pledges to each other, my thoughts have been continually going to you as to another Self. That an All-powerful Providence may keep us both in safety is the prayer of your ever faithful &

"Ever affectionate Friend

"G. WASHINGTON.*

"20th of July.

"Mrs. MARTHA CUSTIS."

Washington had hastened back to camp at Fort Cum-

* Copied from the autograph at Arlington House.

berland, and soon was begun the march towards the forks of the Ohio, which resulted in the capture of the post of Fort Duquesne late in November. The French had abandoned the fort, set it on fire, and by its light fled down the Ohio in boats at midnight. The troops under Washington's command hoisted the British flag over the smoking ruins, and the name of the stronghold was changed to Fort Pitt, in honor of England's great commoner, then prime-minister. Washington left a small garrison to hold the post, marched the remainder of his troops to Winchester, and proceeded himself to Williamsburg. Having determined, if the campaign should prove successful, to retire from the army, he now settled all his public accounts, and in the last week in December, 1758, he resigned his commission, after a continuous service of more than five years.

While he was engaged in the campaign of 1758, Colonel Washington had been elected a representative of Frederick County in the Virginia Assembly. He received a large plurality of votes over three opposing candidates.* This result was exceedingly gratifying to him, for his constituents were the people among whom he had long held military command. From that time until the beginning of the old war for independence, a period of about fifteen years, Colonel Washington was continuously a member of the Virginia

* This election cost Colonel Washington about $90. Among the items of charge which have been preserved are a hogshead and a barrel of punch, thirty-five gallons of wine, forty-three gallons of strong beer, cider, and dinner for his friends. Colonel Ward, who represented Washington at the election, when the result was known, was carried around the village of Winchester on the shoulders of men, while the people shouted huzzas for Colonel Washington.

House of Burgesses, chosen at successive elections by large majorities. He was a representative of Frederick and Fairfax counties at different times.

On his way from Mount Vernon to Williamsburg, to take his seat in the Virginia Assembly the first time, late in December, Colonel Washington spent a day or two at the White House, when the time for the solemnization of his marriage with Mrs. Custis was determined. It was fixed for the sixth of January (old style), 1759, about three weeks in the future. On that day, the air clear and cold, a multitude of people assembled at the little church of St. Peter, to witness the marriage of the widowed daughter of Colonel Dandridge to another noble husband. The Rev. Mr. Mossum again performed the nuptial ceremonies. The assemblage of friends and neighbors of the bride at the old fane was one of the most brilliant in character and in costume ever before seen in a church in Virginia. The officiating clergyman was robed in full canonicals. The bridegroom was clothed in a suit of blue cloth, the coat lined with red silk and ornamented with silver trimmings. His waistcoat was of white satin, embroidered; his shoe and knee buckles were gold; his hair was powdered, and by his side hung a straight dress-sword. The bride was attired in a white satin quilted petticoat, and a heavy, corded white silk overskirt;* high-heeled shoes of white satin, with

* Before me, while I write, lies (the property of a friend) a piece of Mrs. Washington's wedding-dress. It is heavy corded white silk, interwoven with silver threads. Also a piece of the white satin ribbon, brocaded with leaves, which was worn by Mrs. Washington on that occasion. It is about two inches in width, and forms a part of a bookmark, the design elegantly wrought with colored silks on finely perforated

diamond buckles; rich point-lace ruffles; pearl necklace, ear-rings, and bracelet; and pearl ornaments in her hair. She was attended by three bridesmaids. Among the attendants in the church were Lieutenant-governor Fauquier and his wife, and the neighboring gentry; several English army and navy officers, then in colonial service, and many distinguished members of the Virginia Legislature. The governor was in a full dress of scarlet cloth, embroidered with gold, and wore a bag-wig and a dress-sword. The group of officers, civil and military, made a brilliant appearance. One of the most notable figures there, seen standing on the porch, was Bishop, Washington's body-servant, tall and stately in appearance, and dressed in the scarlet uniform of a soldier of the royal army in the reign of George II., who was booted and spurred, and who held the bridle-reins of his master's favorite charger. On leaving the church the bride and her attendant ladies rode back to the White House in a coach drawn by six horses, guided by liveried black postilions, while Colonel Washington, upon his magnificent horse, richly caparisoned, attended by a brilliant cortege of gay and cultured gentlemen, rode by the side of his beautiful bride. The entertainment at the White House, as on a former occasion, was sumptuous.

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paper by the fingers of Mrs. Lewis (Nelly Custis), a granddaughter of Mrs. Washington and a foster-child of the general. These precious mementos of Martha Washington were presented by Mrs. Lewis to Mrs. Gen. Alexander Hamilton. They were found among Mrs. Hamilton's effects after her death, with a written certificate of their genuineness, and were presented by Mrs. Philip Hamilton, her daughter-in-law. The design of the book-mark is composed of a cross intertwined with grape-leaves, a Bible, and a chalice standing upon it, symbolizing the eucharist. See the last page in this book.

"I have heard much of that marriage from the lips of old servants who were participants in the gay scene," said Mr. Custis to me. "There was one named Cully, whose enthusiasm would kindle whenever the subject was touched upon. I said to him one day, when he was in the one hundredth year of his age,

"'And so, Cully, you remember when Colonel Washington came a-courting of your mistress?'

"'Indeed I do, master,' said Cully. 'He was dar on'y fo' times afo' de wedding, for you see he was in de war all de time. We couldn't keep our eyes off him, he seemed so grand. An' Bishop 'peared mos' as grand as he.'

"'And the wedding, Cully,' I said.

"'Great times, sir! great times!' said Cully, his eyes sparkling with delight at the recollection. 'Shall never see de like agin. Mo' hosses an' car'ges, an' fine ladies an' gen'lmen dan when Missus was married afo'.'

"'And Colonel Washington, how did he look, Cully?' I asked.

"'Neber see'd de like, sir! neber de likes of him, tho' I've seen many in my day. He was so tall, so straight, so han'some! an' he set a hoss and rid wid such an air! Oh, he was so grand! Ah, sir, he was like no one else. Many of de grandest gen'lmen in gold lace was at de weddin', but none look'd like de man hisself.'

"'And your mistress?' I said, inquiringly.

"Cully raised both hands and his eyes towards the sky, and said, 'Oh, she was so bootiful an' so good!'"

CHAPTER II.

Colonel Washington did not take his bride to Mount Vernon immediately, but resided at the White House for about three months, meanwhile attending the sessions of the House of Burgesses. He engaged in arranging the affairs of Mrs. Washington's large estate, preparatory to her leaving the banks of the Pamunkey for those of the Potomac. He at once assumed the guardianship of her children, John Parke and Martha Parke Custis, and the care of their share of their father's estate. To Robert Cary, of London, agent of Mr. Custis's estate, he wrote, on May 1, 1759,

"The enclosed is the clergyman's certificate of my marriage with Mrs. Martha Custis, properly, I am told, authenticated. You will therefore, for the future, address all your letters which relate to the affairs of the late Daniel Parke Custis to me, as by marriage I am entitled to a third part of that estate [the remainder was equally divided between the two children], and am invested, likewise, with the care of the other two-thirds by a decree of our General Court, which I obtained in order to strengthen the power I before had in consequence of my wife's administration."

During their residence at the White House a session of the Virginia Legislature occurred, which Colonel Washington attended, as we have observed. Mrs. Washington spent much of the period of that session with her husband at

the capital, participating in the usual gayeties of the court. Both had a keen relish for amusements. They were of nearly the same age. Washington was born in February, and his wife in May, 1732. I have described the person of Mrs. Washington at the time of her first marriage. She was now very little changed in person—rather more matronly in appearance. Washington was six feet in stature, admirably proportioned, spare in flesh, and weighed about two hundred pounds. His hair was a rich, dark brown, like that of his wife, and his eyes were a grayish-blue, and expressive of deep thought. His complexion was florid, and his features were regular and rather heavy. Mrs. Washington always dressed with scrupulous regard to the requirements of the best fashions of the day. It was her habit to accompany her husband at Williamsburg during every session of the Assembly, and she was, in every respect, a brilliant member of the social circles which, before the Revolution, composed the vice-regal court at the old Virginia capital.

Colonel Washington possessed an ample fortune independent of that of his wife, which added to it about one hundred thousand dollars. His estate at Mount Vernon was situated, he wrote, "in a high, healthy country, in a latitude between the extremes of heat and cold, on one of the finest rivers in the world—a river well stocked with various kinds of fish at all seasons of the year, and in the spring with shad, herrings, bass, carp, sturgeon, etc., in abundance. The borders of the estate," he continued, "are washed by more than ten miles of tide-water, several valuable fisheries appertain to it; the whole shore, in fact, is one entire fishery."

The mansion, we have observed, was two stories in height

and had four rooms on each floor. A lawn sloping towards the high river-bank was shaded by stately trees of the primeval forest. The surface of the river before it abounded with water-fowl in their season, and the white wings of commerce, connected with the port of Alexandria above, enlivened its placid bosom. Such was the home to which Colonel Washington took his bride in the spring of 1759, and crowned her queen of it—the happy beginning of a domestic reign for the space of forty years. His cup of happiness seemed full. To a kinsman in London he wrote, "I am now, I believe, fixed in this spot with an agreeable partner for life; and I hope to find more happiness in retirement than I ever experienced in the wide and bustling world."

Almost every manufactured article used in Virginia at that time was imported. The absurd and blindly selfish laws of Great Britain forbade the pursuits of many productive industries in its American colonies, in order to secure a monopoly for her home mechanics, manufacturers, and merchants. The wealthy colonists were continually sending to London for supplies. Their orders included almost every article designed for domestic use — even the garments of men, women, and children. They depended upon the tailors and dress-makers of London for fashionable clothes. We find Washington writing to his kinsman, Richard Washington, concerning clothes which he desires him to purchase and send by the first ship bound for the Potomac.

"As they are designed for wearing-apparel for myself," Washington wrote, "I have committed the choice of them to your fancy, having the best opinion of your taste. I want neither lace nor embroidery. Plain clothes, with gold or silver buttons, if worn on genteel dress, are all that I

desire. I have hitherto had my clothes made by one Charles Laurence. Whether it be the fault of the Tailor, or of the measure sent, I cannot say, but, certain it is, my clothes have never fitted me well. I therefore leave the choice of the workmen to you. I enclose a measure, and, for a further direction, I think it not amiss to add, that my stature is six feet; otherwise rather slender than corpulent."

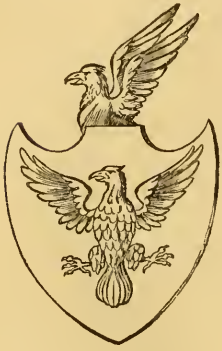
As a bachelor Colonel Washington ordered only a man's clothing, articles for use on the farms, and implements and furniture for his household. In a duplicate order before me, he directs his correspondent to send him "a superfine blue cotton velvet suit, for a tall man, with garters for the breeches;" several pairs of shoes and "pumps" made over a specified last; riding gloves; "worked ruffles at 20*s.* a pair;" saddle, bridle, and "housings of fine blue cloth with a small edging of embroidery around them."

In the summer after Washington's marriage far different items abound in his orders. For example, "1 salmon colored tabby velvet of the enclosed pattern, with satin flowers, to be made in a sack and coat; 1 cap, handkerchief, tucker [a piece of lace or linen pinned to the top of a woman's stays] and ruffles, to be made of Brussels lace or Point, proper to be worn with the above negligee, to cost £20; 2 fine flowered lawn aprons; 2 double handkerchiefs; 2 pairs of woman's white silk hose; 6 pairs fine cotton do.; 4 pairs four threaded do.; 1 pair black and 1 pair white satin shoes of the smallest fives; 4 pair callimanco [woollen stuff] shoes; 1 fashionable hat or bonnet; 6 pairs woman's best kid gloves; 6 pairs mitts; 1 doz. knots and breast-knots; 1 doz. round silk stay-laces; 1 black mask; 1 doz. most fashionable cambric pocket handkerchiefs; 2 pairs neat small

scissors; real Minikin [very small] pins and hair-pins; 6 pounds perfumed powder; a puckered petticoat of fashionable color; a silver tabby velvet petticoat; 2 handsome breast flowers; sugar-candy," etc.

In 1761 Colonel Washington ordered the following articles for "Master Custis, eight years old:"

"One handsome suit of Winter Clothes; a suit of Summer clothes; 2 pieces Nankeens with trimmings; 1 silver laced hat; 6 pr. fine cotton stockings; 1 pr. fine worsted ditto; 4 pr. strong shoes; 1 pr. neat pumps; 1 pr. gloves; 2 hair-bags; 1 piece of ribbon for ditto; 1 pr. silver shoe and knee buckles; 1 pr. sleeve buttons; a small Bible neatly bound in Turkey, and JOHN PARKE CUSTIS wrote in gilt letters on the inside of the cover; a neat small Prayer Book bound as above, with John Parke Custis, as above."



ARMS OF THE CUSTIS FAMILY.

At this age a young liveried servant was assigned to attend upon Master Custis on occasions, and Washington ordered the following articles of dress for him: "3 prs. shoes for a boy 14 years old; three prs. coarse stockings for do.; a suit of livery clothes and a hat for a boy 14 years old. *Note.*—Let the livery be suited to the arms of the Custis family."*

* The arms of the Custis family worn on the livery was simply a spread-eagle, white, on a red ground. The crest was the head and neck of a griffin.

fied by paper-hangings, each of a different color, and these rooms were furnished with chairs the cloth bottoms of which harmonized in tints with the colors on the walls. I copied at Arlington House a duplicate order for plaster-cast portraits of eminent military men, etc., as follows :

" *Directions for busts.*—One of Alexander the Great ; another of Julius Cæsar ; another of Charles XII. of Sweden ; and a fourth of the King of Prussia [Frederick the Great]. These are not to exceed fifteen inches in height nor ten in width. Two other busts of Prince Eugene and the Duke of Marlborough, somewhat similar. Two wild beasts not to exceed twelve inches in height nor eighteen in length. Sundry ornaments for chimney-piece."

Washington admired and reverenced the great men he named in his order, especially his contemporary, Frederick the Great. When, more than a score of years afterwards, the great American had won renown equal, in just estimation, to that of the most illustrious of these heroes, he received from Frederick a portrait of that great Prussian monarch, accompanied with these words : " From the Oldest General in Europe to the Greatest General in the World."

Life at Mount Vernon after the advent of Mrs. Washington until the breaking out of the old war for independence was in accordance with that at the homes of all other wealthy Virginia planters at that day, and partook of much of the style of the English aristocracy. There were luxuries in moderate abundance but no extravagance. The master was thoughtful, prudent, and methodical ; the mistress was a thorough house-keeper, looking after every detail of household affairs, with a bunch of keys always hanging at her side, and directing the servants in all their labors. At

home and without guests she was always seen in very plain attire, and busy with brain and hands from early morning until night. When entertaining guests she was always dressed quite plainly and very neatly, but when she was abroad none appeared more gay and fashionable in attire than Mrs. Washington.

Mount Vernon was seldom without guests. The master and mistress delighted in social intercourse. They frequently visited Annapolis, the capital of Maryland, then noted for its refined society. They generously reciprocated the civilities received. When they were at home, a day seldom passed without the company of friends or strangers. Washington's diaries abound with notices of the arrival and departures of their guests. Among them may be seen the names of governors of Virginia and Maryland, and eminent men of the middle and southern colonies, who were afterwards conspicuous in our country's history. The eccentric old Lord Fairfax, of Greenway Court, was a very frequent guest at Mount Vernon on many occasions.

Washington was exceedingly fond of the chase, and indulged much in the excitements of this sport, although, as he confessed, he was not an expert hunter. At the proper season he would be out hunting foxes and deer two or three times a week. His diaries contain entries like the following, giving the result of a day's sport:

"Went a-hunting with Jacky Custis, and catched a fox after three hours chase; found it in the creek."

"Mr. Bryan Fairfax, Mr. Grayson, and Phil Alexander came home by sunrise. Hunted and catched a fox with these, Lord Fairfax, his brother, and Colonel Fairfax—all of whom with Mr. Fairfax and Mr. Wilson, of England,

WASHINGTON EQUIPPED FOR THE CHASE.

dined here." Two days afterwards he recorded: "Hunted again with the same company."

The hunting days generally ended in a dinner at Mount Vernon, or at Belvoir, the seat of the Fairfaxes, a little lower down the Potomac.

Dinner-parties among the gentry in the neighborhood were very frequent. In these enjoyments the ladies participated. One day the guests would dine at Mount Vernon, on another day at Gunston Hall, on another day at Belvoir, and on another, perhaps, at Alexandria. Entries like the following may be seen in Washington's diary, sometimes as often as three days in a week:

"With Mrs. Washington, Mr. Custis, and Miss Custis, dined at Belvoir."

Guests, especially the sportsmen, were sometimes entertained at Mount Vernon for weeks during the hunting season. And so the round of visiting ' amusement went on for years in a style and at an ex- -hich only a wealthy planter could afford. "Woul believe," Washington wrote in his diary in 176. ıth a hundred and one cows, actually reported at - . enumeration of the cattle, I should still be obliged to buy butter for my family?"

We must bear in mind that the fine herds of milk-producers, and the quality of their products for making butter of our day, were then unknown.

Colonel Washington was very fond of good horses. His stables held many fine, blooded animals, and these were at the service of his guests. Their names, like those of his hounds, were all registered in a book.* For the exclusive

* Among the names of his horses were Chinkling, Ajax, Valiant,

use of Mrs. Washington he kept a chariot and four horses, with black postilions in livery.* This equipage was frequently seen and admired on the road between Mount Vernon and Alexandria, or of the neighboring estates. Washington himself generally rode abroad on horseback, accompanied by Bishop in scarlet livery. Sometimes Mrs. Washington was his companion, riding a pony, and often attired in a scarlet riding-habit. He was a skilful horseman, and his superb figure and dignified bearing made him, when fully equipped for the road,† an attractive and imposing object.

Magnolia, Blue Skin, and Holly. Blue Skin was a full-blooded Arabian, and Washington generally rode him when on the road. Among the names of his hounds were Vulcan, Ringwood, Singer, Truelove, Music, Sweetlips, Forrester, and Rockwood. Their kennel was visited every morning and evening by the master; so also were his stables. In hunting, Colonel Washington wore a short blue coat, or hunting jacket, scarlet waistcoat, buckskin breeches, top-boots, velvet cap, and a whip with a long thong. He took the field at daybreak with his huntsman, Will Lee, who was his trusted body-servant, "Billy," during the war for independence.

* The Washington livery was white, trimmed with scarlet, in accordance with the arms of the family—the alternate white and red bars of the escutcheon.

† The following is copied from an invoice of goods ordered from London for his equipment for the road: "A man's riding saddle, hogskin seat, large plated stirrups and everything complete; double reined bridle and Pelham bit, complete; a very neat and fashionable Newmarket saddle-cloth; A large and best Portmanteau, saddle and bridle and pillion; cloak-bag surcingle, checked saddle-cloth, holsters, &c.; a riding frock of handsome drab colored broadcloth, with plain double-gilt buttons; a riding waistcoat of superfine scarlet cloth and gold lace with buttons like those of the coat; a blue surtout coat; A neat switch-whip, silver cup; black velvet cap for servant."

On Sundays Washington rode in his chaise with his family at first to the old and afterwards to the new Pohick Church, several miles distant, where the Rev. Charles Green and the Rev. Lee Massey officiated. There were no more punctual attendants upon public worship than the family at

POHICH CHURCH.

Mount Vernon. The daily life of both the master and mistress was ever governed by deep-seated religious principles, seldom manifested by word but made conspicuous by deeds. Mrs. Washington was unaffectedly pious. It was her daily habit, from the time of her first marriage until her final departure from earth, to retire to her chamber immediately after breakfast to hold communion with her Maker—to read the Scriptures, meditate, and pray. These habitual exercises of the spirit strengthened her for the duties of the day before her.

Mrs. Washington and her husband sometimes attended balls and parties given by fashionable persons at Alexandria and Annapolis. They also attended the theatrical performances at Williamsburg and Annapolis, of which they were very fond. This intellectual amusement had been introduced into America (first at the Virginia capital) before this noble couple were born.

To persons of habits like those of Washington and his wife this participation in amusements, in hunting scenes, in the enjoyment of social intercourse, and in the performance of official duties, was not incompatible with due attention to the house and farm at Mount Vernon. They gave zest to domestic and agricultural employment. The master was methodical in all his ways, and such a careful manager of his estate that he made it profitable. He personally superintended all out-of-door operations. He left his bed at four o'clock in the morning at all seasons of the year. The time before breakfast (at seven o'clock in the summer and at eight o'clock in the winter) was spent in his library and in visits to his stables and kennel. After a frugal meal of Indian-cakes, honey, tea or coffee, he would mount his horse and ride sometimes ten or twelve miles between breakfast and dinner, visiting every place on his farms where work was going on, and frequently directing his overseers, in detail, the methods to be pursued. He was always abstemious at table, and invariably retired at nine o'clock in the evening, summer and winter. The mistress was also a very early riser, leaving her pillow at the dawn of day at all seasons, and becoming at once actively engaged in her household duties.

There was nothing which seriously disturbed the serene

atmosphere of domestic and social life at Mount Vernon before the ominous clouds which overspread the political firmament during the decade preceding the old war for independence, began to appear.

From the beginning of her residence at Mount Vernon Mrs. Washington was greatly beloved because of her abounding charities towards the needy, and her motherly care of all the servants on the great estate. She ever tried to conceal her deeds of charity from all but the recipients, not allowing her left hand to know what her right hand was doing; but the voice of gratitude continually revealed the secrets. As her daughter grew towards womanhood, the mother impressed upon the maiden's mind and heart the conviction that men and women are merely stewards of their Father's bounty, and that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." That sweet young woman — the "dark lady," as she was called, because of the deep brunette of her complexion — also came to be regarded by the poor and the afflicted as an angel of mercy. She might often be seen on her pony, attended only by a single servant carrying a basket, making quite long journeys on her holy errands to the homes of the suffering.

CHAPTER III.

After the passage of the Stamp Act in 1765, which filled the colonies with indignation and alarm, another class of visitors than hitherto frequented Mount Vernon. It was composed of patriotic citizens who came to confer with Colonel Washington on the aspect of public affairs. His friend and neighbor, George Mason, a leading spirit of the time, was often there; also his early playmate in Westmoreland, Richard Henry Lee, and the impetuous Patrick Henry.

When, in the spring of 1769, Colonel Washington received copies of the proceedings and resolutions of merchants in Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, by which they agreed to cease importing certain articles from Great Britain until the grievances of which the colonists complained should be reduced, he sent them to Mason with a letter of strong approval of the scheme. "In my opinion it is a good one," he wrote, "and must be attended with salutary effects, provided it can be carried pretty generally into execution." Mason cordially acquiesced, and immediately drew up a series of articles in the form of an "Association" to the same effect, to be laid before the Virginia Assembly.

Mason was not a member of that body but Washington was, and when the Burgesses met soon afterwards he laid the paper before them. The Burgesses passed such bold resolutions that the governor, the good Lord Botetourt

the seventeenth year of her age. Washington remained some time at Mount Vernon to comfort his grief-burdened wife, and to recover, himself, from the blow.

About a year before the death of Miss Custis, when she was just blooming into ripening womanhood, Charles Willson Peale, a young artist of Annapolis, was invited to Mount Vernon on professional business. He painted for Mrs. Washington a miniature portrait of her beautiful daughter; also a miniature portrait of herself for her son, John Parke Custis, who was then between seventeen and eighteen years of age. The picture of Martha Parke Custis, Peale afterwards copied for himself. I saw that copy many years ago, in possession of the artist's son, Rembrandt Peale. On the back of the picture were the words, "A Virginia Beauty."

Peale at that time painted a portrait of Washington, then forty years of age, in the military costume of a Virginia colonel — a dark blue coat faced with red, and dark red waistcoat and breeches. It is the same size and form as the portraits of Mrs. Washington and her first husband (three-quarters length), which were painted by Woolaston, and were then suspended on the walls at Mount Vernon.

Mrs. Washington's affections were now centred in her son, who was a most amiable and generous youth, often thoughtless, quite impulsive, and sometimes wayward. His mother had always been very indulgent towards him, often pleading in his behalf when his guardian found it necessary to enforce the wholesome restraints of proper discipline. He had been placed under the care of the Rev. Jonathan Bouchier, an Episcopal clergyman at Annapolis, to be educated; but he loved field-sports more than books, and was

often away from his studies indulging in fox-hunting, fowling, or fishing at Mount Vernon.

Before he was seventeen years of age young Custis conceived a strong desire to travel in Europe. This desire was fostered by his tutor, and his mother, yielding her judgment to her feelings of tenderness, reluctantly consented. Washington acquiesced but did not approve the measure.

Early in the summer of 1771 preliminary plans were arranged for the youth to cross the Atlantic with his tutor. The lad's strong desire to go abroad soon cooled, however, and in July Washington wrote to Mr. Bouchier informing him of the change in the boy's aspirations. In that letter his guardian referred to the fact that young Custis knew "something of Latin, but nothing of Greek" nor of French —the latter so necessary for a traveller on the Continent. "He has little or no knowledge of arithmetic, and is totally ignorant of the mathematics," his guardian also wrote, and alluded to the great disadvantage under which such an uneducated youth would travel.

With evident satisfaction Washington expressed his opinion that the "whole design might be totally defeated." He continued: "Before I thought myself at liberty to encourage this plan, I judged it highly reasonable and necessary that his mother should be consulted. I laid your first letter and proposals before her, and desired that she would reflect well before she resolved, as an unsteady behavior might be a disadvantage to you. Her determination was, that, if it appeared to be his determination to undertake this tour, and it should be judged for his benefit, she would not oppose it, whatever pang it might give her to part with him. To this determination she still adheres, but in so faint a

manner that I think with her fears and his indifference it will soon be declared he has no inclination to go."

The scheme was abandoned, and young Custis was paying more attention to his books, when a passion stronger than a desire to travel diverted him from his studies. He had become enamoured of Eleanor, the beautiful daughter of Benedict Calvert, of Mount Airy, Maryland, a descendant of Lord Baltimore and a man of wealth and distinction. The young people had actually formed a matrimonial engagement without the knowledge of their friends. When Washington heard of it, he wrote to Mr. Calvert, saying he had no objection to the union, if agreeable to her father, and confessing that "Miss Nelly's amiable qualities" were "acknowledged on all hands," and that an alliance with Mr. Calvert's family would be pleasing to his. He then interposed the objection of their extreme youth, and the inexperience and unripe education of his ward, as, in his opinion, insuperable objections to the consummation of the marriage at that time. "As his guardian," wrote Washington, "I consider it my indispensable duty to endeavor to carry him through a regular course of education," and he proposed the postponement of the marriage for

JOHN PARKE CUSTIS.

"two or three years." This was in the spring of 1773, not long before the death of Martha Parke Custis.

It was agreed that the youth should pass two years in a higher seminary of learning, so as to perfect his education. He was accordingly sent to King's (now Columbia) College, in New York City, at the opening session in 1773; but he did not remain there long. Love and study did not move in harmony. He was permitted to leave the college at the end of about three months, and on the third day of February, 1774, he and Eleanor Calvert were married at Mount Airy, the seat of her father. The bridegroom was then a little past nineteen years of age; the bride was sixteen. Her portrait, painted a short time before her nuptials, represents a very young maiden in a riding costume, with a boy's hat and open jacket, her figure slight and graceful.

Washington attended the wedding of his ward, but Mrs. Washington, still very sad because of the loss of her sweet daughter, and unwilling to mar, with her serious face, the gayety that should prevail at Mount Airy on the occasion, remained at home, but sent a note by her husband to hand to the bride immediately after the nuptial ceremonies. It was preserved by the family of her grandson, at Arlington House, so late as 1860, when I made the following copy from the original:

"My Dear Nelly:

"God took from Me a Daughter when June Roses were blooming — He has now given me another daughter, about her Age when Winter Winds are blowing, to warm my Heart again. I am as Happy as One so Afflicted and so Blest can be. Pray receive my Benediction

and a Wish that You may long live the Loving Wife of my happy Son, and a Loving Daughter of

"Your Affectionate Mother,

"M. WASHINGTON."

The young couple made their abode at Abingdon, a pleasant seat on a portion of the estate of young Custis, on the Potomac, not far from Mount Vernon. The world before them appeared very bright in aspect. The young husband would soon come into the possession of his estate, which consisted of about fifteen thousand acres of land adjoining or near Williamsburg, several lots in that city, between two and three hundred slaves, and about twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars upon bonds in the hands of his merchants. To this property would be added that of his mother at her death. This estate, with the handsome dower of his wife, made John Parke Custis rank among the wealthy planters of Virginia.

Four children were the fruits of this union: Elizabeth Parke, born in August, 1776; Martha Parke, in December, 1777; Eleanor Parke, in March, 1779; and George Washington Parke, in April, 1781. The first three were born at Abingdon; George Washington Parke was born at the seat of Mr. Calvert, at Mount Airy.

The marriage of her son so happily, soothed the smitten spirit of Mrs. Washington, and she indulged in dreams of much domestic happiness. Alas! they were evanescent. Ominous clouds of wrath were already gathering in the political firmament, foreboding a fierce tempest of passion. A crisis in public affairs in America was rapidly approaching. The "Boston Tea Party," in December, 1773, had aroused the anger of the British Parliament, and a decree went forth

ordering the punishment of the inhabitants of that flourishing American town by closing its port to commerce on the first of June, 1774. This cruel measure stirred up the resentment and the patriotism of the British-American colonies, stretched a thousand miles along the Atlantic seaboard. Arrangements were immediately made, through committees of correspondence, for a meeting of representatives of each colony at Philadelphia early in September, 1774, as a general committee to consider the public grievances and a remedy therefor, and to devise measures for future concerted action. This committee was called a Continental Congress.

Washington was an earnest promoter of this important measure. He had said publicly, "I will raise a thousand men, subsist them at my own expense, and march with them at their head for the relief of Boston." To an officer in the British service, who remonstrated with him, he wrote, "Permit me with the freedom of a friend to express my sorrow that fortune should have placed you in a service that must fix curses to the latest posterity upon the contrivers, and, if success (which, by-the-way, is impossible) accompanies it, execrations upon all those who have been instrumental in the execution."

Washington was a member of the First Continental Congress. In this movement, so perilous to his domestic peace, to his estate, and even to his liberty and life, his wife most cheerfully and ardently acquiesced. To a kinswoman who deprecated his "folly," Mrs. Washington wrote, with much warmth,

"Yes; I foresee consequences; dark days and darker nights; domestic happiness suspended; social enjoyments

abandoned ; property of every kind put in jeopardy by war, perhaps ; neighbors and friends at variance, and eternal separations on earth possible. But what are all these evils when compared with the fate of which the Port Bill may be only a threat? My mind is made up ; my heart is in the cause. George is right ; he is always right. God has promised to protect the righteous, and I will trust him."

Patrick Henry and Edmund Pendleton, colleagues of Washington in the Virginia delegation, spent a day and night at Mount Vernon on their way to attend the Congress. On the morning of August 31st they departed on horseback, accompanied by Washington. The three gentlemen reached Philadelphia on September 4th, the day before the meeting of the Congress.

Mr. Pendleton afterwards wrote to a friend, " I was much pleased with Mrs. Washington and her spirit. She seemed ready to make any sacrifice, and was very cheerful, though I know she felt very anxious. She talked like a Spartan mother to her son on going to battle. 'I hope you will all stand firm—I know George will,' she said. The dear little woman was busy from morning until night with domestic duties, but she gave us much time in conversation and affording us entertainment. When we set off in the morning, she stood in the door and cheered us with the good words, 'God be with you, gentlemen !' "

The Continental Congress, sitting in Carpenter's Hall, in Philadelphia, debated long, passed bold resolutions, adopted a Declaration of Rights, a Non-importation Association, an Address to the People of Great Britain and to the Inhabitants of the Several American Colonies, a Petition to the King, and an Address to the Inhabitants of the Prov-

ince of Quebec. These State papers were models of their kind, and excited the admiration of European statesmen.

When Patrick Henry was asked, "Who do you think the greatest man in Congress?" he replied, "If you speak of eloquence, Mr. Rutledge, of South Carolina, is by far the greatest orator; but if you speak of solid information and sound judgment, Colonel Washington is unquestionably the greatest man on that floor."

When this Congress separated, late in October, after making provisions for another the following year, if necessary, there was a general impression that war was inevitable. "I would advise persisting in our struggle for liberty," exclaimed Samuel Adams, "though it were revealed from Heaven that nine hundred and ninety-nine men were to perish, and only one of a thousand to survive and retain his liberty. One such freeman must possess more virtue and enjoy more happiness than a thousand slaves; and let him propagate his like, and transmit to them what he hath so nobly preserved." "We must fight!" said Joseph Hawley. "We must fight!" said Patrick Henry. "An appeal to arms and the God of Hosts is all that is left us." "We must fight!" said patriotic lips, voicing patriotic hearts, everywhere.

Washington was at home most of the time from the closing of the Continental Congress until the meeting of the Virginia Convention, late in March, 1775. There were visitors at Mount Vernon almost continually, not for pleasure but for counsel. Independent military companies were forming and drilling; and as Washington was the foremost military character in the colony, he was continually consulted by the officers. Independent companies chose him

for their field-officer, as it was expected, in case of war, he would be placed in the chief command of the Virginia forces. He accepted the burdens, and reviewed these companies at their different places of rendezvous. He inspired them all with enthusiasm. To his brother, John Augustine, who was training an independent company, he wrote: "I shall very cheerfully accept the honor of commanding it, if occasion require it to be drawn out, as it is my full intention to devote my life and fortune in the cause we are engaged in, if needful."

Washington was an efficient member of the Virginia Convention which assembled on the 20th of March and adopted a plan for embodying, arming, and disciplining the militia. He was also chosen a delegate to the Second Continental Congress, which assembled at Philadelphia on the 10th of May, 1775, when all the colonies, and especially those of New England, were in a blaze of excitement. British troops had been sent out from Boston on a plundering expedition in April. The blood of patriotic yeomanry had been shed by British soldiers at Lexington and Concord, and thousands of the sons of toil from the hills and valleys of New England, armed and unarmed, had gathered at Cambridge, determined to imprison the marauders of the royal army who had been driven back with slaughter and alarm, within the narrow bounds of the Boston peninsula. On the very day when the Congress assembled at Philadelphia, Colonel Ethan Allen, with a band of resolute "Green Mountain Boys," had captured and taken possession of the strong British fortress at Ticonderoga, on Lake Champlain, in "the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress."

At the middle of June the Congress adopted as a "Con-

tinental Army," the motley host of patriots who had gathered at Cambridge, and chose Colonel Washington to be its commander-in-chief. At the hour when a sanguinary battle between the British and Americans was raging on Bunker (Breed's) Hill he accepted the great trust, on the condition which he proposed, that he should not receive compensation for his services, but have his necessary expenses paid. He left Philadelphia without returning to Mount Vernon, and from that time until the end of the struggle, late in 1783, he visited his beloved home on the Potomac only twice.

On the 3d of July he formally assumed the command of the army at Cambridge. He had written to his wife on the 18th of June, saying,

"My Dearest:

"I now sit down to write to you on a subject which fills me with inexpressible concern, and this concern is greatly aggravated and increased when I reflect upon the uneasiness I know it will give you. It has been determined in Congress that the whole army raised for the defence of the American cause shall be put under my care, and that it is necessary for me to proceed immediately to Boston to take upon me the command of it.

"You may believe me, my dear Patsy, when I assure you, in the most solemn manner, that, so far from seeking this appointment, I have used every endeavor in my power to avoid it, not only from my unwillingness to part with you and the family, but from a consciousness of its being a trust too great for my capacity, and that I should enjoy more real happiness in one month with you at home than I have the most distant prospect of finding abroad, if my stay were to be seven times seven years. But as it has been a kind of destiny that has thrown me upon this service, I shall

hope that my undertaking is designed to answer some good purpose. You might, and I suppose did perceive, from the tenor of my letters, that I was apprehensive I could not avoid this appointment, as I did not pretend to intimate when I should return. That was the case. It was utterly out of my power to refuse this appointment without exposing my character to such censures as would have reflected dishonor upon myself and given pain to my friends. This, I am sure, would not and ought not to be pleasing to you, and must have lessened me considerably in my own esteem. I shall rely, therefore, confidently on that Providence which has heretofore preserved and been bountiful to me, not doubting but that I shall return safe to you in the fall. I shall feel no pain from the toil or the danger of the campaign; my unhappiness will flow from the uneasiness you will feel from being left alone. I therefore beg that you will summon your whole fortitude, and pass your time as agreeably as possible. Nothing will give me so much sincere satisfaction as to hear of it from your own pen."

In this letter Washington enclosed his will, which Colonel Pendleton had drawn up for him by his direction. He wrote: "The provision made for you in case of my death will, I hope, be agreeable."

CHAPTER IV.

The tenor of Mrs. Washington's life was now entirely changed. The genial society in which she had so long moved as one of its most cherished members and brightest ornaments was broken into fragments by conflicting opinions concerning public affairs. The Fairfaxes adhered to the crown, and many others of her friends and relatives became alienated. She was burdened with cares and anxieties she had never felt before, but her heart and faith were strengthened sufficiently for the occasion, and her cheerful spirit never forsook her. Her husband had left the management of his farms in the hands of his competent kinsman, Lund Washington, who, with his wife, resided at Mount Vernon during the whole period of the long war that ensued. And Mrs. Washington was comforted by that assuring expression in her husband's letter—"not doubting I shall return safe to you in the fall."

Alas! the hope which these words inspired was long deferred. The fall came and winter approached, and the period of Washington's return to his home appeared more remote than ever. There was a strong British force in Boston, under Gen. William Howe, while a stronger patriotic force, which partially circumvallated the town, kept them close prisoners there.

In October a committee of Congress visited Washington. Arrangements were made for a new organization of the

army, and a siege of Boston was determined upon. It was resolved to capture the British army or drive it into the sea. For this purpose an irregular line of fortifications to command the whole Peninsula was speedily constructed, and strong gunboats were placed in the Charles River.

WASHINGTON'S HEAD-QUARTERS AT CAMBRIDGE.

Perceiving no prospect of returning to Mount Vernon for many months, Washington invited his family to join him at Cambridge. When his express with this invitation reached Mrs. Washington, she was at Williamsburg. She immediately returned to Mount Vernon, and prepared for the journey to Boston.

Washington was occupying a fine mansion at Cambridge, built nearly twenty years before, as his head-quarters. This

house was the property and dwelling-place of the late Mr. Longfellow, the poet, for many years before his death. It is in a state of perfect preservation in outward and interior aspects, as in 1775. Then, as now, it was a little back from the street, with a gentle slope in front. At each front corner of the house is now a lofty and venerable elm. These were saplings when Washington dwelt there.

There had been some alarm felt at Mount Vernon in October, a little while before Mrs. Washington received her invitation to Cambridge. Lord Dunmore, the fugitive royal governor of Virginia, had begun marauding expeditions on the shores of the waters of Lower Virginia, and had spread alarm along Chesapeake Bay and the Potomac and Rappahannock rivers. It is believed he intended to ascend the Potomac, devastate the estate at Mount Vernon, and seizing Mrs. Washington, hold her as a hostage. Virginia militia soon checked the career of the marauder, and the alarm subsided. Lund Washington had written to the general:

"Many people have made a stir about Mrs. Washington's continuing at Mount Vernon, but I cannot think there is any danger. The thought, I believe, originated in Alexandria; from thence it got to Loudoun, and I am told the people of Loudoun talk of sending a guard to conduct her up to Berkeley, with some of the principal men to persuade her to leave this place and accept their offer. Mr. John Augustine Washington [the general's brother] wrote, pressing her to leave Mount Vernon. She does not believe herself in danger. Lord Dunmore will hardly himself venture up this river, nor do I believe he will send on that errand. Surely her old acquaintance, the attorney, who, with his family, is on board his ship, would prevent his doing an act

of that kind. You may depend I will be watchful, and upon the least alarm persuade her to remove."

Immediately after this letter was written the danger appeared more menacing. Still Mrs. Washington courageously refused to leave her home, until she received a message at dawn one morning from her good neighbor and friend, George Mason, apprising her of apparently near danger, and advising her to retire to the country, away from the river. She did so, but went only a few miles, and returned in less than forty-eight hours. Concerning this event Mason wrote to Washington:

"Dunmore has come and gone, and left us untouched except by some alarm. I sent my family many miles back in the country, and advised Mrs. Washington to do likewise, as a prudential movement. At first she said 'No; I will not desert my post;' but she finally did so with reluctance, rode only a few miles, and, plucky little woman as she is, stayed away only one night."

It was towards the middle of November when Mrs. Washington, accompanied by her son, John Parke Custis, his charming young wife, and a maid-servant, set out from Mount Vernon for Cambridge, in a chariot drawn by four spirited horses, and with an expert postilion and a driver. Washington had made all possible provision for their guidance and entertainment on the way, for they were ignorant of the roads and were strangers everywhere.

Washington's military secretary, Joseph Reed, was then at his home in Philadelphia attending to private business, and had prepared to entertain Mrs. Washington and her companions at his home during their sojourn for rest in that city. When, on the 21st of November, they approached the

Schuylkill, Mr. Reed and some military officers met them at the ferry, and they were escorted into the city by two battalions, one of infantry and the other of light-horse. The wearied travellers were most cordially welcomed by the delicate young wife of Mr. Reed, a daughter of a London merchant (Denis de Berdt) of Huguenot descent.

The advent of Mrs. Washington into Philadelphia was the occasion of much public commotion there for a few days. Society in that city was divided by antagonistic political sentiments. The Tories, or adherents of the Crown, were about as numerous as the Whigs, or supporters of the measures of the Continental Congress then in session there. In consequence of this state of feeling, very few ladies ventured to call on Mrs. Washington.

The Whigs, under the shadow of the wings of the Congress, prepared to honor the wife of the commander-in-chief of the Continental armies by some public token of respect. It was resolved to give a ball at the "New Tavern," on Friday evening, November 24th, to which she should be invited. The more puritanic members of Congress from New England thought such a performance would be unseemly at that perilous juncture in public affairs, while Tories plainly intimated that such an assembly would be disturbed. Christopher Marshall, an old and retired druggist of Philadelphia, a Quaker by birthright* and an ardent Whig, intimately acquainted with most of the members of Congress, and who was a participant in the affair, gave the following account of it in his diary for November 24th, 25th, and 27th:

* Mr. Marshall's zealous support of the Whig cause and the measures of Congress, civil and military, caused his expulsion from the Society of Friends, or Quakers.

"*November 24th.* — After dinner, as I heard some hints thrown out that if the ball assembled this night, as it was proposed, they presumed that the New Tavern would cut but a poor figure to-morrow morning, their fears that some commotion's being made that would be very disagreeable at this melancholy time in disturbing the peace of the city, I concluded, if possible, to prevent, in order to which I went to Colonel Hancock's* lodgings, and finding he was not come from Congress, and the time grew short, being three o'clock, I walked up to the State House, in expectation of meeting him. That failing, I requested the door-keeper to call Samuel Adams, which he accordingly did, and he came. I then informed him of the account received of a ball that was to be held this evening, and where, and that Mrs. Washington and Colonel Hancock's wife were to be present, and as such meetings appeared to be contrary to the Eighth Resolve of Congress, I therefore requested he would give my respects to Colonel Hancock, desire him to wait on Lady Washington,† and request her not to attend or go this evening. This he promised. Thence I went and met the Committee at Philosophical Hall, which was large and respectable, being called together for this only purpose to consider the propriety of this meeting or ball's being held this evening in this city, at the New Tavern, where, after due and mature consideration, it was there concluded, there being but one dissenting Voice (Sharp Delany), that there should be

* John Hancock, of Boston, who was then the President of Congress.

† This, I believe, is the first recorded instance of Mrs. Washington having been called "Lady Washington." This was her popular title in the army and in society during the war, and while her husband was President of the United States.

no such meeting held, not only this evening, but in future, while these troublesome times continued. A committee was appointed, immediately to go to inform the directors of this meeting not to proceed any further in this affair, and also to wait upon Lady Washington, expressing this Committee's regard and affection for her, requesting her to accept of their grateful acknowledgement and respect due to her on account of her near connexion with our worthy and brave general, now exposed in the field of battle in defence of our rights and liberties, and request and desire her not to grace that company, to which, we are informed, she has an invitation this evening, &c., &c. Came home near six. After I drank coffee, I went down to Samuel Adams' Lodgings where was Colonel [Eliphalet] Dyer. Spent some time pleasantly, until Colonel Harrison came to rebuke Samuel Adams for using his influence for the stopping of this entertainment, which he declared was legal, just and laudable. Many arguments were used by all present to convince him of the impropriety at this time, but all to no effect; so, as he came out of humor, he so returned, to appearance.*

"*November 25th.*—At half-past eleven went to the Committee room at the Coffee House; came away near two. At this time Mayor Bayard, one of the four gentlemen appointed to wait on Lady Washington, reported that they had, agreeably to directions, that the lady received them with great politeness, thanked the committee for their kind

* Colonel Benjamin Harrison was then a representative of Virginia in Congress and a very ardent Whig. He was an active and efficient statesman of that period and later, and a personal friend of General and Mrs. Washington. He was the father of William Henry Harrison, President of the United States in 1841.

care and regard in giving such timely notice, requesting her best compliments to be returned to them for their care and regard, and to assure them that their sentiments on this occasion were perfectly agreeable unto her own."

Political antagonisms and excitement were far more bitter in New York than in Philadelphia at that time. The "Sons of Liberty" there were active and aggressive, and the hostility of the Loyalists to them was exceedingly violent. It was while Mrs. Washington was in Philadelphia that Isaac Sears ("King Sears" as he was called), the chief leader of the active Whigs in New York, entered the city at noonday from the east, at the head of seventy-five light-horsemen, and destroyed the printing establishment of Rivington, the "King's printer." During the autumn of 1775 it was doubtful which party would gain the ascendency in that city.

Washington, apprised of this state of affairs at New York, had admonished his wife to avoid that city by all means, and had requested Mr. Reed to give the travellers directions where to cross the Hudson River, some distance from the disturbed town.* This was done, and at ten o'clock on

* On the morning when Mrs. Washington left Philadelphia, Mr. Reed received a letter from her husband, in which he said, "I thank you for your frequent mention of Mrs. Washington. I expect she will be in Philadelphia about the time this letter may reach you, on her way hither. As she and her conductor (who, I expect, will be Mr. Custis, her son) are perfect strangers to the road, the stages, and the proper place to cross Hudson's River (by all means avoiding New York), I shall be much obliged in your particular instructions and advice to her. I do imagine, as the roads are bad and the weather is cold, her stages must be short, especially as I expect her horses will be pretty much fatigued, as they will, by the time she gets to Philadelphia, have performed a journey of at least four hundred and fifty miles, my express finding her

Monday, the 27th of November, they left Philadelphia, accompanied as far as Frankford, five miles from the city, by the troop of horse and two companies of light infantry. The travellers lodged at Bristol that night, crossed the Delaware River, passed through New Jersey and Rockland County, N. Y., to the King's Ferry on the Hudson, nearly forty miles above New York City, and crossing there went on by easy stages, and arrived at Cambridge on the 11th of December. On Christmas-day Washington wrote to Reed by express, enclosing several letters:

"I am so much indebted for civilities shown Mrs. Washington on her journey hither, that I hardly know how to go about to acknowledge them. Some of the enclosed (all of which I beg the favor of you to put into the post-office) are directed to that end. I shall be obliged to you for presenting my thanks to the commanding officers of the two battalions of Philadelphia, for the honor done her and me, as also to any others equally entitled. I sincerely offer you the compliments of the season, and wish you, Mrs. Reed, and your fireside the happy return of a great many of them."

When the arrival of Mrs. Washington at head-quarters became known, the event created astonishment, admiration, and joyfulness, not only among the officers in camp, a few of whom had their wives with them, but among the citizens of Cambridge. She was regarded as a heroine, a model of conjugal affections and loyalty, in thus encountering the fatigues and perils of travel for hundreds of miles at an inclement season of the year, and in accepting the dangers

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among her friends near Williamsburg, one hundred and fifty miles below my own home."

and vicissitudes of camp life before a beleaguered city filled with veteran British troops.

Mrs. Washington's advent was unheralded, for it was not known even to her husband on what day she would arrive, and no hint had been given to any one excepting Robert H. Harrison, the general's secretary, that she was expected. A letter to one of the officers from a friend in Philadelphia, giving him an account of her reception at and departure from that city, had been received on the day before her arrival.

Washington had sent a single member of his staff and an orderly out on the road he knew she would be travelling, a few miles from Cambridge, to guide her to head-quarters. This aide-de-camp had waited at a country inn several days. So unostentatious was her advent, attended only by this aide and the orderly riding some distance ahead of her equipage, that no one suspected the modest carriage with jaded horses bore the wife of the commander-in-chief, until she alighted with her companions at head-quarters, at near sunset on a cold, gray, December day. When she had recovered from the fatigue of travel, she received ceremonial visits from the wives of officers in camp and the ladies in the neighborhood, who cordially welcomed her among them, and were charmed with her matronly beauty (she was then forty-three years old), grace, and suavity of demeanor, and her perfect simplicity and frankness of manner.

A general gloom overspread the camp at the time of Mrs. Washington's arrival, for the terms of the enlistments of many of the soldiers would soon expire, and there appeared very little disposition on their part to re-enlist. December was passing away, and yet not more than five thousand new

recruits had joined the army. General Howe had strengthened his defences preparatory to establishing his winter quarters in Boston while waiting for reinforcements from home in the spring.

Washington had been authorized by Congress to attack the British in Boston whenever he should deem it expedient, "notwithstanding the town and property be destroyed;" and the patriotic president of Congress, John Hancock, whose home was in that city, had written to him: "May God crown your attempt with success, though individually I may be the greatest sufferer."

Men and means had been wanting to promise success to such an attempt. But a brighter prospect soon appeared. It was noticed as a coincidence that with the advent of Mrs. Washington into camp a change had taken place in the sentiments of the troops and people. Many of the former re-enlisted, while a stirring appeal made by the commander-in-chief to the militia of Massachusetts and New Hampshire, to supply the places of the troops which had left the army in its hour of peril, was nobly responded to. The regiments were speedily filled, and before Christmas fully ten thousand minute-men, chiefly in Massachusetts, were held in ready reserve to march whenever called upon. The camp was well supplied with provisions, and order was more generally observed.

With Mrs. Washington as a central figure among the wives of officers in camp and ladies of leading families in the vicinity, together with the general hopefulness of the aspect of public affairs at this juncture, social life at Cambridge was made very pleasant at the Christmas holidays. Among the most fascinating of the women in camp was

Mrs. Lucy Knox, the young wife of Col. Henry Knox, and daughter of Thomas Flucker, late secretary of the province of Massachusetts. She was beautiful in person, brilliant in intellect, and the life of any social circle of which she formed a part. The duties of her husband, who was afterwards the commander of the artillery in the Continental Army, kept General Knox near the person of General Washington during the long war that ensued. Consequently, at every winter encampment, where Mrs. Washington was at head-quarters, she and Mrs. Knox were much together, and became fast friends.*

* Henry Knox was a young bookseller in Boston. Lucy Flucker, daughter of the secretary of the province, being of a literary turn of mind, visited his shop to procure books and stationery. They became acquaintances, then friends, and then lovers. They maintained sentiments in common, and in spite of the opposition of friends she married the young Whig bookseller, and shared his fortunes during the long war which soon followed and for long years afterwards. She was with him in camp and on marches, a faithful wife and loyal companion of his joys and sorrows. She was a woman of sound judgment and brilliant intellect, and graced every exalted position which she was called to fill. Their later life was spent in elegant retirement at Thomaston Manor. She had rare power of conversation, and was one of the most charming and entertaining women of her time. Exceedingly exemplary as a wife and mother, she commands admiration.

CHAPTER V.

During the winter of 1775–76, Washington prosecuted the siege of Boston with as much vigor as circumstances would allow. After the arrival of Colonel Knox from Lake Champlain with forty-two sled-loads of captured heavy guns, ammunition, and stores,* he resolved to attack the British either by assault or by a general bombardment and cannonade. The winter was so mild that the ice-bridge over the St. Charles would not bear troops before February, and a lack of powder was a serious hinderance. "The bay is open," wrote Colonel Moylan late in January. "Everything thaws except old Put. He is still as hard as ever, crying out, 'Powder! powder! ye gods, give me powder!'"

The British, in daily expectation of receiving reinforcements from Ireland and Halifax, were quite contented with a dream of security. The officers established a theatre,

* On the 10th of May, 1775, some Vermont and Connecticut militia, led by Col. Ethan Allen, of Vermont, surprised and captured the British stronghold of Ticonderoga, on Lake Champlain. Two days afterwards some Vermonters, or "Green Mountain Boys," seized the stronger fort of Crown Point, a few miles farther down the lake. The spoils obtained at these forts consisted of about one hundred and fifty cannons and a large quantity of ammunition and stores. Late in the year Colonel Knox was sent, with sleds drawn by oxen, to fetch the spoils to Cambridge, and succeeded. These supplies were timely for the successful prosecution of the siege of Boston.

and got up a farce called "Boston Blockaded," in which Washington was lampooned unmercifully. Balls were held, and they were preparing for a grand masquerade when Washington suddenly dispelled their pleasant dreams of conquest and confiscation, and transformed the farce of "Boston Blockaded" into a sad tragedy of Boston besieged. He had secretly, during a single night, fortified Dorchester Heights, which commanded the town, the moon shining brightly while the men toiled. When Howe saw this ominous menace in the morning, he exclaimed in astonishment, "I know not what to do. The rebels have done more in one night than my whole army would have done in a month."

The British fleet in Boston Harbor was in equal peril from the great guns on Dorchester Heights, while a heavy patriot force was preparing at Cambridge to cross the Charles River in boats and attack the troops in the city.

Howe called a council of war, and it was decided to evacuate the city. This decision filled the inhabitants of Boston with consternation. The Tories dreaded the retribution they deserved and might expect from those whom they had cruelly persecuted and driven from their homes; the few Whigs who remained in the city believed the British would burn the town on their departure. The Tories saw the arm of military power on which they had confidently leaned suddenly wither into helplessness. They demanded protection for person and property; the troops were not able to protect themselves. Three thousand loyalists begged to be carried away, with their effects, from the wrath that menaced them. The number of transports was inadequate to perform this service. The Tories would be lucky if they

could sail away with their families, and with such property as they might carry on their persons.

Howe proposed to evacuate Boston quietly, if his forces should not be molested in the operation. Washington acceded to the proposition. The city now became a scene of wild confusion. The loyalists hurried their most valuable possessions on shipboard. What they could not take with them they burned. The British soldiery were permitted to break open and plunder houses and stores, and what they could not carry away they destroyed. Strange to say, the house, furniture, and family pictures of John Hancock were uninjured.

It was on Sunday, the 17th of March, that the motley host of soldiers and civilians crowded on board the British vessels, and all sailed away before night. Washington had literally driven the enemy into the sea. On the 20th the main body of the American army, with Washington at its head, marched in triumph into the deserted town. Leaving a sufficient garrison under Putnam for the defence of Boston, he sent the remainder of the army to New York, whither he supposed Howe had sailed. He was mistaken. Howe went to Halifax, and there left the first colony of refugee American loyalists who settled in Nova Scotia. Washington himself departed for New York on the 4th of April.

Alarming rumors had reached Washington during the winter, of preparations by Lord Dunmore, the fugitive governor of Virginia, to ascend Chesapeake Bay and its navigable tributaries, and lay waste the country along their borders. The largest ships could ascend the Potomac to Alexandria, nine miles above Mount Vernon; and so alarmed had the people been in all that region, after Dunmore had

burned Norfolk, at the beginning of the year,* that many of the inhabitants retired to the interior, taking with them their movable property.

Such assurances had come from Mount Vernon that every precaution would be taken to secure the property there,† that Mrs. Washington and her family remained at Cambridge a month after the evacuation, waiting for the roads to become passable. She had spent the winter as agreeably as possible under the circumstances, having had pleasant social intercourse with the families of the faculty of Harvard College and others, and with the wives of the

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* The royal governor, Lord Dunmore, having been driven from his capital by the patriots, proceeded to acts of vengeance, laying waste the property of the inhabitants along the shores of Lower Virginia by fire and plunder. On the 1st of January, 1776, he caused the bombardment of Norfolk by some ships of war, and the laying of the town in ashes by a conflagration which raged three days.

† Lund Washington wrote from Mount Vernon: "Alexandria is much alarmed, and indeed the whole neighborhood. The women and children are leaving the town and stowing themselves in every hut they can find, out of reach of the enemy's cannon. Every wagon, cart, and pack-horse that can be got is employed. The militia are all up, but not in arms, for indeed they have none, or at least very few. I could wish, if we are to have our neighborhood invaded, that they would send a tender or two among us, that we might see how the people would behave on the occasion. They say they are determined to fight. I am about packing up your china and glass in barrels, and other things into chests, trunks, and bundles, and I shall be able at the shortest notice to remove them out of the way. I fear the destruction will be great, although the best care has been taken. Everybody I see tells me, that if the people could have notice they would immediately come and defend your property so long as they have life, from Loudoun, Prince William, Fauquier, and this county."

officers in camp. After the evacuation, ladies from a distance called upon her. Among the latter was Mrs. Mercy Warren, afterwards the historian of the Revolution. She was the brilliant sister of James Otis, the eminent orator. In a letter which Mrs. Warren wrote to the wife of John Adams, from Watertown, on the 17th of April, she gave the following account of her visit to Mrs. Washington:

"I arrived at my lodgings before dinner, the day I left you,—found an obliging family—and in the main an agreeable set of lodgers. The next morning I took a ride to Cambridge, and waited on Mrs. Washington, at eleven o'clock, where I was received with that politeness and respect shown in a first interview among the well-bred, and with the ease and cordiality of friendship of a much earlier date.

"If you wish to hear more of this lady's character, I will tell you I think the complacency of her manners speaks at once the benevolence of her heart, and her affability, candor, and gentleness qualify her to soften the hours of private life, or to sweeten the cares of the Hero, and smooth the rugged cares of War. I did not dine with her, though much urged. She desired me to name an early hour in the morning, when she would send her chariot and accompany me to see the deserted lines of the enemy, and the ruins of Charlestown. A melancholy sight!

"Mr. Custis is the only son of the lady above described —a sensible, modest, agreeable young man.* His lady, a

* Young Custis was attached to the military family of Washington while in Cambridge, and was sometimes employed in carrying messages, by a flag, between the belligerent commanders. In this service he became acquainted with a young British officer who, like others, had come

daughter of Colonel Calvert, of Maryland, appears to be of an engaging disposition, but of so extremely delicate a constitution that it deprives her, as well as her friends, of part of the pleasure which I am sure would result from her conversation did she enjoy a more perfect share of health. She is pretty, genteel, easy and agreeable, but a kind of languor about her prevents her being sociable as some ladies. Yet it is evident it is not owing to a want of that vivacity which renders youth agreeable, but to a want of health which a little clouds her spirits." *

At this interview, which was mutually agreeable, a friendship was begun between Mrs. Washington and Mrs. Warren which continued through life. Mrs. Warren always regarded the mistress of Mount Vernon as one of her most cherished correspondents. On her urgent invitation, Mrs. Washington visited her and dined with her on the day before she left Cambridge for New York. They never met again until late in 1790, when Mrs. Warren visited her distinguished friend at the presidential mansion in New York City.

Just before Washington left head-quarters, "Lady Washington," as she was universally known in the army, received

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to America with an impression that the "rebellion" would be crushed out in the space of a few weeks, and was prepared to settle in the country on the confiscated lands of the rebels. This young officer had brought with him a twig from the weeping-willow near Pope's villa at Twickenham, carefully preserved in a case of oiled silk. Relinquishing the idea of settling in America and planting this willow on his estate, he gave the twig to Custis, who, on his return to Abingdon in the spring, planted it near his house. It grew and flourished, and from it are descended the weeping-willows in the United States.

* Mrs. Ellet's "Women of the Revolution," vol. iii., p. 387.

with her usual suavity and politeness, a young woman whose birth was in pagan Africa, and her social condition was that of a slave. Her name was Phillis. She was the "property" of John Wheatley, a Whig of Boston who had been permitted to leave the town. Phillis had been brought from Africa when she was between seven and eight years of age. She had acquired knowledge as if by intuition, and a volume of her poems was published when she was nineteen years old. She had attracted the attention of Washington by a poetic eulogium of him which she had written. At the request of Mrs. Washington, the general invited Phillis to head-quarters. Her conversation, in manner and substance, greatly pleased the general and his wife, and when Phillis departed she received a pleasant memento from Mrs. Washington. Phillis corresponded with the Countess of Huntington, Lord Dartmouth, and other eminent persons in England.*

On the 20th of April Mrs. Washington and her compan-

* After the death of her master, in 1776, Phillis married a man who was much her inferior. She died in Boston in extreme poverty in 1784, at the age of nearly thirty-one years. The following lines, taken from her poem on "Imagination," will give a fair idea of her genius:

"Though Winter frowns, to fancy's raptured eyes
The fields may flourish and gay scenes arise;
The frozen deeps may break their iron bands,
And bid their waters murmur o'er their sands;
Fair Flora may resume her fragrant reign,
And with her flow'ry riches deck the plain;
Sylvanus may diffuse his honors round,
And all the forests may with leaves be crown'd;
Showers may descend, and dews their gems disclose,
And nectar sparkle on the blooming rose."

ions, Mr. and Mrs. Custis, left head-quarters, in their chariot, with a military escort, for New York, travelling by easy stages by way of Hartford and New Haven. Washington then occupied as head-quarters a spacious brick mansion, three stories in height, on Pearl Street, opposite the lower end of Cedar Street, and there Mrs. Washington remained with her husband until his departure for Philadelphia late in May, in obedience to a summons from the Continental Congress to confer with that body.

HEAD-QUARTERS AT NEW YORK.

At the time of Mrs. Washington's arrival the city was filled with alarming intelligence of the fearful ravages of the small-pox among the Continental soldiers then in Canada, and, as convalescents were continually arriving from the New York City companies in the Northern army, fears were entertained that they might bring the contagious and much dreaded disease with them. There was a general desire

among the citizens to be inoculated with the small-pox (vaccination was then unknown), in order to disarm it of its terrors. In this desire Mrs. Washington participated. Her husband wrote to his brother, on the 29th of April, "Mrs. Washington is still here, and talks of taking the small-pox, but I doubt her resolution."

The general was mistaken. Her resolution was equal to her desires, and her common-sense, as usual, prevailed. She was inoculated by Dr. John Morgan, the director-general of the military hospital, and proceeded with her husband to Philadelphia, where they arrived on the evening of the 23d of May. On the 31st Washington wrote to his brother:

"Mrs. Washington is now under inoculation in this city, and will, I expect, have the small-pox favorably. This is the 13th day and she has few pustules. She would have written to my sister [Mrs. Lewis], but thought it prudent not to do so, notwithstanding there could be but little danger of conveying the infection in this manner."

Mr. and Mrs. Custis left New York early in May, and went to Mount Airy, in Maryland, the seat of Mrs. Custis's family. They tarried there while Mr. Custis was attending to the business of receiving his estate from his guardian, George Mason, of Gunston Hall, and Lund Washington acted for the latter in his absence. Then Mr. and Mrs. Custis took up their abode at their pleasant home at Abingdon, where, in August following, their first child, Elizabeth Parke Custis, was born.

During the long war that ensued, this amiable young couple spent most of their time at Mount Vernon, and with their growing family were a constant solace to the half-widowed Mrs. Washington when she was not in camp with her hus-

band. This companionship for his wife had been solicited by Washington. A few days after his appointment to the command of the army he had written to Custis:

"At any time, I hope it is unnecessary for me to say that I am always pleased with your and Nelly's abidance at Mount Vernon, much less upon this occasion, when I think it absolutely necessary for the peace and satisfaction of your mother; a consideration which I have no doubt will have due weight with you both, and requires no argument to enforce."*

When, early in June, Washington returned to New York, he left his wife in Philadelphia, delaying her journey to Mount Vernon because there were rumored menaces of danger there. That whole region was thus again disturbed and alarmed by the hostile operations of Lord Dunmore, with some war-vessels and a band of motley followers, black and white, about five hundred in number. With these the fugitive governor secured Gwyn's Island, in Chesapeake Bay, in June, and established a fortified camp there, intending to make it a place of rendezvous during his plundering raids on the borders of that bay and its navigable tributaries in Lower Virginia. He made the armed vessel *Dunmore* his head-quarters.

Gen. Andrew Lewis, in command of a brigade of Virginia

* Washington was ever mindful of others. When he sent for Mrs. Washington to come to Cambridge, his agent, Lund Washington, was enjoined to continue the good work of charity at Mount Vernon in the absence of the mistress. "Let the hospitality of the house, with respect to the poor, be kept up," he wrote. "Let no one go away hungry. If any of this kind of people should be in want of corn, supply their necessities, provided it does not encourage them in idleness."

militia, hastened to the shore opposite the island with heavy guns, to dislodge the marauders. Early in July he opened two batteries on them. One of his balls passed through the *Dunmore*, another ball cut her boatswain in two, and a third ball shivered one of her timbers, a splinter from which wounded the ex-governor, smashed his china, and greatly frightened him. He resolved to leave the island, and early the next morning the surviving marauders on the land fled to the vessels. Several of the latter were aground. These Dunmore caused to be burned, and sailing out of the bay with the remainder of his vessels, he entered the Potomac River, determined to ravage the fine plantations on its borders, especially that of Mount Vernon; also to seize Mrs. Washington. He desolated several farms near Aquia Creek, and penetrated to Occaquan Falls, a short distance below Mount Vernon, where he destroyed extensive flouring-mills.

The Prince William militia gathered and drove the marauders to their vessels. At the same time they were assailed by a furious tempest of lightning, wind, rain, and hail. Believing the militia were gathering below to intercept him, Dunmore fled down the river and never entered it again. He sent vessels to the West Indies with his plunder, and sold it there. Among his booty thus disposed of were about a thousand negro slaves. The valuable property at Mount Vernon which Lund Washington had packed was left undisturbed until Mrs. Washington's return late in August. It was kept in readiness for any future emergency.

During this excitement at home, Mrs. Washington was informed of the peril which had threatened her husband in New York, from a most foul conspiracy against his life which had been concocted by ex-Governor Tryon, then on a

vessel of war in the harbor, and the mayor of the city. On his return from Philadelphia, Washington had made his head-quarters at Richmond Hill, a cool, suburban retreat overlooking the Hudson River and portions of New Jersey beyond. There Washington and his staff were quartered, and a portion of the American army was encamped near.

At this time (June, 1776) a British fleet was hourly expected to arrive at New York, bearing troops under General Howe. A plot was formed for causing an uprising of the Tories in New York and the valley of the Lower Hudson, at that moment, to cut off all communication with the mainland, to murder Washington and his staff, and other leading officers, or to seize them and send them to England to be tried on a charge of treason, and to make prisoners of a greater portion of the American troops on Manhattan Island. A large number of persons were engaged in the plot, and tempting rewards were offered to those who should join the "King's troops" on their arrival.

From his safe retreat on a war-ship in the harbor, Tryon sent large sums of money to corrupt members of Washington's Lifeguard and others.* Two of them were seduced from their fidelity. To one of them, an Irishman named Hickey, was intrusted the task of murdering Washington. He tried to make the general's house-keeper, a faithful maiden, his accomplice in the deed. She pretended to favor his plan. It was arranged for her to put poison, which

* Washington's Lifeguard embraced in numbers a major's command. The body was composed of picked men, selected because of their physical and moral excellence. They were always encamped near head-quarters, and were regarded as the special protectors of the person and papers of the commander-in-chief.

he should prepare, into a dish of green pease designed for Washington's table. Hickey saw her put the poison in the dish, and at an open door watched the maiden as she set the dish before his commander. With alarm he saw the general refuse to partake of what he always loved so well. The maiden had revealed to him the presence of death in the dish. Hickey was instantly seized, tried, condemned, and hanged in the presence of twenty thousand people. It was the first military execution in the Continental Army. The mayor and more than twenty other persons were arrested by order of the New York Provincial Congress, but all escaped punishment. The plot was traced directly to Tryon.

Ten days after the execution of Hickey, General Howe arrived, and landed nine thousand troops on Staten Island, at the entrance to New York Harbor, and soon afterwards the great armed struggle of the British-American colonists for political independence was begun with vigor and enthusiasm. From the moment when Mrs. Washington parted with her husband at Philadelphia, at near the middle of June, 1776, she did not see his face again until the beginning of the winter of 1777–78—a period of over seventeen months.*

* On the 20th of August, 1776, Mrs. Washington, then at Philadelphia, wrote to her sister, Mrs. Bassett, at Eltham, Va.:

"I am still in this town and no prospect, at present, of leaving it. The General is at New York; he is well and wrote me yesterday, and informed me that Lord Dunmore, with part of his fleet, was come to General Howe, at Staten Island; that another division of Hessians is expected before they think the regulars will begin their attack on us. Some here, begin to think, there will be no battle after all. Last week our boats made another attempt on the ships up the North River, and

This was a period of momentous events in the history of our republic, in most of which Washington was a conspicuous actor. The most prominent of these events were the declaration of the independence of the colonies by the Continental Congress, in July; the battle of Long Island, in August; the seizure of New York by the British and the battle on Harlem Plains, in September; the battle at White Plains, in October; the capture of Fort Washington by the British, in November; the flight of the American army across New Jersey to the Delaware, and the victory of the Americans at Trenton, in December, 1776. Also the battle at Princeton, in January; the distressing winter encampment of the American army at Morristown, in New Jersey;* marauding expe-

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had grappled a fire-ship to the *Phœnix* ten minutes, but she got clear of her antagonist and is come down the river. On Saturday last our people burnt one of the tenders. I thank God we shan't want men. The army at New York is very large, and numbers of men are still going. There is at this time in this city 4000, on their march to camp, and the Virginians are daily expected.

"I do, my dear Sister, most religiously wish there was an end to the War that we might have the pleasure of meeting again. My duty to very dear mama, and tell her I am very well. I don't hear from you so often as I used to do at Cambridge. I had the pleasure to hear by Colonel Aylett, that you and all friends were well, and should have been glad to have had a line from you, by him. I hope Mr. Bassett has got the better of his cough, long ago. Please to present love to him, my brothers and sisters, my dear Fanny and the boy, and accept the same yourself.

"I am my dear Nancy,

"Your ever affectionate Sister

"MARTHA WASHINGTON."

* At Morristown, Washington made his head-quarters at Freeman's tavern, on the north side of the "Green." The accommodations were so limited, and the movements of his troops were so uncertain, that he thought it not prudent for Mrs. Washington to come to the camp. The

ditions by British parties on the borders of the Hudson River and Long Island Sound, in March and April; the invasion and capture of Burgoyne in the summer and autumn; the battle on the Brandywine Creek, in September; and the battles of Germantown and Forts Mifflin and Mercer, near Philadelphia, in October, 1777. At the beginning of December Washington attempted to fix his winter-quarters at Whitemarsh, in a sheltered valley about fourteen miles from Philadelphia. The latter place was then in possession of the British under General Howe, and so remained several months.

During all the long period of separation from her husband, and her anxiety concerning him who was so continually exposed to perils, Mrs. Washington remained quietly at Mount Vernon, dispensing its hospitalities, and blessed with the companionship of her son and his wife. The tempest of war in which her husband was involved was raging at a distance from her. She could hear the low muttering of the remote thunder, but was secure from the fiery bolts and fierce wind. Information of public events continually reached her by expresses sent by her husband. At length, when he thought he was well provided with good winter-quarters in a spacious house at Whitemarsh, the general sent for his wife to come to him.

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proximity of the American and British forces was fruitful of frequent alarms, and at times it was thought the camp would have to be abandoned, but Washington remained there until May.

CHAPTER VI.

In a beautiful little valley about fourteen miles from Philadelphia, near the village of Whitemarsh, stood a spacious stone mansion, sixty feet in length and two stories in height, when I visited the spot more than thirty years ago. It was then tottering with age and neglect. Its roof had begun to fall in, and it is now probably a total ruin. It was a sort of baronial hall in character when Elmar, its wealthy owner, dispensed generous hospitality to all who came into his dwelling at the period of the Revolution. Through its centre was a broad passage about fifteen feet wide, finely wainscoted, and in all the lower rooms were indications of former elegance. This mansion Washington chose for his winter head-quarters in 1777–78. The American army was encamped upon the hills north of it, in a distressing condition for want of shoes and sufficient winter clothing. The right wing of the army rested upon Wissahickon Creek, and its left upon Sandy Run.

Washington took possession of this mansion at the beginning of November. The close proximity of the belligerent armies caused almost continual hostile movements on a small scale, until towards the middle of December, when the commander-in-chief thought it prudent to remove his troops and his head-quarters to a greater distance from Philadelphia and in a more secure position. Meanwhile he had

sent an aide with an escort of horsemen to conduct Mrs. Washington from Mount Vernon to head-quarters. She arrived at the Elmar mansion on the very day when, at night, the British marched out from Philadelphia to surprise the American camp. They were surprised themselves, for they found the Americans under arms, and prepared to receive them.

This expedition had been planned by officers in an upper room at the house of Lydia Darrah, a patriotic Philadelphia Quakeress, at which they were quartered. At midnight she overheard one of them read General Howe's order for an attack the next night. She did not sleep. Early in the morning she took a bag, and on pretence of going to a mill in the country for flour, she procured a pass, and hastened on foot through the snow to the nearest American outpost, and there gave warning of the impending danger. Forewarned, the Americans were prepared for the British, who, surprised and alarmed, hastened back to their quarters at Philadelphia. Little did they suspect that a woman had betrayed them. The officers who devised the expedition would not believe that their hostess, the sweet-faced and gentle-voiced Lydia Darrah, had frustrated their designs.

Mrs. Washington was received at head-quarters at noon with the heartiest demonstrations of welcome from the officers there and from the troops stationed near. It was her first meeting with her husband in almost a year and a half. She came in a rude sleigh procured of an innkeeper at a ford of the Brandywine Creek, where she had been compelled to abandon her carriage on account of snow-drifts, and leave it. The innkeeper sent his son with harnessed

HEAD-QUARTERS AT WHITEMARSH.

horses to bring the sleigh back. Writing to a friend, Mrs. Washington said:

"I had nothing but kindness everywhere on my journey. The travelling was pretty rough. I found snow in crossing Delaware, and at an inn on Brandywine Creek, at a ford, where I lodged, the snow was so deep in the roads in some places, that I had to leave the chariot with the innkeeper and hire a farm sleigh to bring me here. The General is well, but much worn with fatigue and anxiety. I never knew him to be so anxious as now, for the poor soldiers are without sufficient clothing and food, and many of them are barefooted. Oh, how my heart pains for them!"

Only one other officer's wife was at head-quarters when Mrs. Washington arrived. She was Lucy Knox, the spouse of General Knox. Mrs. Washington had learned at Cambridge to admire her for her many accomplishments, and to love her for her gentleness of spirit. She was at the Elmar mansion, and warm was the mutual greeting. But these ladies were soon compelled to leave their comfortable rooms, for before the middle of December the encampment was broken up, and the suffering army began its terrible march to Valley Forge, near the Schuylkill River, about twenty miles from Philadelphia. Its paths might have been traced in the snow by blood from the lacerated feet of barefooted soldiers.

On that cold, wintry journey of a few miles Mrs. Washington rode behind her husband on a pillion. He was on his powerful bay charger, and, accompanied by a single aide-de-camp, followed the last remnant of the army that left the encampment at Whitemarsh.

On his arrival at Valley Forge, Washington placed his

wife in the small but comfortable house of Isaac Potts, a Quaker preacher, situated near the mouth of the Valley Forge Creek, where it enters the Schuylkill River. With

MRS. WASHINGTON'S JOURNEY TO VALLEY FORGE.

that good family she spent the winter and spring, and it became the head-quarters of Washington after his soldiers were as comfortably hutted as circumstances would allow.

Two days before the encampment at Whitemarsh was broken up, he had ordered huts to be built, and he had said to his soldiers, "I will share in your hardships and partake of every inconvenience." In fulfilment of this promise he occupied his cheerless marquee for several days and nights, until his army was lodged in comparative comfort.

Comfort!—a condition scarcely known at Valley Forge during that dreary winter. The army numbered at the beginning of the encampment eleven thousand men, of whom twenty-nine hundred were unfit for duty. For about four months they had marched and countermarched, and fought to baffle the designs of a powerful enemy, who then numbered nineteen thousand, and were in comfortable quarters in a city only twenty miles distant. To the dreary hollow scooped from the hills the soldiers had come with tattered garments and naked and bleeding feet to war with cold, disease, and famine, foes more implacable than armed Britons. Toryism was rife in the vicinity, and provisions could not be procured without resort to force, which Washington reluctantly used from time to time. But few horses were in camp, because forage was scarce; and such was the deficiency in this respect that men in many instances cheerfully yoked themselves to rude vehicles of their own construction for carrying wood and provisions when procured, while others performed the duty of pack-horses and carried heavy burdens of fuel on their backs. On the 16th of February Washington wrote to Gov. George Clinton:

"For some days past there has been little less than a famine in the camp. A part of the army has been a week without any kind of flesh, and the rest three or four days. Naked and starving as they are, we cannot enough admire

the incomparable patience and fidelity of the soldiery, that they have not been, ere this, excited by their sufferings to a general mutiny and desertion."

Dr. Thacher, a surgeon in the army, wrote, "It was with great difficulty that men enough could be found in a condition fit to discharge the military camp duties from day to day, and for this purpose those who were naked borrowed of those who had clothes. . . . When a miserable wretch was seen flitting from one hut to another, his nakedness was only covered with a dirty blanket." Unprovided with materials to raise their beds from the ground, the dampness occasioned sickness and death.

The encampment at Valley Forge presents one of the most trying scenes in the life of Washington, but, in perfect reliance upon Divine aid because he believed the cause he had espoused was just and righteous, a cloud of doubt seldom darkened the atmosphere of his hopes.

In all the trials of that winter at Valley Forge, Washington had the most earnest sympathies, cheerful spirit, and willing hands of his loving wife to sustain him and share in his cares. An old lady (Mrs. Westlake) eighty-four years of age, who lived near Mr. Potts's in 1778, with whom I conversed at Norristown more than thirty years ago, said to me,

"I never in my life knew a woman so busy from early morning until late at night as was Lady Washington, providing comforts for the sick soldiers. Every day, excepting Sundays, the wives of officers in camp, and sometimes other women, were invited to Mr. Potts's to assist her in knitting socks, patching garments, and making shirts for the poor soldiers when materials could be procured. Every

HEAD-QUARTERS AT VALLEY FORGE.

fair day she might be seen, with basket in hand, and with a single attendant, going among the huts seeking the keenest and most needy sufferers, and giving all the comfort to them in her power. I sometimes went with her, for I was a stout girl, sixteen years old. On one occasion she went to the hut of a dying sergeant, whose young wife was with him. His case seemed to particularly touch the heart of the good lady, and after she had given him some wholesome food she had prepared with her own hands, she knelt down by his straw pallet and prayed earnestly for him and his wife with her sweet and solemn voice. I shall never forget the scene."*

The head-quarters at Valley Forge was very small—confined to two rooms, one for business and one used as a sleeping apartment for the general and his wife. The rest of the house was occupied by Mr. Potts and his family. In a letter to Mrs. Lund Washington, at Mount Vernon, written in March, Mrs. Washington said:

"The general's head-quarters have been made more tolerable by the addition of a log-cabin to the house, built to dine in. The apartment for business is only about sixteen feet square, and has a large fireplace. The house is built of stone. The walls are very thick, and below a deep east window, out of which the general can look upon the encamp-

* Dr. Sparks says ("Writings of Washington," vol. i.), "Mrs. Washington joined her husband at Valley Forge in February." The statements I have made respecting her arrival at the camp at Whitemarsh and her going to Valley Forge and admission into the family of Mr. Potts, etc., are given on the verbal authority of George Washington Parke Custis, the grandson of Mrs. Washington, of Mrs. Westlake, above mentioned, and of Dr. Æneas Munson, of New Haven.

ment, he had a box made, which appears as a part of the casement, with a blind trap-door at top, in which he keeps his valuable papers."

At about the same time, Mrs. Washington wrote to Mercy Warren, saying, "It has given me unspeakable pleasure to hear that General Burgoyne and his army are in safe quarters in your State. Would a bountiful Providence aim a like stroke at General Howe the measure of my happiness would be complete."

The window depository for Washington's papers at the Potts-house was still there when I visited and sketched it in 1848. The log-cabin alluded to occupied the place of the smaller building adjoining the gable end of the house, seen in the sketch.

Washington's Lifeguard, commanded by Major Gibbs, of Rhode Island, was stationed near the river in sight of head-quarters, and the various brigades were scattered over the adjoining hill-sides under the command of Generals Knox, Varnum, McIntosh, Huntington, Maxwell, Muhlenberg, Weeden, Learned, Patterson, Wayne, Glover, Poor, Scott, and Lord Stirling. The wives of several of these officers reached camp in February, and helped to dispel some of the gloom that grew deeper and deeper over the scene until late in March, when warmer weather made soldier life there more tolerable. One or more of these ladies was with Mrs. Washington every day until early in May, when they returned to their homes, as it was expected the campaign would open very soon.

As the spring advanced, the comforts of the soldiers increased. Their clothing was replenished and their daily wants were more bountifully supplied. The shattered regi-

ments were filled. A more hopeful feeling prevailed in camp and throughout the country. This feeling was greatly intensified and became real joy among the soldiers, when, on the night of the 3d of May, a despatch reached Washington from the President of Congress (which was then in session at York, beyond the Susquehanna River), announcing the treaty of alliance, amity, and commerce between the United States and France, perfected on the 6th of February. This important news was communicated to the army in general orders on the morning of the 6th, and the next day was set apart to be devoted to a grateful acknowledgment of Divine goodness in raising up a powerful friend "among the princes of the earth, to establish liberty and independence upon a solid foundation," also to celebrate the great event by tokens of delight.

Washington ordered the several brigades to be assembled at nine o'clock on the morning of the 7th, to hear prayers and appropriate discourses from their several chaplains. The men were to be under arms for inspection and parade at a given signal, when they were to be led to a specified position to fire a *feu de joie* with cannons and small-arms. At another signal there was to be a discharge of thirteen cannons and a running fire of small-arms, when the whole army were to huzza, "*Long live the King of France!*" Then another discharge of cannons and muskets was to be given, followed by a shout of the army, "*Long live the friendly European powers!*" Then a third discharge of cannons and muskets in like manner, and a shout, "*The American States!*"

The 7th was a beautiful May-day. The troops were in motion at an early hour. They had just received their new

uniforms preparatory for a summer campaign. Their guns were polished and their other accoutrements were in perfect order. The army made a really brilliant appearance, and were well disciplined, for they had been several weeks drilled and inspected by the Baron von Steuben, a Prussian officer of distinction, who had lately joined the Continental army. There was joy and peace throughout the whole camp when the brigades assembled at their respective head-quarters to participate in the appointed religious services.

The commander-in-chief, with Mrs. Washington, his staff, and Generals Knox and Stirling, with their wives and their aides-de-camp, walked to the head-quarters of Maxwell's New Jersey brigade (not more than half a mile from the army head-quarters), where they were received with a silent military salute from the soldiery there. They were joined by other officers of the army, with their wives. An appropriate discourse was pronounced by the Rev. Mr. Hunter, after which all the officers of the army present partook of a collation provided by the commander-in-chief, to which two or three Whig families in the neighborhood were invited. When the commander retired, with Mrs. Washington leaning upon his arm, and followed by those who accompanied them from head-quarters, there was a universal huzzaing—"*Long live General Washington! Long live Lady Washington!*" These demonstrations were continued until the general and his wife had proceeded nearly a quarter of a mile, and a thousand hats were tossed in the air. Washington and his retinue several times returned the huzzas, and the ladies waved their handkerchiefs.

Immediately after these events at Valley Forge Mrs. Washington departed for Mount Vernon, where she arrived

at about the middle of May. It was supposed when she left that a campaign would soon open ; but General Howe's army had been much weakened by dissipation and desertion during the eight months' sojourn in Philadelphia. Many of the British officers had lived in open defiance of the demands of morality, and so conspicuous was their profligacy that many Tory families who had welcomed the invaders had prayed for the departure of such undesirable guests. The condition of the army was such that Dr. Franklin remarked that "Howe did not take Philadelphia ; Philadelphia took Howe."

On the 24th of May General Sir Henry Clinton superseded General Howe in command, and the latter departed for England. On the eve of his departure a brilliant *fête*, called *Mischianza*, was given in honor of the brothers Howe (the general and admiral), which was invented and chiefly managed by Major André, who became Clinton's accomplished adjutant-general.

At the middle of June Sir Henry was informed that a powerful French fleet under the Count D'Estaing had sailed for America from Toulon, and might enter the Delaware River at any hour. Perceiving his peril, he immediately prepared to leave Philadelphia with his army and hasten to New York. This decision shook the "Quaker City" violently with emotions of joy and alarm. The Whigs rejoiced because they hoped for deliverance. The Tories were in consternation, for, like those of Boston, they had been oppressors ; and when, on the morning of the 18th, the British army passed over the Delaware and began its flight across New Jersey, about three thousand Tories, many of them tenderly nurtured, accompanied the

troops, fleeing from the righteous wrath of those whom they had persecuted.

The American army under Washington, at Valley Forge, now well equipped and about fifteen thousand strong, followed the flying British troops, and at near Monmouth Court-house, in New Jersey, Washington fought Clinton on an excessively hot day, the 28th of June. At dusk both armies, exhausted by heat and fatigue, lay down on their arms, expecting to renew the battle at dawn. At midnight Sir Henry's host stole noiselessly away in the darkness over the soft sandy roads, unperceived by the Americans, and so escaped. Victory had been snatched from Washington by the treachery of General Charles Lee.

At the evacuation of Philadelphia, and on his march across New Jersey, Clinton lost fully six hundred men by desertion. A large proportion of these had formed tender attachments during their eight months' stay in Philadelphia, and these made their way back to their sweethearts.

From the time of the battle at Monmouth Court-house until the winter encampment of the army was established at Middlebrook, in New Jersey, the troops under the immediate command of Washington were not engaged in any important battle. His chief efforts were directed to the task of imprisoning the British army on Manhattan Island, and he was successful. Stirring military events occurred elsewhere. In July Tories and Indians desolated the Wyoming Valley with fire and sword. In August there was fighting in Rhode Island, in which the Americans were worsted, because the French fleet and troops failed to co-operate with them. The Tories and Indians desolated the Mohawk Valley and its neighborhood, and caused it to be named

"the dark and bloody ground;" and late in autumn Sir Henry Clinton, having the door of his prison towards the sea open, sent some troops to Savannah, in Georgia, who captured that city and carried on war in that State.

Washington did not follow the British army in their flight from Monmouth Court-house, but marched his men to the Hudson River, crossed over at the King's Ferry, near Haverstraw, into Westchester County, and remained there until autumn, when he recrossed the river into New Jersey. After forming a cordon of military posts around the British in New York, from Long Island Sound to the Delaware River, within supporting distance of each other, he established a winter encampment and his head-quarters at or near the village of Middlebrook, on the Raritan River, in New Jersey, towards the middle of December. There his army had rested from the 29th of May until the 2d of July, in 1777, while watching the movements of the British at New York.

When the year 1778—the fourth year of the war—drew to a close, the British army had accomplished little more in the way of conquest than it had at the end of the second year, while the Americans had gained strength and confidence by an acquired knowledge of military tactics, naval operations, and the art of civil government. They had also secured an alliance with France. But their finances were in a wretched condition. They had $100,000,000 of paper-money afloat, which was rapidly depreciating, and the public credit was as rapidly sinking.

CHAPTER VII.

WASHINGTON established his head-quarters at Middlebrook, in New Jersey, on December 11, 1778, and remained there until the 4th of June, 1779. Seven brigades of his army were encamped on the gentle slopes between the plain and the steep acclivities of the mountain, three-fourths of a mile from the village. The soldiers were exposed to life under canvas tents until comfortable log-huts were completed at the close of January. These were constructed of the trees which covered the slopes when the army encamped there, and formed a regular and compact village.

The exact locality of Washington's head-quarters at that time cannot now be determined. It was somewhere between the main encampment and the artillery camp of General Knox, near Pluckemin. The letters from head-quarters were dated at "Middlebrook." When I was at that village in 1848, I visited the venerable Bergen Bragaw, a hale old man, eighty-seven years old. He informed me that the head-quarters was at the house of Ephraim Berry. It was a large wooden dwelling, two stories in height, the upper story unfinished.

Mrs. Washington arrived at head-quarters on a very mild winter's day early in February, escorted by ten dragoons. When her chariot came to the door, Miss Berry seeing a middle-aged woman with a colored maid, the former clad in a plain russet gown, a large white handkerchief folded over

her neck and bosom, and on her head a hood, supposed her to be a domestic sent from Mount Vernon. Mrs. Berry was undeceived when Washington hastened to the carriage, assisted the elderly woman to alight, and received her with tokens of pleasure and affection. Desiring to furnish his wife with a more comfortable and retired apartment, he at once employed two apprentices of a carpenter to fit up a room in the upper story of the house. One of these apprentices, when ninety-two years of age, gave the following account of the affair to Mrs. Ellet:

"Lady Washington arrived before the work was begun. She came into the place, a portly-looking, agreeable woman of forty-five, and said to us, 'Now, young men, I care for nothing but comfort here, and should like you to fit me up a closet on one side of the room and some shelves and places for hanging clothes on the other.' We went to work with all our might. Every morning about eleven o'clock Mrs. Washington came up-stairs with a glass of spirits for each of us, and after she and the General had dined we were called down to eat at their table. We worked very hard, nailing smooth boards over the rough and worm-eaten planks, and stopping the crevices in the walls made by time and hard usage. Then we consulted together how we could smooth the uneven floor, and take out or cover some of the huge black knots. We studied to do something to please so pleasant a lady, and to make some return in our humble way for the kindness of the General. On the fourth day, when Mrs. Washington came up to see how we were getting along, we had finished the work, made the shelves, put up the pegs in the wall, built the closet, and converted the rough garret into a comfortable apartment. As she stood

looking round, I said, 'Madam, we have endeavored to do the best we could; I hope we have suited you?' She replied, smiling, 'I am astonished! Your work would do honor to an old master, and you are mere lads. I am not only satisfied but highly gratified with what you have done for my comfort.'"

The wives of several of the general officers and others were in the camp at Middlebrook at the time of Mrs. Washington's arrival. They welcomed her with heartfelt affection and delight. A ball was given in her honor immediately after her advent. It was opened by General Washington and the beautiful Mrs. Knox, who danced a minuet, a figure then very fashionable, a slow, graceful dance marked by small steps.

On the 18th of February the anniversary of the alliance with France (February 6th) was celebrated at the artillery encampment of General Knox, near Pluckemin, a few miles from Middlebrook. The entertainment on the occasion was given by General Knox and the officers of the artillery corps. It was attended by the commander-in-chief and all the principal officers of the army there, and by Mrs. Washington, Mrs. General Knox, Mrs. General Greene, and ladies and gentlemen from a wide circuit around the camp. There was also a vast concourse of spectators from almost every part of New Jersey.

Extensive preparations had been made for this entertainment, which had been postponed from the 6th to the 18th of the month on account of the absence of Washington at Philadelphia. A rude "temple," supported by a colonnade one hundred feet in length, decorated with evergreens and thirteen arches, each displaying an appropriate painting,

had been built for the purpose. The celebration was begun at four o'clock in the afternoon by a discharge of thirteen cannons. Then the invited guests sat down to a banquet in the "temple," which was designated at the time "the Academy in the Park." In the evening there was a fine display of fireworks, under the direction of Col. Ebenezer Stevens of the artillery. The "temple" was brilliantly lighted by hundreds of candles, and each arch displayed an illuminated picture. The centre arch was ornamented with a pediment larger than any of the others, and the illuminated pictures, rude but effective, painted by Charles Willson Peale, were disposed in the following order:

The first arch on the right represented the commencement of hostilities at Lexington, and was inscribed, "The scene opened." The second displayed British clemency, represented in the burning of Charlestown, Falmouth, Norfolk, and Kingston. The third, the separation of America from Britain—a magnificent arch broken in the centre, with the legend, "By your tyranny to the people of America you have separated the wide arch of an extended empire." The fourth, Britain represented as a decaying empire by a barren country, broken arches, fallen spires, ships deserting its shores, birds of prey hovering over its mouldering cities, and a gloomy setting sun. It bore the inscription—

> "The Babylonian spires are sunk,
> Achaia, Rome, and Egypt mouldered down;
> Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones,
> And tottering empires crush by their own weight."

The fifth, America represented as a rising empire—prospects of a fertile country, harbors and rivers covered with

ships, new canals opening, cities rising amid woods, a splendid rising sun, and the words—

> "New worlds are still emerging from the deep,
> The old descending, in their time to rise."

The sixth, a grand illuminated representation of Louis XVI., "the encourager of letters, the supporter of the rights of humanity, the ally and friend of the American people." The seventh (the centre arch), THE FATHERS IN CONGRESS, and the legend, *Nil desperandum respublicæ*. The eighth, the American philosopher and ambassador (Dr. Franklin) extracting lightning from the clouds. The ninth, the battle near Saratoga. The tenth, the surrender of Burgoyne. The eleventh, a naval fight between the English and French. The twelfth, Warren, Montgomery, Mercer, and a crowd of other American heroes who had fallen, in Elysium, receiving the thanks of Brutus, Cato, and other spirits of all ages, with the inscription, "Those who shed their blood in such a cause shall live and reign forever." The thirteenth represented "Peace," her right hand displaying an olive-branch; at her feet lay the fruits of the harvest; the background was filled with flourishing cities, ports crowded with ships, and other emblems of empire and unrestrained commerce.

After the fireworks on this occasion, the memorable entertainment was concluded by a ball, which was opened by Washington, with Mrs. Knox as his partner.

It was the custom of General Washington during these winter encampments, where Mrs. Washington was with him, to cultivate a social spirit. To accomplish this he invited a certain number of officers every day, excepting Sundays,

to dine at his table; also the wives of officers who might be in camp, and sometimes ladies and gentlemen of the neighborhood. The general and Mrs. Washington usually sat at one side of the table, while his secretary, Colonel Hamilton (while he was in the military family of the commander-in-chief), performed the civilities on these occasions. Dr. Thacher, after dining at the general's table one day, made the following record in his journal of his impressions of the persons and characteristics of Washington and his wife:

"His tall and noble stature and just proportions, his fine, cheerful, open countenance, simple and modest deportment, are all calculated to interest every beholder in his favor, and to command veneration and respect. He is feared even when silent, and beloved even while we are unconscious of the motive. . . . In conversation his Excellency's expressive countenance is peculiarly interesting and pleasing; a placid smile is frequently observed on his lips, but a loud laugh, it is said, seldom, if ever, escapes him. He is polite and attentive to each individual at table, and retires after the compliment of a few glasses."

"Mrs. Washington," Dr. Thacher writes, "combines in an uncommon degree great dignity of manner with the most pleasing affability, but possesses no striking marks of beauty. I learn from the Virginia officers that Mrs. Washington has ever been honored as a lady of distinguished goodness, possessing all the virtues which adorn her sex, amiable in her temper and deportment, full of benignity, benevolence, and charity, seeking for objects of affection and poverty, that she may extend to the sufferer the hand of kindness and relief. These, surely, are the attributes which reveal a heart

replete with those virtues which are so appropriate and estimable in the female character."

The winter at the time of the encampment at Middlebrook was exceedingly mild. There was scarcely a fall of snow or a frost after the 10th of January. Vegetation in New Jersey began to grow in March; the fruit-trees were in bloom on the 10th of April, and the roads were as dusty as in June. On Valentine's-day (February 14th) the peach-trees were in bloom in Virginia.

On the 1st of May the French minister (M. Gerard) and a Spanish gentleman arrived at the camp.* The next day the whole army were paraded for a grand review. A stage was erected in a large field for the accommodation of ladies and gentlemen as spectators of the pageant. At a signal of thirteen cannons the troops, accompanied by the commander-in-chief and his distinguished guests, were led to the field in grand procession by the fine legion of light-horse commanded by Major Henry Lee. There they were reviewed by Washington and the foreigners, when the commander-in-chief and his guests took seats on the stage with Mrs. Washington, Mrs. Greene, Mrs. Knox, and a number of other ladies who had come to the review in their carriages. The whole army then performed field manœuvres, with firing of cannons and musketry, and passing along the front of the stage left the field.

* Don Juan Miralles, an official agent of the Spanish Government, introduced to Washington under false pretences by the Governor of Havana. He came to spy out the condition of the public affairs of the United States, and to report to the Spanish ministry. Undoubtedly the French minister well knew the deception that was being practised, for the French Government, from the beginning of the contest, was governed in its actions wholly by self-interest.

There was another and a more picturesque review of the troops on the 14th of May, at which Mrs. Washington and many other ladies were present. The commander-in-chief on his beautiful white horse, followed by Billy, rode in front of the lines and received the salute. He was accompanied by a group of Indian chiefs from Western Pennsylvania. They were dressed and decorated in the most fanciful manner. Eagle's plumes, bunches of gay feathers, strings of bear's claws, and other rude things ornamented their persons. From their noses and ears hung large pendants. Some of them were half naked, others wore ragged shawls over their shoulders which fluttered in the wind. They were mounted on miserable horses, most of them without saddles, and ropes were used for bridles. They carried guns in all sorts of positions. Mrs. Washington wrote to her daughter-in-law the next morning: "Yesterday I saw the funniest, at the same time the most ridiculous review of the troops I ever heard of. Nearly all the troops were drawn up in order, and Mrs. Knox, Mrs. Greene, and myself saw the whole performance from a carriage. The General and Billy, followed by a lot of mounted savages, rode along the line. Some of the Indians were fairly fine-looking, but most of them appeared worse than Falstaff's gang. And such horses and trappings! The General says it was done to keep the Indians friendly towards us. The appeared like cutthroats, all."

Late in May Mrs. Washington returned to Mount Vernon, and on the 4th of June the encampment at Middlebrook was broken up and the army was marched to the vicinity of the Hudson Highlands, against the defence of which Sir Henry Clinton was making demonstrations. The whole

force was held in Smith's Clove, about fifteen miles from West Point. Washington made his head-quarters at the latter place from July until December, when with the main body of the troops he took post at Morristown, in the hill-country of East Jersey, and there he established the winter head-quarters. Strong detachments were placed at West Point and other posts near the Hudson River, and the cavalry were cantoned in Connecticut.

The year 1779 had been fruitful of important events in the history of the inchoate nation. The finances were in a perilous condition. New emissions of the paper currency had rapidly depreciated that currency and injured the public credit. To increase the financial embarrassments, the British sent out from New York cart-loads of counterfeit Continental bills to be circulated among the people and so accelerate the depreciation. "Persons going into other colonies," so ran an advertisement in a New York journal, "may be supplied with any number of counterfeited Congress notes for the price of the paper per ream."

Military operations had been greatly extended geographically. There were stirring scenes on and near the coasts of Virginia, South Carolina, and Georgia. There was warfare in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys, and Sir Henry Clinton sent out fierce and cruel marauding parties to desolate the towns on and near the coasts of Connecticut.

Meanwhile the troops under Washington had struck some telling blows. General Wayne captured a strong post held by the British at Stony Point, on the Hudson, in July, and in August Major Lee captured the British post at Paulus Hook (now Jersey City). General Sullivan severely chastised the desolators of the Wyoming Valley—the Indians of

Central New York. In the autumn General Lincoln and allied French troops besieged Savannah, but the effort failed because of the desertion of the Americans by the French at a critical moment.

During the summer Lafayette, who had joined the Continental army as a volunteer in 1777, had been in France, pleading for the American cause. Chiefly through his influence the French Government had consented to send another powerful fleet and an army to assist the Americans in their struggles. When informed of this intended expedition, the British ministry ordered Sir Henry Clinton to cause the evacuation of Rhode Island, and to concentrate all his troops in the North, at New York. It was to watch these and confine them to Manhattan Island that Washington established the head-quarters of the American army at Morristown.

CHAPTER VIII.

Washington made his head-quarters at Morristown at the mansion of the widow of Col. Jacob Ford, who commanded a regiment of New Jersey militia during the flight of the American army from the Hudson to the Delaware, late in 1776. This house, yet standing, was built of brick and covered with painted plank. At the time we are considering it stood on the Newark and Morristown road, about three-fourths of a mile from the Village Green.

The general and his suite occupied the whole of the house excepting two lower rooms, which were reserved for Mrs. Ford and her family. On the opposite side of the main passage through the house was the general's dining-room, and immediately over it was his sleeping-room while Mrs. Washington was at head-quarters. He had two log additions made to the house—one for a kitchen, the other for offices for himself and Colonels Hamilton and Tilghman. The building of these additions was so long delayed in that memorable "hard winter" that the commander complained to General Greene, the quartermaster-general, saying, "There is not a place in which a servant can lodge with the smallest degree of comfort. Eighteen belonging to my family and all of Mrs. Ford's are crowded together in her kitchen, and scarce one of them able to speak for the colds they have caught."

In the meadow, a few rods south-east of the mansion,

about fifty log-huts were built for the accommodation of Washington's Lifeguard, then commanded by Major Gibbs. In that meadow Count Pulaski exercised his legion of cavalry, and performed most extraordinary feats of horsemanship for the amusement and emulation of other officers. Among his surprising feats, he would discharge his pistol while his horse was under full speed, throw it in the air, catch it by the barrel, and then hurl it in front as if at an enemy; without checking the speed of his horse, he would take one foot from the stirrup and, bending towards the ground, recover his pistol and wheel into line with as much precision as if he had been engaged in nothing but in the management of the animal.

Mrs. Washington arrived at head-quarters at about the middle of January. She had tarried a day and a night at Union Farm, in New Jersey, with the family of Col. Charles Stewart, a personal friend of Washington and a favorite officer of his staff. His daughter, Mrs. Martha Wilson, gave to a friend an interesting account of this visit at her father's house. She described the distinguished woman as most agreeable in conversation, and in her manners "simple, easy, and dignified." She came escorted by Major Washington (the general's nephew) and ten dragoons, who encamped in an out-building.

Mrs. Washington conversed much with Mrs. Wilson, then a young matron of twenty-two and a widow only a few months, concerning house-keeping and her own domestic affairs. Among other particulars, Mrs. Washington mentioned that she had a great deal of cloth made in her house at Mount Vernon, and kept sixteen spinning-wheels in constant operation. She showed Mrs. Wilson two dresses of

cotton striped with silk, manufactured by her own domestics and worn by herself, one weighing a pound and a half, the other rather less. The silk stripes of the fabric were made from ravellings of brown silk stockings and old crimson damask chair-covers. Her coachman, footman, and waiting-maid, who accompanied her, were all attired in domestic cloth, excepting the coachman's cuffs, which, being scarlet, were imported before the war.* In the practice of this economy and moderation, as in the simplicity of her dress, Mrs. Washington afforded an example to others at that perilous time, for it was the darkest period of the war.

Mrs. Washington was the guest of Mrs. Wilson several times during the war while the former was on her way to and from head-quarters. Their friendship for each other then formed was strong and lasting. The hospitality she had enjoyed under her friend's roof was not forgotten by Mrs. Washington, but was recognized and warmly reciprocated at the house of President Washington, at Philadelphia, by marked attention to the daughter and only child of Mrs. Wilson on her entrance into society. She extended to the young lady courtesies not usually shown by elderly matrons to persons of her age. Mrs. Washington often called upon Miss Wilson, and she was invariably invited to the private parties at the presidential mansion and to the drawing-rooms.†

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* See Mrs. Ellet's "Women of the Revolution," vol. ii., p. 18.

† A lady describing the appearance of Miss Wilson at a drawing-room has given us a glimpse of the fashionable dress of a young lady nearly a century ago, as follows: "Miss Wilson looked beautifully last night. She was in full dress, yet in elegant simplicity. She wore book-muslin over white mantua, trimmed with broad lace round the neck;

When Mrs. Washington arrived at head-quarters, Mrs. General Greene and the wives of other officers were already in camp. The winter was one of unusual severity. So intense was the cold in January that New York Bay was so thickly frozen over that large bodies of troops with heavy cannons passed over the ice-bridge from New York City to

WASHINGTON'S HEAD-QUARTERS AT MORRISTOWN.

Staten Island, a distance of six miles. Around the camp the snow lay from four to six feet in depth, obstructing travel and preventing the transportation of provisions to the camp.

"We have had the virtue and patience of the army put

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half sleeves of the same, also trimmed with lace, with white satin sash, with slippers; her hair elegantly dressed in curls, without flowers, feathers, or jewellery. Mrs. Moylan told me she was the handsomest person at the drawing-room, and more admired than any other there."

to the severest trial," Washington wrote to a friend—"sometimes it has been five or six days together without bread; at other times as many without meat, and once or twice two or three days at a time without either. . . . At one time the soldiers ate every kind of horse food but hay. Buckwheat, common wheat, rye, and Indian-corn composed the meal which made their bread." These sufferings caused many desertions, but not a mutiny.

The nearest portion of the main body of the army was about two miles distant from head-quarters—near enough to be called into service instantly, if necessary. During the winter many false alarms occurred, which set the whole camp in motion. Sometimes an alarm would begin by the firing of a gun at some remote point. This would be responded to by discharges along the whole line of sentinels to the head-quarters, when the Lifeguard would immediately march to the home of the general, barricade the doors, and throw up the windows. At each window five soldiers, with their muskets cocked, would be placed, where they would remain until troops from the camp reached head-quarters, and the cause of the alarm was ascertained. These occasions were very annoying to the ladies of the household, for both Mrs. Washington and Mrs. Ford were compelled to lie in bed, sometimes for hours, with their room full of soldiers, and the keen winter air from the open windows piercing through their drawn curtains. On these occasions Washington invariably went to Mrs. Ford's room, drew the bed-curtains, and assured her of safety.

Immediately after the arrival of Mrs. Washington at head-quarters, some of the principal ladies of Morristown made her a formal visit together, to welcome her to their society.

Dressed in their most elegant attire, and wearing their jewels and other ornaments, they were ushered into the presence of the distinguished lady, by whom they were cordially received. They were surprised to find her habited in a very plain gown made of home-made stuff, a white kerchief covering her neck and bosom, a neat cap, and no ornament but a plain gold wedding-ring. While with her right hand she gave each a kindly greeting, in her left hand she held a half-knit stocking, the ball of yarn lying in an outside pocket hanging at her side. They were still more surprised, when seated, to observe the dignified little woman, while engaged in animated conversation with them, making them feel at ease, plying her knitting-needles incessantly, while they spent the hour in her presence with idle fingers. One of the ladies wrote to a friend:

"Yesterday, with several others, I visited Lady Washington at head-quarters. We expected to find the wealthy wife of the great general elegantly dressed, for the time of our visit had been fixed; but, instead, she was neatly attired in a plain brown habit. Her gracious and cheerful manners delighted us all, but we felt rebuked by the plainness of her apparel and her example of persistent industry, while we were extravagantly dressed idlers, a name not very creditable in these perilous times. She seems very wise in experience, kind-hearted and winning in all her ways. She talked much of the sufferings of the poor soldiers, especially of the sick ones. Her heart seemed to be full of compassion for them."

These ladies and others of the village joined Mrs. Washington most heartily in schemes and labors for the alleviation of the sick in camp, and with the wives of other officers

made an agreeable social circle during that dreadful winter.

To this social circle a notable addition was made when, at the close of February, Gen. Philip Schuyler arrived at camp with his wife and charming daughter, Elizabeth, then about twenty-two years of age. They occupied a house not far from the present railway-station. It was during their sojourn there in the spring of 1780 that the graces of Miss Schuyler won the admiration of Colonel Hamilton, and she afterwards became his wife. General Schuyler had been sent to the camp by Congress, to confer with Washington concerning a plan of operations in the ensuing campaign. He was regarded by that body and by the commander-in-chief as one of the wisest of counsellors.

In the year 1848 I passed a night, by invitation, at the head-quarters of Washington at Morristown. It then belonged to Judge Gabriel Ford, a son of the widow Ford before mentioned. He was a lad about fourteen years of age at the time of the encampment there, and had vivid recollections of occurrences at that period. Much of what I have here recorded about the head-quarters, I learned from the lips of this venerable man during a long evening's conversation with him. As a special courtesy I was permitted to sleep in the room which had been used as a bedchamber by Washington and his wife. The carpet upon the floor, dark and of a rich pattern, was the same that had been pressed by the feet of the illustrious occupants nearly seventy years before. And in the apartment below, which Washington used as a dining-room, I saw a "secretary" and bookcase which formed a portion of the furniture of the house at the time. Among other incidents, Judge Ford related

an interesting one connected with Colonel Hamilton's courtship of Miss Schuyler.

Young Ford was a favorite with Hamilton, who would give him the countersign, so as to allow him to play at the village after the sentinels were posted for the night. On one occasion he was returning home about nine o'clock in the evening, and had passed the sentinel, when he recognized the voice of Hamilton in reply to the soldier's demand "Who comes there?" The lad stepped aside and waited for the colonel to accompany him to the house. The latter came to the point of the presented bayonet of the sentinel to give the countersign, but had quite forgotten it. Just then he recognized young Ford in the gloom. "Aye, master Ford, is that you?" he said, in an undertone, and stepping aside he said to the lad in a whisper, "Give me the countersign." Ford did so, when Hamilton stepped in front of the soldier and delivered it. The sentinel, seeing the movement and suspecting that his superior was testing his fidelity, kept his bayonet unmoved.

"I have given you the countersign; why do you not shoulder your musket?" asked Hamilton.

"Will that do, colonel?" said the soldier.

"It will for this time," said Hamilton; "let me pass."

The faithful soldier reluctantly obeyed the illegal order, and Hamilton and his young companion reached headquarters without further difficulty. "He had spent the evening with Miss Schuyler," said Judge Ford, "and thoughts of her undoubtedly expelled the countersign from his head."

This incident became known to Mrs. Washington, who, with infinite good-humor amounting to fun, rallied Hamilton

on his being subdued by the "sly archer," and made to surrender to a *boy* in a double sense.

The monotonous life in camp was varied in April, when the Chevalier de Luzerne, the French minister and his suite, accompanied by De Miralles, the Spanish gentleman already mentioned, arrived at head-quarters. They remained some time. A ball was given at the Morris Hotel in honor of the minister, which was attended by the general and Mrs. Washington, General Schuyler and his wife and daughter, the other officers of the army with their wives, Governor Livingston and his wife and daughter, and many ladies and gentleman of the neighborhood. Immediately after the ball, De Miralles, who was entertained at head-quarters, was attacked with lung fever, and died on the 28th. He was tenderly cared for by Mrs. Washington, who ministered to his wants with her own hands. His remains were interred in the burying-ground of the Presbyterian Church at Morristown. The religious ceremonies of the funeral were performed by a Spanish priest who accompanied Miralles. Washington and other general officers and members of Congress walked in the funeral procession as chief mourners. The coffin was borne on the shoulders of four artillery officers in full uniform. During the procession minute-guns were fired.*

* Miralles, it was said, possessed immense wealth. Previous to the burial, his body, richly dressed, lay in state, exposed to public view, as was customary in Europe. The coffin was lined throughout with fine crape and covered on the outside with rich, fine black velvet, superbly ornamented. The body was in full dress—a suit of scarlet, embroidered with rich gold lace, a three-cornered, gold-laced hat, a queued wig, white silk stockings, large diamond shoe and knee buckles. A profusion of

Preparations for the campaign of 1780 were made quite early. Congress fixed the number of the Continental forces nominally at thirty-five thousand men, but at the beginning of April, when the States were to have completed their quotas, Washington's immediate command did not exceed ten thousand men. Early in May there were signs of movements among the British forces, when Mrs. Washington departed for Mount Vernon, under a proper escort, and did not see her husband again until she rejoined him at headquarters late in the year.

Meanwhile, important events had occurred in various parts of the infant republic. British forces took possession of Charleston, in South Carolina, in May, and under the general command of Lord Cornwallis overran that State. Battles and skirmishes were quite numerous in the South. In truth, nearly all military operations of moment were confined to that region during the remainder of the year. A little invasion of New Jersey from Staten Island by British troops occurred early in June, which caused the breaking up of the camp at Morristown and a military movement towards the Hudson Highlands. A few days afterwards tidings came from the East that a powerful French fleet, bearing six thousand troops, had arrived at Newport, R. I., to assist the Americans in their struggle. Then followed the discovery of Arnold's treason and the arrest and execution of his complotter, Major André, the adjutant-general of the British army.

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diamond rings decorated his fingers, and from an elegant gold watch set with diamonds several rich seals were appended. Miralles left three daughters, who each became heir to half a million dollars.

As the French could not be induced to co-operate with the Americans before the next year, Washington cantoned his army in winter-quarters late in November, at points from Colchester, in Connecticut, on the east, to Lancaster, in Pennsylvania, chiefly for the purpose of confining the British on Manhattan and Staten islands, and to watch their movements there. Many troops were quartered in and near the Hudson Highlands, and the head-quarters of the army was established at New Windsor, on the west side of Newburg Bay, early in December.

CHAPTER IX.

Mrs. Washington arrived at Philadelphia late in November (1780), on her way to join her husband at headquarters. She tarried several days in that city, the guest of President Reed, whose charming wife had died a few weeks before, at the early age of thirty-four years.

Mrs. Washington found the patriotic ladies of Philadelphia earnestly engaged in efforts for the relief of the soldiers, who were in great distress from want of sufficient clothing, the funds of the commissariat being exhausted and the public credit almost ruined. The paper currency, which soon afterwards ceased circulation, was then so depreciated that its purchasing power was in the proportion of forty paper dollars to one of specie. In the patriotic labors of the ladies of Philadelphia Mrs. Washington most diligently participated during her brief sojourn there.

The Philadelphia women had formed an association during the preceding summer, for the purpose of carrying out this patriotic design of relief. Mrs. Reed, though in feeble health and burdened with many cares, entered heartily into the work, and by unanimous consent was chosen president of the association. All ranks of society joined in the effort, and so liberal were the contributions in money that the aggregate sum collected was over seven thousand five hundred dollars in specie value. The Marquis de Lafayette contributed, in the name of his wife, $500 in specie. The Countess

de Luzerne, wife of the French minister, gave $6,000 in Continental money (equal to $100 in specie). Mrs. Washington gave $20,000, or $340 in specie.* The ladies all toiled incessantly with their needles in fashioning the garments, and many of them gave their trinkets to raise money for the cause. The Marquis de Chastellux, an accomplished French officer, who was in Philadelphia at the close of November, wrote as follows concerning his visit to Mrs. Bache, daughter of Dr. Franklin, upon whose shoulders the official mantle of Mrs. Reed had fallen:

"She conducted me into a room filled with work lately finished by the ladies of Philadelphia. The work consisted neither of embroidered tambour waistcoats nor network edging, nor of gold and silver brocade; it was a quantity of shirts for the soldiers of Pennsylvania. The ladies bought the linen from their own private purses, and took a pleasure in cutting them out and sewing them themselves. On each shirt was the name of the married, or unmarried, lady who made it, and they amounted to twenty-two hundred."

These shirts were forwarded to camp at near the close of the year. Mrs. Bache wrote to Washington (December 26th) that they were twenty-five hundred in number, and would have been at camp much sooner, "had not the general sickness prevailed. We wish them to be worn," she wrote, "with as much pleasure as they were made."

De Chastellux also wrote: "I found there [at Mr. Reed's] Mrs. Washington, who had just arrived from Virginia and

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* I quote the following entry from Washington's day-book: "Oct. 10, 1780. By Mrs. Ramsay, Mrs. Washington's bounty to the soldiers, 20,000 dollars, £6,000."

was going to stay with her husband, as she does at the end of every campaign. She is about forty, or five-and-forty, rather plump, but fresh, and with an agreeable face."*

Washington established his head-quarters at New Windsor, a little village on the Hudson two miles below Newburgh, on the 9th of December, where he remained until the summer of 1781. He occupied a plain, old-fashioned Dutch farm-house, built by one of the De Witt family. It was not large, but very comfortable in cold weather. Mrs. Washington arrived there at the middle of December, and was received, as usual, with the warmest tokens of welcome by the officers and their wives who were in camp, and by the soldiers—particularly by the Lifeguard, to whom she was endeared by her gracious bearing and many acts of kindness. At head-quarters she gave frequent entertainments to the choice social circle of the camp, and held the most friendly relations to the society of the neighborhood. Her first entertainment after her arrival was on Christmas (1780), the chief features of which were described to me by Uzal Knapp, the last survivor of Washington's Lifeguard.

It was on a pleasant afternoon in 1848 that I visited Mr.

* The translator (George Grieve) of De Chastellux's "Travels in North America" into English, in 1783, says in a note: "I had the pleasure of passing a day or two with Mrs. Washington, at the General's home in Virginia, where she appeared to me to be one of the best of women in the world, and beloved by all about her. She has no family by the General, but was surrounded by her grandchildren and Mrs. Custis, her son's widow. The family were then in mourning for Mr. Custis, her son by a former marriage, whose premature death was a subject of public and private regret. He was brought up by the General as his own son, and formed himself successfully on his model. He succeeded the General as representative of Fairfax County."

Knapp, who resided a few miles from Newburgh. He was then ninety-one years of age. In answer to inquiries about his special duty as a Lifeguardsman when the army was encamped in the neighborhood of Newburgh, he said he was usually a special guard at the door of head-quarters, at the time of entertainments, and then he spoke of the first entertainment by the general and his wife at New Windsor, on Christmas-day.

"I shall never forget it," he said. "There was trouble at the time in procuring poultry for head-quarters, particularly turkeys, for the camp had but lately been established, and the farmers in all directions had been robbed of their fowls by the soldiers. As I knew all the farmers in the neighborhood, I was sent to procure poultry for this occasion. I travelled far without success, when I came to the home of Gen. James Clinton, who was then in the Northern Department. His wife, Molly, one of the best of women, had locked up several turkeys for her family's use, but gladly let me have three of them for the general, with which I returned to head-quarters."

"Who were at that Christmas dinner?" I inquired.

"I cannot remember all," he answered. "There were two young French officers from Rochambeau's army at Newport, Governor George Clinton and his wife or daughter, some gentlemen and their wives from the neighborhood, Molly Clinton, who, you know, was the mother of De Witt Clinton, and the staff-officers and the wives of two of them. Colonel Hamilton was then in Albany, where he had married General Schuyler's daughter only ten days before, and did not return until after the holidays. There were about twenty at the table, which was set in the biggest room in

the house. Besides poultry there were beef and mutton. After dinner spiced wine was passed round, followed by pies, puddings, apples, nuts,* and cider. I was detailed as a sergeant to take charge of the Lifeguard band, which played lively tunes during the feast, and so I saw all that was going on in the room, for we were stationed in the passage through which each guest went to the dining-room.

"On such occasions Colonel Hamilton generally sat at the head of the table, but now being absent, the general presided at one end of the table himself, and Mrs. Washington at the other end. She was a short, stout built, and good little woman. We all loved her. Before the guests sat down, the general, standing, asked a blessing with solemn tones and closed eyes. Old Billy, Washington's body-servant, whose head appeared like a bunch of white sheep's-

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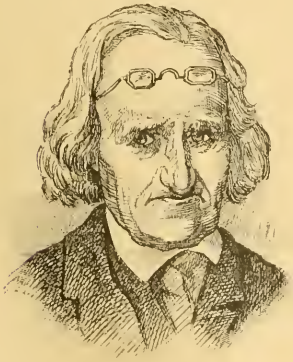
* According to De Chastellux, Washington was extremely fond of hickory nuts. Describing a dinner at head-quarters at which the marquis "assisted," he wrote, "After this the cloth was taken off, and apples and a great quantity of nuts were served, which General Washington usually continued eating for two hours, toasting and conversing all the time. These nuts are small and dry, and have so hard a shell that they can only be broken by the hammer. They are served half open, and the company are never done picking and eating them."

It is also related by another writer that both Mrs. Washington and her husband were excessively fond of eggs as food. While she was at New Windsor eggs became so scarce that few could be procured for the general's table. So reported his purveyor, one of the Lifeguard. Washington immediately made a requisition on the quartermaster for a large quantity of salt. Salt was such a luxury among the people that it became a sort of currency. The country people were informed that salt would be given for eggs, and very soon the table at head-quarters was bountifully supplied with them.

wool, was the chief waiter on that occasion, and moved with great dignity. In the evening some of the young people of the village were invited in, together with the non-commissioned officers of the Guard, and all indulged in innocent amusement, particularly dancing, until nine o'clock, when the company broke up. Captain Colfax, who commanded the Guard, was a guest at the dinner. We all had a good time.

"Oh! I forgot to tell you the best part of my story of this Christmas dinner," said the veteran. "It was the refusal of a proud little girl to accept Mrs. Washington's invitation to dine with her and her friends on that day. The little maid was then in her teens, and was less than three feet high. When she became a woman she was never a yard in height. She thought Mrs. Washington's invitation was given only for the purpose of gratifying the curiosity of her guests. The maiden's name was Anna Brewster, and she was descended from the famous Elder Brewster of the *Mayflower*. She was handsome, and perfect in form, the smallest woman ever seen in America. She lived a maiden until she was seventy-five years old, always dignified in manners and loved by everybody. More than fifty years ago a farmer's son living in the neighborhood, after spending an



UZAL KNAPP.

evening with her when she was about thirty years old, wrote an acrostic on her name. He gave it to a friend living in New York, who had it printed in a newspaper, which I have kept until now. I'll show it to you."

The old Guardsman stepped into another room and brought out a faded and worn newspaper, from which I copied the effusion.* Sergeant Knapp lived until January,

* The old Guardsman's memory was a little at fault concerning the acrostic. It was written by Moses Guest, a native of New Brunswick, who had been an officer in the New Jersey line and had assisted in the capture of the famous British partisan leader, Lieut.-col. J. G. Simcoe, in October, 1779. When he wrote the poem in 1794, he was thirty-eight years of age. In a collection of his poems, published in 1823, the acrostic appears, and in a note appended to it the author says it was written after spending an evening with the little young woman, who was then twenty-four years of age, and "only two feet eight inches in height." Mr. Guest, alluding to her refusal to accept the invitation to participate in the Christmas dinner, says she was afterwards prevailed upon to become one of Mrs. Washington's family. The rare volume of poems by Mr. Guest is in the possession of a friend. The following is a copy of the acrostic:

"A pretty, charming little creature,
N eat and complete in every feature,
N ow at New Windsor may be seen,
A ll beauteous in her air and mien.

B irth and power, wealth and fame,
R ise not to view when her we name;
E very virtue in her shine,
W isely nice but not o'er fine.

S he has a soul that's great, 'tis said,
T hough small's the body of this maid;
E 'en though the casket is but small,
R eason proclaims the jewel all."

1856, when he died at the age of ninety-six years. His remains repose at the foot of a flag-staff a few yards from Washington's head-quarters at Newburgh, in a beautiful sarcophagus made of brown freestone, designed by H. K. Brown, the sculptor.

The life of Mrs. Washington at New Windsor was not, in its general aspects, unlike that at other places while in camp. There were more excitements and anxiety for herself and husband than at any other time while she was in camp, excepting at Cambridge, for there were important military operations in various places during the whole time of her sojourn at New Windsor. At the beginning of January (1781) there was a serious mutiny among the Pennsylvania troops near Morristown. Arnold the traitor, at the head of British and Tory marauders, desolated plantations on the borders of the James River, in Virginia, and carried away a vast amount of plunder. The French army and navy at Newport demanded Washington's personal attention, and caused his absence from head-quarters nineteen days in March, on a visit to Rochambeau, to confer with him concerning the ensuing campaign. In the Carolinas battles and skirmishes, and other active military operations, were in progress all the winter and spring.

Mrs. Washington was made specially anxious because of another invasion of the Potomac region by British armed vessels in April, which threatened the desolation of her home. One of these vessels anchored off Mount Vernon. The commander sent a flag on shore, demanding an interview on his vessel with Lund Washington, the trusted manager of the estate. Mr. Washington complied, when a demand was made for supplies as a ransom. The commander

agreed that if these should be furnished he would spare the estate. Already some of the slaves had deserted and were on the vessel. Mr. Washington, anxious to save the property, yielded. After receiving the quantity of supplies demanded, the vessel sailed down the river. This compliance on the part of his agent drew from Washington a most pointed rebuke, in a letter dated April 30th, in which he said:

"I am thoroughly persuaded that you acted from your best judgment, and I believe that your desire to preserve my property and rescue the buildings from impending danger was your governing motive; but to go on board their vessels, carry them refreshments, commune with a parcel of plundering scoundrels, and request a favor by asking a surrender of my negroes, was exceedingly ill-judged, and, it is to be feared, will be unhappy in its consequences, as it will be a precedent for others and may become a subject for animadversion."

The monotony of Mrs. Washington's life at head-quarters was broken occasionally by the arrival of strangers—military officers from the French camp in the East, civil officers from the French diplomatic bureau at Philadelphia, and a member, or members, of Congress. In February the general lost one of the most valued (socially and officially) of his military family, by the withdrawal of Colonel Hamilton from his staff. The departure of that officer and his charming wife from head-quarters was deeply regretted by Mrs. Washington; but she always yielded with cheerfulness to the inevitable, and was a continual ray of sunshine beaming with hope for the often perplexed mind of the commander-in-chief. She remained with him until preparations

were made for a junction of the allied American and French armies on the eastern bank of the lower Hudson, late in June, when she returned to Mount Vernon. There she dwelt in the loving society of her children and grandchildren until near the close of November, when, saddened by a great bereavement, she accompanied her husband, a victor in the field, to Philadelphia.

An event occurred at Mount Vernon in the second week in September (1781) which startled the dwellers there as much as if a hostile flotilla had anchored in the river before the mansion. It was the sudden and unheralded arrival, late at night, of the master, who had not crossed its threshold since May, 1775. He was accompanied only by Colonel Humphreys and the faithful Billy. They had left the Count de Rochambeau and the Marquis de Chastellux—one at Alexandria and the other at Georgetown—to follow them in the morning. Very soon the whole household was astir, and the news flew quickly over the whole estate that the master had arrived. At early dawn the servants came from every cabin to greet him, and many of the older ones looked sorrowfully upon a face so changed by the storms of campaigns and the mighty cares which had burdened his mind during more than six years of absence.

This hallowed home—hallowed by joys and sorrows—was a place of rest for the officers who accompanied Washington. Not so for *him*. He was not permitted to pass even an hour alone with his wife. Public and private cares were pressing heavily upon him. He was on his way to measure strength with a powerful enemy, and his words of affection were few and hurried. All the morning after his arrival he was closeted with his manager, and before dinner he wrote

to Lafayette, who was contending with Cornwallis in Virginia, that they were thus far on their way to him, and would be at his encampment at Williamsburg on the 14th of September. Cornwallis had been driven out of the Carolinas, and was now at Yorktown, on the Virginia peninsula, in a camp which he was strongly fortifying.

On the second day after Washington's arrival at Mount Vernon—the 11th of September—the mansion, not nearly so large as now, was crowded with guests, and ladies and gentlemen from the country for miles around sat at table with the master and mistress. There, too, were four little children whom the master and mistress loved as their own, for they were Mrs. Washington's grandchildren. The eldest was a beautiful girl five years old; the youngest a boy only six months old. They were the children of John Parke Custis and his fair young wife, and all had been born during the absence of Washington from his home.

On his departure from Mount Vernon, Washington was accompanied by young Custis, then twenty-eight years of age, who took the position of aide-de-camp on the general's staff. It was a severe trial of the fortitude of Mrs. Washington to bid adieu to her husband going to a death-struggle with a British army. It was a poignant grief for her, as a mother, to part with her only child, on whom her fondest earthly affections were centred, going on such a perilous errand. Equally keen was the grief of the young wife whose husband now went out to battle for the first time. How eagerly did those wives and mothers watch for the courier who almost daily brought intelligence from the camp.

The allied American and French armies, twelve thousand strong, had joined on the Hudson early in July, made their

way to the Virginia peninsula, and invested Cornwallis in his fortified camp at Yorktown. They formed a semicircular line, each end resting on the York River, on September 28th. After compelling Cornwallis to abandon his outworks, they began a regular siege, and with the assistance of a French fleet under the Count de Grasse, the allies compelled the British to surrender, on October 19, 1781.

There was peculiar joy in the family at Mount Vernon when, at early dawn on a bright, cool morning, a messenger arrived with the glad intelligence of the great victory—a prophecy of peace and a speedy return of loved ones to their home. The same messenger also conveyed from Washington the sad tidings that Mr. Custis was lying very ill with camp-fever at the house of Colonel Bassett, the husband of Mrs. Washington's sister, at Eltham, in Kent. His mother and wife, with his two younger children and their nurse,* were soon upon the road, hastening to the bedside

* During my first visit at Arlington House, in 1848, the seat of George Washington Parke Custis, on the right bank of the Potomac, opposite Georgetown, I saw and conversed with this nurse. She was the last survivor of the slaves of Washington. She was a young girl at the time of the occurrence at Eltham. Every morning she was present at the family prayers at Arlington, which were read by the pious Mrs. Custis. The nurse was very old, and so afflicted with rheumatism that when she came out from a small side room Mrs. Custis had to assist her in kneeling and rising. After she returned to her room I asked Mrs. Custis if her mind was clear and memory trustworthy. She answered in the affirmative, and gave me permission to go in and talk with her. I spent an hour with her most profitably, during which time she gave me quite a minute account of the sad journey of her mistress to Eltham and back, and of the occurrences there.

The two children then adopted by Washington as his own were El-

of the sufferer. They tarried not a moment on the way, except to feed the horses. Washington had sent his trusted friend, Dr. Craik, to Mr. Custis, and followed himself as soon as important business at Yorktown would allow. He rode all night, arriving at Colonel Bassett's at dawn, a few hours after the anxious women from Mount Vernon had reached the bedside. They were all there just in time to see the beloved son and husband expire. The young wife was made a widow, and the loving mistress of Mount Vernon a childless woman. Writing to Lafayette from Mount Vernon, Washington said:

"I arrived at Eltham, the seat of Colonel Bassett, in time to see poor Custis breathe his last. This unexpected and affecting event threw Mrs. Washington and Mrs. Custis, who were both present, into such deep distress that the circumstance of it, and a duty I owed to the deceased in assisting at his funeral, prevented my reaching this place till the 13th."

After the first paroxysm of grief had subsided, Mrs. Washington and her husband were closeted together for some time. Then the general approached the stricken widow, and spoke many soothing words to her, and concluded by saying:

"Your two younger children I adopt as my own."

Mr. Custis was buried at Eltham, when the two sorrowing women returned to Mount Vernon.

Washington left Yorktown on the 5th of November, with a large retinue of American and French officers, and proceeded first to Mount Vernon and thence to Philadelphia.

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eanor Parke Custis, who was between two and three years of age, and George Washington Parke Custis, then six months old, who became one of the executors of Washington's will, and lived until 1857.

At Fredericksburg he visited his mother and received the honors mentioned on page 62 of this work. The next day (November 13th), with a single aide and his servant Billy, he rode to his home, where he remained about a week, when, with Mrs. Washington, he journeyed to Philadelphia, receiving congratulatory addresses at Alexandria, Annapolis, and Baltimore. Arriving at the seat of government, Mrs. Washington took up her abode with a friend. The general was received with great enthusiasm by the people. The Congress had voted to present to him two tattered flags taken from the British at Yorktown, and these were given him at the close of the year by General Lincoln, the Secretary of War.*

At the request of Congress, Washington remained several months in Philadelphia, both that he might enjoy a respite from the fatigues of war and that they might avail themselves of his aid in making preparations for securing the advantages of the recent victories and for another campaign, if necessary. He and Mrs. Washington tarried together in Philadelphia until late in April, 1782, when he made his head-quarters at Newburgh, on the Hudson. He continued the head-quarters of the army at that village until midsummer of 1783, Mrs. Washington spending most of the time with him.

* One of these colors, considerably tattered, was the flag of the 7th British regiment, made of heavy twilled silk, six feet in length and five feet four inches in width. The ground was blue, the central strips of the cross were red, the marginal ones were white. In the centre was a crown, and beneath it a garter, with the usual inscription in Norman French—*Evil be to him who evil thinketh*—enclosing a full-blown rose, the floral emblem of England. This, with a flag captured from the Hessians at Trenton and presented to him, were destroyed by fire that consumed the museum at Alexandria a few years ago.

CHAPTER X.

The surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown virtually closed the war, but the Continental army was not actually disbanded until late in 1783.

Intelligence of the fate of Cornwallis and his army fell in the midst of the war-party in the British Parliament like an exploding bomb-shell. The wisest statesmen of all parties considered the events at Yorktown as a death-blow to all hope for future conquests in the United States. Lord North, the British premier, saw this clearly, and was greatly distressed by the fearful tidings. He paced his room violently, and throwing his arms wildly about, exclaimed, "Oh, God, it's all over! it's all over!"

A cessation of hostilities was agreed upon by Parliament in March, 1782, and by mutual consent the United States and Great Britain appointed commissioners to treat for peace on the basis of the independence of the former. A preliminary treaty of peace was effected, and a definite treaty was ratified. During the summer of 1782 the British troops evacuated Savannah, others left Charleston in December, but they held the city of New York almost a year longer.

Washington occupied for head-quarters at Newburgh a quaint stone house, built in 1750 by Jonathan Hasbrouck, a descendant of a Huguenot settler in that region. It is perfectly preserved, it having been bought for the purpose

by the State of New York many years ago, and placed under the care of the municipal authorities of Newburgh. The interior structure of the house is quite remarkable. The largest room (which Washington used as a public audience and a dining-room) has seven doors and only one window. The fireplace in that room is really a part of the apartment, it being the space beneath a wide-mouthed chimney, sufficiently large to allow a small bullock to be roasted whole within it.*

The "Hasbrouck House" is the most noted of any of the dwellings used by Washington as head-quarters at various times, for here he and Mrs. Washington dwelt longer together in camp than elsewhere. Connected with its functions there were more important events than at other head-quarters, and there were more distinguished persons entertained there by the commander-in-chief and his wife than

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* Just before Lafayette's death, the American minister in Paris, with several of his countrymen, were invited by the venerable M. Marbois (who was the French Secretary of Legation in the United States under the Chevalier de Luzerne) to dine with him. Lafayette was among the guests. At about the dinner hour, the company were shown into a room which was in strong contrast with the other elegant apartments. It had the appearance of a large room in a Dutch or Belgian farm-house. On a long, rough table was spread a repast in keeping with the room. There was a single dish of meat, uncouth-looking pastry, wine in bottles and decanters, accompanied by glasses and silver goblets. "Do you know where we are?" Marbois asked Lafayette and his companions, among whom was Col. Nicholas Fish. The marquis looked at the low ceiling with heavy bare beams, and the rest of the architecture, and after a brief pause he exclaimed, "Ah! the seven doors and one window, and the silver goblets, such as the marshals of France used in my youth! We are in Washington's head-quarters on the Hudson fifty years ago!"

anywhere else. The head-quarters of Generals Greene and Knox were three or four miles from Newburgh, where the artillery were encamped.

Mrs. Washington did not accompany her husband on his journey from Philadelphia to Newburgh, but followed him soon afterwards, arriving at head-quarters on the 20th of

WASHINGTON'S HEAD-QUARTERS AT NEWBURGH.

April. She was warmly greeted by the officers and their wives, who were in camp, and by the heads of families in the neighborhood, who had known her at New Windsor. Mrs. Knox was the first to fly to the embrace of her good friend and to give her a kiss of welcome.

Soon after Mrs. Washington's arrival she was a delighted participant in a grand *fête* given at West Point in honor of the birth of the dauphin of France, the first son of Louis XVI. and Maria Antoinette. For that occasion a curious edifice—an enormous arbor—was erected under the direction of Major Villefranche, an expert French engineer. It

was about two hundred and twenty feet in length and eighty feet in width, and was composed of the materials afforded by the trees of the region. It was supported by a grand colonnade of one hundred and eighteen pillars, made of the trunks of trees. The covering of the roof consisted of branches of evergreen-trees, curiously interwoven, and the same materials formed the walls, leaving the ends open. On the inside every pillar was encircled by muskets with fixed bayonets, and bound with wreaths of evergreens and flowers in a fanciful manner. The whole interior was beautifully decorated with festoons and garlands of flowers, intermingled with laurel, spruce, and arbor-vitæ boughs. There were also emblematical devices significant of the alliance between the United States and France. Many appropriate mottoes were seen among the decorations.

The whole army was paraded on the occasion on both sides of the river, in full view of West Point. They stacked their arms at a signal given by three discharges of cannon, when their officers repaired to the Point to dine with the general and his other guests in the great arbor just described.*

There was a notable gathering at head-quarters at Newburgh on the morning of May 31, 1782, preparatory to a

* In general orders issued at Newburgh on May 29th, General Washington appended the following memorandum:

"The Commander-in-chief desires his compliments may be presented to the Officers' Ladies, with and in the neighborhood of the army, together with a request that they will favor him with their company at dinner on Thursday next, at West Point. The General will be happy to see any other Ladies of his own or his friends' acquaintance on the occasion, without the formality of a particular invitation."

voyage thence to the scene of the grand *fête*. Among those present were Gov. George Clinton and his wife and suite, Generals Knox and Hand with their wives, Egbert Benson and his wife, and Mrs. Chancellor Livingston and her sister-in-law, Mrs. General Montgomery. These, with General Washington and his wife, went down the river in barges gayly decorated with flowers and laurel, and arrived at West Point between one and two o'clock in the afternoon. A great number of other ladies and gentlemen arrived at about the same time in land vehicles and barges, and the grand arbor and the grounds around presented a gay scene on that beautiful May day.

The dinner was ready at five o'clock. At a signal of three cannon discharges the guests repaired to the arbor, which was protected by the Lifeguard. The general and his wife and suite, with other guests, moved from General MacDougall's quarters through a line of artillery, while martial music enlivened the scene. More than five hundred guests partook of the feast. After the cloth was removed, thirteen appropriate toasts were drunk. Each was announced by thirteen discharges of cannon and bursts of martial music. The guests retired from the table at seven o'clock. In the evening the arbor was brilliantly illuminated by a vast number of candles, tastefully arranged. It was the scene of a gay ball, which was opened by Washington, with Mrs. Knox as his partner. A grand *feu de joie* from musketry and cannon was fired in the darkness throughout the whole line of the army on the neighboring hills. This was followed by shouts of "Long live the Dauphin!" by the whole army, thrice repeated. The celebration was ended by a grand display of fireworks.

Mrs. Washington remained at head-quarters until near the middle of July, when she departed with a proper escort for Mount Vernon. She passed happier weeks at her home than she had at any time during the war, for her spirits were buoyed by sure prospects of peace near at hand. Yet the precious treasure kept receding many months longer. She did not return to head-quarters until late in November.

The French troops remained in Virginia, after the capitulation at Yorktown, until near the close of the summer of 1782, when they marched for the Hudson River, and on September 15th joined the left of the American army near Verplanck's Point, below Peekskill. To that neighborhood Washington had drawn the American troops, about ten thousand in number. There the French army remained about a month, when they marched to Boston and embarked for the West Indies. The American troops went into winter-quarters at New Windsor, and Washington resumed his residence at Newburgh, where he and Mrs. Washington soon afterwards entertained Rochambeau and his suite while on their way from Rhode Island to Baltimore to embark for France. The Marquis de Chastellux reached head-quarters a day before the arrival of Rochambeau.*

* "We passed the North river as night came on," wrote the Marquis, "and arrived at six o'clock [December 5th] at Newburgh, where I found Mr. and Mrs. Washington, Colonel Humphreys, Colonel Tilghman, and Major Walker." After describing the house, he continued: "I found the company assembled in a small room which served by way of parlour. At nine supper was served, and when the hour of bedtime came, I found that the chamber, to which the General conducted me, was the very parlour I speak of, wherein he had made them place a camp bed. We assembled at breakfast the next morning at ten, during which interval my bed was folded up, and my chamber became my sitting-room

The winter after the French troops left was one of comparative repose from military duties; yet it was a trying one in Washington's camp. The soldiers and their families were suffering much from want of the arrears in their pay, and great discontent prevailed. Congress seemed utterly unable to afford relief, and in March a mutinous spirit was manifested, or suggested. This was inflamed by the famous "Newburgh Address;" but the wisdom, prudence, and character of Washington arrested a threatened disaster, and made prominent the undying patriotism of the Continental troops.*

for the whole afternoon; for American manners do not admit of a bed in the room in which company is received, especially when there are women. The smallness of the house, and the difficulty to which I saw that Mr. and Mrs. Washington had put themselves to receive me, made me apprehensive lest Mr. Rochambeau, who was to set out the day after me, by travelling as fast, might arrive on the day that I remained there. I resolved, therefore, to send to Fish-kill to meet him, with a request that he would stay there that night. Nor was my precaution superfluous, for my express found him already at the landing, where he slept, and did not join us till the next morning, as I was setting out. The day I remained at head-quarters was passed either at table or in conversation." —"Travels," vol. ii., p. 301.

* Anonymous notifications were circulated in the army on March 10th, requesting a general meeting of the officers the next day; and at about the same time an anonymous address to the officers, clothed in terms calculated to greatly inflame the prevailing discontent, was also clandestinely circulated. Washington at once summoned a general meeting of the officers himself at the time designated. He made an address to them and then left their presence, that they might deliberate freely. Not only the mischievous effects of the anonymous address were counteracted, but expressions of the most ardent patriotism were embodied in resolutions that were adopted; also the warmest expressions of regard for the commander-in-chief.

The 6th of February, the anniversary of the alliance with France, was celebrated by a *feu de joie* and the pardon and release of all military prisoners. Mrs. Washington wrote to her sister (Mrs. Bassett) on the 7th:

"Yesterday there was an interesting scene at Head-quarters. Over fifty soldiers, thinly clad, and with pale but happy faces, whom the General had pardoned in the morning for various crimes, came to express their gratitude for his mercy and kindness to them. They had come in a body. One of them was spokesman for the rest. My heart was touched and my eyes were filled with tears. I gave the speaker some money to divide among them all, and bade them 'go, and sin no more.' The poor fellow kissed my hand and said, 'God bless Lady Washington!' Poor fellows!"

The negotiation of a preliminary treaty of peace was announced to Washington late in March,* and a few weeks later the virtual disbandment of the army began by granting furloughs for an indefinite time to a large part of the officers and soldiers. On the 18th of October following Congress issued a proclamation discharging these from further service.†

* Washington immediately sent a copy of the despatches from the Secretary of Foreign Affairs, Robert R. Livingston, to Governor Clinton, and on the note conveying them he wrote: "They contain, I presume, all the intelligence respecting Peace, on which great and glorious event permit me to congratulate you with the greatest sincerity." Upon the envelope bearing the superscription Washington wrote, in large letters, with a broad dash under it, the word PEACE, a word that made the whole country vocal with thanksgivings.

† In June the Society of the Cincinnati was formed, composed of the officers of the Continental army. Its chief object was the perpetuation

At the middle of July, the general, in company with George Clinton, went up the Hudson River, and as far north as Crown Point on Lake Champlain. They crossed to the Mohawk valley and extended their journey westward to Fort Schuyler, near Rome, and returned to Newburgh on the evening of August 5th. The general found Mrs. Washington very ill with a fever which had seized her soon after his departure. He also found there a letter from the President of Congress then sitting at Princeton, in New Jersey, asking his attendance upon that body for consultation concerning arrangements for peace and other public matters. Mrs. Washington was too feeble to endure a journey until late in the month, and her husband would not leave her. Congress had provided and suitably furnished a house for them at Rocky Hill, a salubrious position between three and four miles from Princeton, at which they arrived on the 25th of August. Washington had left General Knox in charge of the troops. Before his arrival Congress had voted that an equestrian statue of him, executed in bronze, should be erected at the place where the permanent residence of Congress should be established.*

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and occasional renewal of the long-cherished friendship and social intercourse which had existed between them. The idea originated with General Knox. It was warmly approved by Washington. It consisted first of a General Society, but afterwards State societies were formed, bearing a sort of allegiance to the General Society. Washington was appointed the first president, and Knox the first secretary. The society adopted an *Order*, the devices of which indicate the origin of its name. It shows Cincinnatus receiving the honor of the consulship from the Roman Senate, while engaged in the labors of husbandry.

* It was resolved that the general should be represented in a Roman dress, holding a truncheon in his right hand, and his head encircled with

WASHINGTON'S HEAD-QUARTERS AT ROCKY HILL.

When Mrs. Washington left head-quarters at Newburgh, she bade a final adieu to the turmoils of camp life in which she had participated much of the time for nearly eight years,

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a laurel wreath. Also that on the pedestal of marble should be represented in low-relief sculpture the five great military events of the war in which Washington commanded in person; namely, The Evacuation of Boston, the Capture of the Hessians at Trenton, the Battle at Princeton, the Action at Monmouth, and the Surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. It was decreed that on the upper part of the pedestal the following words should be engraved: THE UNITED STATES IN CONGRESS ASSEMBLED ORDERED THIS STATUE TO BE ERECTED IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1783 IN HONOR OF GEORGE WASHINGTON, THE ILLUSTRIOUS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA DURING THE WAR WHICH VINDICATED AND SECURED THEIR LIBERTY, SOVEREIGNTY, AND INDEPENDENCE.

This statue was never erected.

and she looked forward with the most intense satisfaction to the time in the near future when with her husband and her grand-children she would enjoy the long-coveted felicity of quiet domestic life in retirement on the banks of the Potomac. Her sojourn at head-quarters from time to time had never been periods of idleness and unfruitfulness of good; on the contrary she was ever one of the busiest of women, applying incessant industry for the benefit of her household or for others. Her abiding sympathy for, and generous deeds in behalf of, the suffering soldiers so endeared her to the army that the veterans in their old age could never speak of her without emotions that brought forth the tear of gratitude. Her generosity and sympathy always stimulated their loyalty.

Mrs. Washington had a passion for gardening, and her summer residence at Newburgh allowed her to indulge it. On the slope in front of head-quarters she had a rich garden of vegetables and flowers in which her own hands were often employed. Mr. Eager, the historian of Orange County, told me more than thirty years ago that he remembered seeing rows of bricks there which had formed the borders of her flower-beds.

Washington and his wife remained at Rocky Mount until the beginning of November, 1783, when the latter returned to Mount Vernon, after an absence of nearly two years. They had experienced much social enjoyment with the refined inhabitants of Princeton, a college town, and the families of members of Congress, many of whom were there. Mrs. Washington there formed ties of friendship which were never broken while life endured. Meanwhile she was in constant correspondence with her daughter-in-law, who with

her children were residing at Mount Vernon. The letters of the latter, always dutiful and affectionate, had recently expressed strong desires for Mrs. Washington's return. There was a deeper meaning in these expressions than their words implied, which Lund Washington revealed in a letter, by saying that Dr. David Stuart, of Maryland, was a frequent visitor at Mount Vernon, and that Mrs. Custis seemed to be much attached to him. The general and his wife were somewhat surprised, as the widow had never suggested such feelings, unless her earnestly expressed desire for Mrs. Washington's return might be construed into a wish that she might disclose the secret to her. Washington wrote to his kinsman, on behalf of Mrs. Washington and himself, saying,

"If this should be the case, and she wants advice upon it, a father and mother [Mr. and Mrs. Calvert], who are at hand and competent to give it, are at the same time the most proper to be consulted in so interesting an event. For my own part, I never did, nor do I believe I ever shall, give advice to a woman who is setting out on a matrimonial voyage; first, because I never could advise one to marry without her own consent; and, secondly, because I know it is to no purpose to advise her to refrain, when she has obtained it. A woman very rarely asks an opinion or requires advice on such an occasion till her resolution is formed; and then it is with the hope and expectation of obtaining a sanction—not that she means to be governed by your disapprobation, that she applies. In a word, the plain English of the application may be summed up in these words: 'I wish you to think as I do; but, unhappily you differ from me in opinion, my heart, I must confess, is fixed, and I have gone too far *now* to retract.'

"If Mrs. Custis should ever suggest anything of this kind to me, I will give her my opinion of the *measure*, not of the *man*, with candor, and to the following effect: 'I never expected you would spend the rest of your days in widowhood; but in a matter so important, and so interesting to yourself, children, and connexions, I wish you would make a prudent choice. To do which, many considerations are necessary: such as the family connexions of the man, his fortune (which is not the *most* essential in my eye), the line of conduct he has observed, and the disposition and frame of his mind. You should consider what prospect there is of his proving kind and affectionate to you; just, generous, and attentive to your children; and how far his connexions will be agreeable to you; for when they are once formed, agreeable or not, the die being cast, your fate is fixed.'"

Not long after this letter was written, Mrs. Custis and Dr. Stuart were married. The doctor proved to be an excellent husband, and was a friend and trusted counsellor of Washington, who appointed him one of the commissioners of the District of Columbia when he was President of the United States.

After the departure of Mrs. Washington for home, the general went to West Point. Having arranged with Sir Guy Carleton, the British commander-in-chief, for the evacuation of the city of New York by his forces on the 25th of November, he accompanied a detachment of troops from West Point, and with Governor Clinton entered that city and took possession of it on the day appointed, when the Britons had departed to their ships.

On the 4th of December Washington took a final, affectionate, and affecting leave of his officers, who were with

him at Fraunce's Tavern (yet standing), on the corner of Broad and Pearl streets, in New York. Leaving the room, he walked through lines of light infantry a short distance to the landing at Whitehall, where a barge was in waiting to convey him across the river to Paulus Hook, now Jersey City. The company of friends followed him to the place of embarkation. Having entered the barge, he turned to his sorrowing companions and, waving his hat, bade them a silent adieu.

Congress had adjourned from Princeton to Annapolis, in Maryland. Thither Washington went from New York, making slow journeys, and receiving on the road everywhere the most cordial greetings, in testimony of the reverence and love of the people. Public addresses were presented to him by the Legislatures of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Maryland; also by societies of various kinds. Arriving at Annapolis, he made an appointment to meet the Congress, and resign into their hands the commission of commander-in-chief of the Continental armies, which he had received from them in June, 1775. Mrs. Washington had ridden from Mount Vernon to Annapolis in the family chaise, to join her husband and to convey him home.

It was at noon on December 23, 1783, that Washington met Congress in the Senate Chamber of the old Maryland State House (yet standing), and after delivering a short speech with much dignity and feeling, handed his commission to General Mifflin, the president of that body, who made an eloquent response. This interesting scene was witnessed by Mrs. Washington and other ladies, seated in the little gallery at the end of the chamber. The general immediately retired, and, after dining with a few friends, he

and Mrs. Washington departed in their chaise drawn by spirited horses, on their joyous journey homeward. They were accompanied some distance on the way by Governor Paca and his suite, and on the whole journey by Colonels Walker, Humphreys, and Smith, and the ever-present and ever-faithful Billy. This escort travelled on horseback.

The party passed the night at an inn at Queen Anne, then at the head of the navigable waters of the Patuxent River, and at dawn the next morning set out for Georgetown, where they crossed the Potomac, rode on to Alexandria, and then partook of an early dinner. Towards evening they reached the boundaries of the Mount Vernon estate. They soon came to the cottage of Thomas Bishop, an honored pensioner of the master of Mount Vernon, a venerable, white-haired mulatto over fourscore years old, who had been a servant to General Braddock, and entered the service of Colonel Washington on the death of that commander, nearly thirty years before.* Billy had ridden forward to apprise the old man of the approach of the travellers, and as the horses of the chaise were reined up at the door of the cottage, there stood the veteran, erect as a pine, and dressed in his full English regimentals which he wore at the defeat of Braddock! Lifting his cocked hat, he gave the whole party a graceful military salute. Then he grasped the hand of the beloved master, and kissed that of the equally loved mistress, while his really pretty daughter, with eyes filled with tears of gladness, dropped a modest courtesy.

It was Christmas-eve, at sunset, when the travellers alighted at the western door of the mansion. The air was as

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* See page 95.

balmy as in May. From every point came servants, young and old, to gaze upon the joyous scene. The military attendants of the general gave their bridles to willing grooms, and all were received into the mansion by two young ladies and their mother, residents of Fredericksburg, who had been invited to spend Christmas-day there. Most happy and merry was that Christmas-time at Mount Vernon in 1783.

Christmas-eve was spent most joyfully within and without the mansion. Until nine o'clock the men-servants kept up a *feu de joie* with guns and pistols, and made the air musical with fiddle and banjo, and all of them—men, women, and children—were made happy by an abundance of spiced metheglin and cakes.

The young officers who attended the general and his wife as a guard of honor and as guests had all served on the staff of the patriot. None of them was past thirty years of age, and all were accomplished gentlemen. Walker afterwards became the manager of the Earl of Bute's large estates in Central New York; Humphreys became an American diplomatist abroad and an accomplished poet; and Smith was John Adams's secretary of legation in London in 1785, and married his daughter.

All Christmas-day the near neighbors of the family and friends from Alexandria called at Mount Vernon to welcome the master home, and congratulate him on the bright prospects of their common country and the termination of his great and successful labors. The servants of the large estate, dressed in their best attire, were the earliest callers. It was the beginning of their week of merriment and exemption from labor, according to custom. They departed each with a gift from the mistress and a heart full of delight.

The venerable Bishop and his daughter came in a wagon just at sunrise, sure of finding the master and mistress astir. They were the first to give the master a respectful salutation, and to receive from the mistress kind words and the most bountiful dole for their Christmas dinner. From noon until night visitors came and went, some returning home by the light of the young moon, then in its first quarter. One of the young ladies from Fredericksburg (Miss Lewis), writing to a friend a few days afterwards, said,

"I must tell you what a charming day I spent at Mount Vernon with Mama and Sally. The Gen'l and Madame came home on Christmas Eve, and such a racket the Servants made, for they were glad of their coming! Three handsome young Officers came with them. All Christmas afternoon people came to pay their Respects and Duty. Among them were stately Dames and gay young Women. The Gen'l seemed very happy, and Mistress Washington was busy from Daybrake making everything as agreeable as possible for Everybody.

"Among the most notable of the callers was Mr. George Mason, of Gunston Hall, who was on his way home from Alexandria, and who brought a charming granddaughter with him, about fourteen years old. He is said to be one of the greatest Statesmen and wisest Men in Virginia. We had heard much of him, and were delighted to look in his Face, hear him speak, and take his Hand, which he offered in a courtly manner. He is straight in Figure, but not tall, and has a grand Head and clear grey Eyes. He has few white Hairs, though they say he is about sixty years old. I have so much to tell you about this Christmas, I must leave the rest of the Story until I can speak it in your Ears."

On that memorable Christmas-eve, Washington laid aside his military suit and assumed the garb of a private citizen. That suit of clothes he carefully preserved during the remainder of his life of sixteen years. It is still carefully preserved, in almost as perfect a condition as when it was laid away at Mount Vernon, in a glass case in the Smithsonian Institution at the National Capital. The coat is a deep blue in color, with buff facings and large, plain, gilt buttons. The waistcoat and breeches are made of the same cloth. Washington laid aside his war-sword at the same time. It, too, is carefully preserved with the military suit, and with it the "crab-stick" which Franklin bequeathed to Washington, and which is alluded to in the concluding chapter of this volume.

CHAPTER XI.

WASHINGTON wrote his first letter, after his retirement, to his friend Governor Clinton, of New York, in which he said:

"I arrived at my seat the day before Christmas, having previously divested myself of my official character. . . . The scene is at last closed. I feel myself eased of a load of public care. I hope to spend the remainder of my days in cultivating the affections of good men and in the practice of the domestic Virtues. Permit me still to consider you in the number of my friends, and to wish you every felicity. Mrs. Washington joins me in presenting the compliments of the season, with our best respects to Mrs. Clinton and the family."

Nature seemed to sympathize with Washington and his wife in their strong desire for absolute rest and repose after the extraordinary fatigues and excitements of the past ten years. The spring-like weather on their return was at once succeeded by intense cold, and very soon Mount Vernon became completely snow-bound. Washington wrote to Lafayette on the 1st of February (1784), saying:

"On the eve of Christmas I entered these doors an older man by nine years than when I left them. Since that period we have been locked up in frost and snow, and excluded from all kinds of intercourse."

Informed that Lafayette contemplated a visit to the Unit-

ed States the following summer, Mrs. Washington felt a strong desire that he should bring his wife with him, and that she should make Mount Vernon her home while she tarried in America. Washington wrote to the marchioness, thanking her for a letter she had written to Mrs. Washington, conveying her felicitations on their retirement to private life, and inviting her to visit them in Paris.

"I am now enjoying domestic life," Washington wrote, "under my own vine and my own fig-tree; and in a small Villa with the implements of husbandry, and lambkins about me, I expect to glide gently down the stream of life till I am entombed in the mansion of my fathers.

"Mrs. Washington is highly honored by your felicitations, and feels very sensibly the force of your polite invitation to Paris; but she is too far advanced in life, and is too much immersed in the care of her little progeny,* to cross the Atlantic. This, my dear Marchioness (indulge the freedom), is not the case with you. You have youth (and if you should not incline to bring your children,† can leave them with all the advantages of education), and must have the curiosity to see the country, young, rude, and uncultivated as it is, for the liberties of which your husband has fought, bled, and

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* The four young children of her deceased son, John Parke Custis—three daughters and a son. These were Elizabeth Parke, Martha Parke, Eleanor Parke, and George Washington Parke Custis. The two latter children were those whom Washington had adopted as his own. The health of their mother, always delicate, caused the chief care of these children to devolve upon Mrs. Washington, when at home, or upon the wife of Lund Washington in her absence.

† She had two children, a son and daughter. The former was named George Washington, and the latter Virginie.

acquired much glory, where everybody admires, everybody loves him. Come, then, let me entreat you, and call my cottage your home; for your own doors do not open to you with more readiness than mine would. You will see the plain manner in which we live,* and meet with rustic civility; and you shall taste the simplicity of rural life. It will diversify the scene, and give you a higher relish for the gayeties of the court, when you return to Versailles. In these wishes, and in most respectful compliments, Mrs. Washington joins me."

The marchioness did not accompany her husband, who arrived in America in August, reaching Mount Vernon on the 17th and remaining there twelve days.

Late in November Washington again wrote to the marchioness by the hand of her husband: "I have obtained a promise which the Marquis has ratified to Mrs. Washington that he will use his influence to bring you with him to this country whenever he shall visit it again. When the weight of so powerful an advocate is on our side, will you, my dear Marchioness, deny us the pleasure of your accompanying him to the shores of Columbia? In offering our mite, we can only assure you, that endeavor shall not be wanting, on our part, to make this new world as agreeable to you as rural scenes and peaceful retirement are competent to."

Accompanying this letter was a brief note addressed by Washington to Virginie, the daughter of the marchioness, in which he said: "Your Papa will carry a kiss for you from

* Washington wrote to a friend: "My manner of living is plain, and I do not mean to be put out by it. A glass of wine and a bit of mutton are always ready, and such as will be content to partake of them are always welcome. Those who expect more will be disappointed."

me, which might be more acceptable from a pretty boy." Though afterwards urged to come to Mount Vernon, the marchioness never ventured across the Atlantic.

Washington called the house at Mount Vernon a "villa" and a "cottage." It was indeed a "cottage," as described on page 35, and was only about one-third the size of the present mansion.

The master and mistress of Mount Vernon very soon discovered that their roseate dream of quietude and simplicity of life which they coveted was not to be realized. Washington was the central figure of the group of great men who had laid the foundations of the young Republic. The eyes of the nation were speedily turned towards him for counsel and action, for it was soon found that the ship of state was embarked upon a perilous voyage. He was too great a man to remain an isolated citizen, and men of every degree—his own countrymen and strangers, soldiers and civilians—were soon seen upon pilgrimages to Mount Vernon; and the little "villa" was too small to shelter in comfort the many guests that often assembled under its roof.

Yielding to the inevitable, the general and Mrs. Washington, who had entirely underrated the importance of their position, sat down and planned an enlargement of their dwelling to dimensions which would allow them to exercise a generous hospitality so congenial to their feelings. Every arrangement of the new house was planned, primarily, for convenience and durability. Washington was his own architect. He drew every plan and specification for the builders, but invariably submitted his suggestions as to the size and relative position of each room and closet to the judgment of Mrs. Washington. The house was to be her realm,

over which she was to reign as queen. He calculated and indicated every measurement with exactness; ascertained the cost and defined the quality of all materials to be used, before purchasing, and superintended the building in person with the greatest vigilance. The result was the production of the spacious mansion at Mount Vernon as it appears to-day.

The old building was not disturbed until the extensions, which were made at each end of it, were completed, when it

MANSION AT MOUNT VERNON.

was modified. The whole structure is of the most substantial framework. It has now (1886) stood in its present form a century, and exhibits few signs of decay, though long neglected in intermediate years. It is two stories in height, ninety-six feet in length, thirty feet in depth, with a covered piazza or colonnade twelve feet wide extending along the

entire eastern or river front, and supported by eight square columns twenty-five feet in height.

Over this piazza is a balustrade of a light and pleasing design, and in the centre of the roof is an observatory, or cupola, octagonal in form, with a small spire. There are seven dormer-windows in the roof—three on the eastern side, one on each end, and two on the western or lawn side.

There is a spacious passage on the ground-floor extending through the building from east to west, from which a massive staircase leads to the second story. On the lower floor are six rooms. These and the passage are all wainscoted, and have large cornices, giving an appearance of great solidity to the whole. On the south side of the passage are the parlor, breakfast-room, and library, and a narrow staircase leading to a private study on the second floor and to several chambers. On the north side of the passage are a reception-room and parlor and a large drawing-room. When there was much company the latter was sometimes used as a dining-room. The garret was made a large dormitory on special occasions.

On each side of the mansion and about forty feet from it are substantial buildings—one erected for a kitchen, the other for a storehouse and laundry. They are connected with the mansion by gracefully curved colonnades, which are paved and roofed. There were also two other buildings, used for house-servants' quarters. The flag-stones for the large and smaller colonnades were imported from Ostend. A house-joiner and bricklayer were procured in England to do the work, and all the tools used were imported. The buildings, constructed a century ago, are well preserved.

The enlarged mansion at Mount Vernon was completed

at the close of 1785, and it was made the scene of a joyous "house-warming" on Christmas-eve, in which friends and neighbors, old and young, participated. From that time Mount Vernon was seldom without a guest while Washington and his family occupied it. As the master was absent much of the time on public business, the administering of the hospitalities of the house devolved chiefly upon Mrs. Washington. Her cordial greetings, her easy and simple grace of manner, and her unclouded cheerfulness charmed every guest, and the visit ever remained a vivid and sweet picture on the memory.

The grounds around the house were symmetrically laid out, and beautified in accordance with a carefully drawn plan and specifications made by Washington. In the rear of the mansion he fashioned a spacious lawn upon a level surface, comprising about twenty acres. Around the lawn he made a serpentine carriage-way, on each side of which he planted a great variety of shade-trees. On one side of the lawn he made spacious flower-gardens; on the other side of the lawn he planted an equally spacious vegetable-garden. In each of these gardens he built a small house, octagonal in form, for the storage of seeds and implements of horticulture. Massive brick walls were constructed around both gardens. Directly in front of the mansion was a large oval grass-plot, with a dial in its centre. The name and position of every tree along the serpentine carriage-way, and the measurements of distances between various objects, were indicated by Washington in carefully prepared diagrams or in writing. Quite a large number of the trees then planted by Washington are yet growing. The form and general arrangement of the grounds are the same to-day as they were

at the death of Mrs. Washington in 1802. The accompanying diagram, reduced from Washington's original drawing,

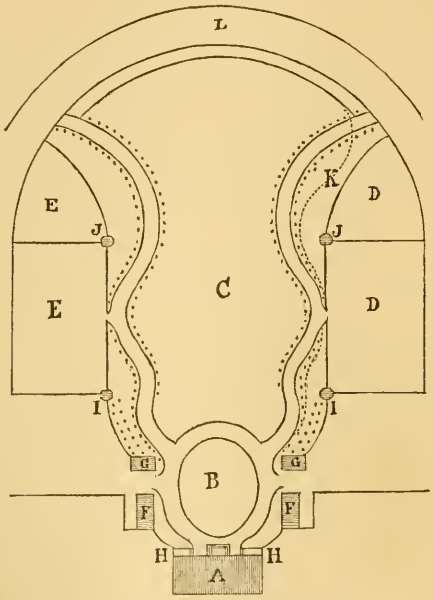

DIAGRAM OF GROUNDS AND BUILDINGS.

A, The mansion; B, Oval grass-plot; C, The lawn; D D, Flower-gardens; E E, Vegetable-gardens; F F, Kitchen and laundry; G G, House-servants' quarters; H H, Curved colonnades; I I, Water-closets; J J, Seed-houses; K, Carriage-way; L, Outside road.

indicates the position of the buildings, the trees, and the form of the lawn.*

* Not long before the breaking out of the late Civil War in the United States, successful efforts were made by the women of our coun-

The visit of Lafayette late in the summer of 1784 was a source of exquisite pleasure to the master and mistress of Mount Vernon, and the friendship then warmly renewed was continued between the two families until death intervened. Mrs. Washington and the marchioness kept up a friendly correspondence, and tokens of kindly esteem passed between the grandchildren of the former and the children of the latter. Finally, when the fierce tempest of revolution in France swept Lafayette into an Austrian prison, his son, George Washington, found an asylum and tender, motherly care at Mount Vernon, while his own mother and his sisters were sharing with his father the gloomy prison at Olmütz.

Soon after Lafayette's return home after his visit in America he sent as a present to Washington a pack of French stag-hounds, not doubting the general would resume his favorite amusement of the chase in his retirement. Though grateful for the kind act of his friend, Washington did not feel specially thankful for the dogs. His hunting establishment had been broken up during the war. His

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try to purchase Mount Vernon, the domain to embrace the mansion and its appurtenances with two hundred acres of land. For this purpose "The Mount Vernon Ladies Association" was incorporated. Miss Ann Pamela Cunningham was constituted "Regent," or president for life, with a vice-regent in every State for the management of the property. The amount of the purchase-money ($200,000) was raised by subscription. The property belongs to the women of the United States. A superintendent is employed to manage the estate. The buildings have been renovated, and are kept in the condition in which the family of Washington left them at the beginning of this century. The mansion and grounds are open to visitors on the payment of a moderate fee. The money so received is devoted to the payment of current expenses and necessary repairs.

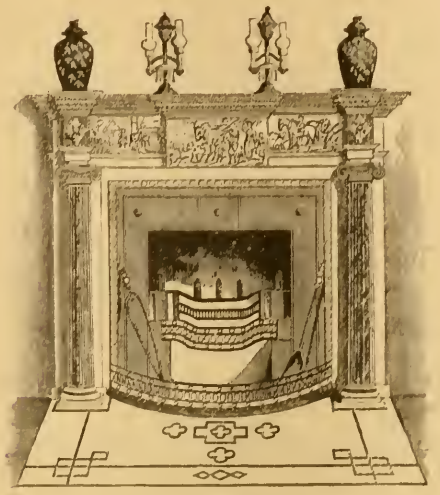
hounds were dead, or had become too old for service on his return. He had some of the survivors for two or three years afterwards. A few months after the arrival of the French hounds he broke up his kennel, sold the dogs, and arranged and stocked a beautiful deer-park on the slopes near where the "new tomb" (so called) of Washington may now be seen.

Mrs. Washington rejoiced at this change, for the French hounds had annoyed her very much. They were very large and very aggressive dogs, especially Vulcan, who sometimes depredated in the kitchen. On one occasion he specially offended the mistress of the mansion. There were several guests at table. She observed that a ham—"the pride of any Virginia housewife's table"—was not in its accustomed place. On inquiring, it was ascertained that Vulcan had entered the kitchen, seized the savory meat with his fangs, and in spite of tongs and pokers wielded by the kitchen defenders, had carried it to his kennel. Washington good-naturedly revealed the situation to the guests, and all laughed heartily at the exploit of the hound, excepting Mrs. Washington. "My grandmother," said Mr. Custis, who related the story, "uttered some remarks by no means favorable to old Vulcan, and indeed to dogs in general. I loved the old hound, for I used to ride upon his back."

At about the time of the arrival of the French hounds at Mount Vernon, a present came from London far more precious in the estimation of Mrs. Washington. It was an elegant chimney-piece, wrought from white and Sienite marble,* and presented by Samuel Vaughan, a wealthy resi-

* This work of art, which still adorns the drawing-room, was exquisitely wrought in every part. Upon three tablets of the prize, under the

dent of the British metropolis, who had conceived a passionate admiration for the character of Washington. At the



ITALIAN CHIMNEY-PIECE.

time of its arrival at London, Mr. Vaughan had heard of the improvements in progress at Mount Vernon, and with-

highly ornamented mantle, are sculptured, in very high-relief, in white marble, pleasant domestic scenes in agricultural life. The centre tablet is the largest, and on it is a representation of a husbandman and his wife and child returning from the field at evening, driving a cow and a flock of sheep. On the left of the central is the representation of a boy having a span of horses to be attached to a plough ; and on the right is a cottage. The wife and mother is drawing water from a well, and pouring it into a tub for the purpose of cleansing vegetables which are lying near. Her little girl has an apronful, and is eating a turnip.

out unpacking it, he sent the chimney-piece to the "cottage" on the Potomac. With it he sent beautiful porcelain vases

TABLET ON THE LEFT.

CENTRE TABLET.

TABLET ON THE RIGHT.

made in India and decorated in London; also two bronze candelabra, the whole to ornament the mantle of the chim-

ney-piece. At the time of their arrival the plasterers were at work decorating the ceiling of the drawing-room. Around the modest fireplace in that room the costly and elegant chimney-piece was placed, and until this day has excited the admiration of the beholder.

Washington found his time so much occupied by his guests, and his correspondence, which he vainly supposed would diminish, so constantly increasing, that he was compelled to employ a secretary. Tobias Lear, a young gentleman of Portsmouth, N. H., and a graduate of Harvard College, was engaged in that capacity. He was also employed as tutor to the Custis children, and was received into the family most kindly. "He will sit at my table," Washington wrote to General Lincoln, who had recommended Mr. Lear, "will live as I live, will mix with company who visit the house, and will be treated in every respect with civility and proper attention." Mr. Lear remained the private secretary of Washington most of the time until the death of the latter. He married, and he lost his wife at Mount Vernon. He was so much beloved by the general and his wife, that the former by his will secured to Mr. Lear the use of a farm, free of rent, so long as he should live. He was a great comfort and assistance to Mrs. Washington in the absence of the general, and he was with her at the moment when the spirit of her husband departed.*

* The entertainment of guests soon became so burdensome to Mrs. Washington, who would leave nothing of importance to the discretion of servants, that her husband wrote to Samuel Fraunce, a former tavern-keeper in New York, to procure for him a trustworthy steward for the household. "I would rather have a man than a woman," he wrote, "but either will do, if they can be recommended for honesty, sobriety,

I will not attempt to delineate in detail the features of life at Mount Vernon from the time when the present mansion was finished until the departure from it of its inmates in the spring of 1789, the master to assume the exalted duties of President of the United States, and the mistress to reign as sovereign of the presidential mansion and to assume the position of "The First Lady in the Republic." That life was the reverse of quiet and repose, yet Mrs. Washington, with a heart overflowing with maternal love, enjoyed an abundance of delight in the society of her bright and blooming grandchildren; for the two elder ones, Elizabeth Parke and Martha Parke Custis, were also at Mount Vernon a large portion of the time until they grew to young womanhood. The training and the love of the four grandchildren gave Mrs. Washington far more exquisite pleasure than she derived from the charming society with which she was brought in contact almost daily in New York and Philadelphia.

The exigencies of public affairs brought to Mount Vernon some of the wisest and best men to confer with Washington, and these persons formed a large portion of the guests for many months. The Articles of Confederation, which were adopted as the constitution of a national government, were found to be as weak, as a bond of union for the States, as

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and knowledge in their profession, which is in one word to relieve Mrs. Washington of the drudgery of ordering and seeing the table properly covered, and things economically used. . . . The wages I now give to a man who is about to leave me to get married (under which circumstances he would not suit me) is about one hundred dollars per annum; but for one who understands the business perfectly, and stands fair in all other respects, I would go as far as one hundred and fifty dollars."

a rope of sand. It was at Mount Vernon that the preliminary measures which led to repudiation of the Articles and the formation of our National Constitution were conceived, fostered, and finally put into active and efficient operation.

From time to time many persons from beyond the sea, distinguished in art, letters, and politics, made pilgrimages to Mount Vernon, and experienced the most generous hospitality there. In May, 1785, Robert Edge Pine, a popular portrait-painter from England and a pupil of Sir Joshua Reynolds, was domiciled at Mount Vernon about three weeks. His visit was a professional one. He had come to America for the purpose of painting the portraits of men distinguished in the war for independence, to be used in the composition of a series of historical pictures which he had projected. Pine was very small in stature. He brought with him his wife and daughters, who were as small as he. They resided in Philadelphia. Pine bore to Washington a letter of introduction from Francis Hopkinson, and was received by the general and Mrs. Washington very cordially.

Besides the portrait of Washington, Pine painted, while at Mount Vernon, the portraits of two of Mrs. Washington's grandchildren. These were Elizabeth Parke (who married Mr. Law) and George Washington Parke Custis. Elizabeth was then about nine years of age, and her brother was between four and five years old. She is represented as a beautiful girl, with a profusion of rich brown curls, her bosom covered with light drapery, and a miniature of her father suspended by a ribbon around her neck, lying upon it. Her brother is represented as a fair-haired child, clad in loose summer raiment, and carrying in his hand a branch with a few leaves upon it. These pictures were exquisitely

painted in colors that retain their original vividness. Pine's scheme was never carried out. He died about four years after his visit at Mount Vernon.

A few months after the departure of Pine, M. Houdon, a distinguished French portrait-sculptor, arrived at Mount Vernon and spent a fortnight there. He had been commissioned by the Commonwealth of Virginia to make a full-length, life-size statue of Washington in proper costume. He made a plaster cast of the face only of the great patriot and hero, into which plastic clay was pressed, and formed a perfect model. To this the artist modelled the rest of the head, the neck, and the breast, creating a perfect copy of a bust. From this model a plaster cast of the bust was made, which Houdon took with him to France. The original clay bust he presented to Mrs. Washington, and it has remained at Mount Vernon until now. Only once before had Washington submitted to the unpleasant operation of having a cast taken from his face.* It was never done afterwards, either during his life or after his death.

ELIZABETH PARKE CUSTIS.

G. W. P. CUSTIS, AGED 17 YEARS.

* We have observed that Congress resolved to erect an equestrian statue of Washington. Joseph Wright, a young artist, who bore a letter of introduction to Washington from Dr. Franklin, arrived at head-quarters at Rocky Hill, and gained permission to paint a portrait of the general. He was also somewhat expert in taking plaster casts from the living face, and some members of Congress being desirous of having a cast of that of Washington for the use of the sculptor in Europe who was to

Houdon took exact measurements of Washington's person, and executed the statue of the finest Italian marble. It stands in the rotunda of the Virginia State-house, at Richmond. It is confessedly the best likeness of the face, person, and costume of Washington ever made. The modern dress instead of the antique was suggested to Houdon by Benjamin West, while the former was in London on his way to America.

A most interesting guest at Mount Vernon in 1786 was Mrs. Catherine Macaulay Graham, who won the esteem and even affection of Mrs. Washington, because of her modest and beautiful character, and her earnest republicanism. She was an English literary lady, then well known in the realm of letters by her "History of England" and several political pamphlets. Her republican proclivities, strongly manifested in her writings, made her unpopular with the Tories and incurred their severe criticisms. Dr. Johnson boasted that he had grossly insulted her while on a visit at her house because she was a Whig! Macaulay of our day wrote disparagingly of her history, while Horace Walpole placed her above Hume. President Washington wrote to her from New York in January, 1790, saying,

"Mrs. Washington is well and desires her compliments

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make the bronze statue, persuaded the general to allow young Wright to make a cast of his face. Inexperienced, the artist made the operation a most disagreeable one, and Wright, anxious to relieve the sufferer, he hastily and in great trepidation removed the plaster as soon as it was sufficiently hardened. In so doing he let it fall upon the floor, when it was dashed in pieces. Washington refused to undergo the operation a second time. It was with reluctance that he consented to allow Houdon to take a cast of his face. But he trusted the experience of Houdon.

may be presented to you. We wish you the happiness of your fireside, as we also long to enjoy that of our own at Mount Vernon. Our wishes, you know, were limited, and I think that our plan of living will now be deemed reasonable, by the considerate part of our species. Her wishes coincide with my own, as to simplicity of dress, and everything which combine to support propriety of character, without partaking of the follies of luxury and ostentation."

Late in the summer of 1787 Mr. Vaughan, the London gentleman who sent the elegant chimney-piece to Mount Vernon, came to America, his chief errand being to visit Washington and his family in their retirement. He was disappointed, in part. He found Washington in Philadelphia, presiding over the convention that formed the National Constitution. After many pleasant interviews, Washington invited Mr. Vaughan to go to Mount Vernon and visit Mrs. Washington. He did so, bearing a letter of introduction from her husband, who could not leave the convention. Mrs. Washington received the guest with great cordiality, and he remained at Mount Vernon several days, delighted with the mistress, the mansion, its situation, and its surroundings. When he left in September he bore away with him a plan of the mansion and its grounds. Returning to Philadelphia, he departed thence for home.

CHAPTER XII.

Lafayette, regarding Washington with profound reverence as a man, a soldier, a statesman, a hero, and a sage, and Mrs. Washington with scarcely less reverence as the ideal of a true woman, a charming matron, and an exemplar in every relation in life, earnestly desired that his friends who visited America should make a pilgrimage to Mount Vernon, and pay homage to the greatness and the virtues enshrined there. He gave to many friends letters of introduction to the Washington family.

Among the distinguished guests at Mount Vernon introduced by the marquis were the Count de Moustier, the French minister (successor of Luzerne), his sister the Marchioness de Brienne, her son, and M. Dupont, who arrived there in the autumn of 1788, just after the accomplished Colonel Humphreys had become a member of the Washington family. These guests had made quite an extensive journey, having travelled from New Hampshire to Fort Schuyler, on the Mohawk River, where they were witnesses to an Indian treaty conference, and thence through wild regions to Virginia. The count was a handsome and polite man. His sister the marchioness was a small woman, and somewhat eccentric in manners, a little past middle age, a writer of much excellence, and a skilful amateur artist. To her the family on the bank of the Potomac was a wonder and delight. She could not at first comprehend the absence of

pomp and ceremony and the absolute simplicity of the mode of their reception. She could not comprehend how so great a man and how so illustrious a wife could be permitted to live in such seclusion, and be happy in purely domestic pursuits. The little negro children afforded her infinite amusement, and the evident affection of the slaves for the master and mistress was an unfathomable enigma to her mind. The sight of this cultivated lady moving among her spinners—tidy, dusky-faced women—directing their labors and assiduous in her attention, at proper times, to household duties, and yet entertaining her guests cheerily, gave to the marchioness dreams of Arcadian simplicity and happiness, and she became enamoured, for the time, of republican institutions.

The happy company remained at Mount Vernon three or four days, and then journeyed to New York. On a warm April evening the next year, at the close of the day when Washington was inaugurated the first President of the United States, the city of New York was illuminated, and the marchioness honored the occasion by decorating with her own hands the front of her brother's house on Broadway, near the Bowling Green, with transparent paintings, suggestive of the past, the present, and the future of the United States. She began there a portrait of Washington from memory, and in the autumn, having persuaded him to give her a sitting, she completed it. In his diary under date of October 3, 1790, he recorded:

"Walked in the afternoon, and sat about two o'clock for Madame de Brehan [Brienne] to complete a miniature profile of me, which she had begun from memory, and which she made exceedingly like the original."

The marchioness also painted in medallion form, on copper, profiles of Washington and Lafayette together, both wearing civic crowns. This picture she presented to Mrs. Washington as a token of her friendship. It was at Arlington House in 1858.

A fortnight after the departure of the French minister and his party, Brissot de Warville and M. St. Frie arrived at Mount Vernon, with letters of introduction from Lafayette. "De Warville," wrote the marquis, "is very clever, and wishes much to be presented to you. He intends to write a history of America, and is, of course, desirous to have a peep into your papers, which appears to me a deserved condescension, as he is fond of America, writes pretty well, and will set matters in a proper light."

De Warville was young, handsome, and full of enthusiasm. He was an ardent republican, as he understood republicanism. He was so intensely democratic that on his return to France he appeared on the streets of Paris in the garb of a Philadelphia Quaker. In the revolution that followed he became a leader of the Girondists in the representative assembly, and who were called "Brissotins" in honor of him after his death. De Warville opposed the murder of the king, and this made him so obnoxious to Robespierre and his party that he was brought to the guillotine at the close of October, 1793.

Of his visit at Mount Vernon De Warville wrote with enthusiasm. He was charmed with everything, particularly with Mrs. Washington. "Everything about the house has an air of simplicity," he wrote. "The table is good, but not ostentatious, and no deviation is seen from regularity and domestic economy. She superintends the whole, and

joins to the qualities of an excellent housewife the simple dignity which ought to characterize a woman whose husband has acted the greatest part in the theatre of human affairs, while possessing that amiability and manifesting that attention to strangers which make hospitality so charming."

The foreign officers who served under Washington, and had been entertained in the camp or at Mount Vernon by Mrs. Washington, frequently manifested their admiration of this illustrious pair by tokens of various kinds. Lafayette and his wife never wearied of correspondence with them.*

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* Both Rochambeau and Chastellux continued to correspond with the family at Mount Vernon for several years. In one of his letters, in the spring of 1788, Chastellux, who had lived a bachelor until he was fifty-four years of age, mentioned his "wife." Washington playfully responded: "In reading your very friendly and acceptable letter which came to hand by the last mail, I was, as you may well suppose, not less delighted than surprised to meet the plain American words, 'my wife.' A wife! Well, my dear Marquis, I can hardly refrain from smiling to find you are caught at last. I saw, by the eulogium you often made on the happiness of domestic life in America, that you had swallowed the bait, and that you would as surely be taken, one day or another, as that you were a philosopher and a soldier. So your day has at length come. I am glad of it, with all my heart and soul. It is quite good enough for you. Now you are well served for coming to fight in favor of the American rebels, all the way across the Atlantic Ocean, by catching that terrible contagion, domestic felicity, which, like the small-pox or the plague, a man can have only once in his life because it commonly lasts (at least with us in America; I know not how you manage these matters in France) for his whole lifetime. And yet, after all, the worst wish which I can find in my heart to make against Madame de Chastellux and yourself, is that you may neither of you ever get the better of this same domestic felicity during the entire course of your mortal existence."

The marchioness had learned to reverence the general with a feeling akin to devotion. He and her husband were brothers of the fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons, and when Lafayette visited Mount Vernon in 1784, he bore to his friend, as a present from the marchioness, a masonic apron of white satin, the devices upon it beautifully wrought by her own hands. The marquis, as we have seen, sent him a pack of hounds on his return. A little later he presented to the general two powerful asses from Malta, a Jack and a Jenny. The former was named Knight of Malta, and became the progenitor of a famous race of mules on the Mount Vernon estate, some of them sixteen hands high.

The French members of the "Society of the Cincinnati" presented to Washington an elegant Order, studded with about two hundred precious stones and costing $3000. The eagle and a group of military trophies above were covered with diamonds. The olive-leaves attached to the eagle were emeralds, the berries were rubies, and the beak of the eagle was an amethyst. Washington presented this order to the General Society. It is worn at the meetings by the President-general. Hon. Hamilton Fish, of New York, is now (1886) the incumbent of that office.

With the costly Order came, as a present for Washington and his wife from the French officers, two elegant dinner-sets of Sevres china, made specially for them. Each piece of the service sent to Washington was decorated with wreaths of leaves, scrolls, and the figure of soaring Fame sounding a trumpet and holding in one hand the Order of the Cincinnati. The service presented to Mrs. Washington was more delicate in colors than that sent to the general. Each piece bore the monogram of Martha Washington—

M. W.—enclosed in a beautiful wreath of green leaves of the olive and the laurel. Beneath this was a floating ribbon bearing the words, in delicately traced letters, *Decus et tutamen abillo.* From the wreath shot out rays of gold, which gave a brilliant appearance to the whole. Around the outside of each cup and covered dish, and the inside of each plate, saucer, and open vessel, painted in delicate colors, was delineated a chain of thirteen large and thirteen small links, elliptical in form. Within each large link was the name of one of the States of the American Republic. Some pieces of this and the "Cincinnati china" were preserved at Arlington House before the late Civil War.

MRS. WASHINGTON'S SEVRES CHINA.

We have observed that the nation turned to Washington for counsel and action when the wisest of his fellow-citizens as well as himself clearly perceived the perils that menaced the inchoate Republic under the operations of the Articles of Confederation. It was finally determined that the framing of a new plan of government was essentially necessary to the salvation of the liberties and independence which the people had won during a dreadful struggle. A convention of delegates from the several States was called to meet in Philadelphia in May, 1787. Washington had solemnly declared, on his retirement from the army, that he would never appear in public life again.* He tendered his coun-

* In the spring of 1788 Washington accepted from the trustees of

sel and his pen freely to the important movement, but for a long time he refused his consent to appear as a delegate in the convention. He was entreated by letters and in personal interviews by leading men everywhere to come to the rescue. The clouds of danger were thickly gathering in the political firmament, and muttering thunder was audible. Mrs. Washington, whose heart was as sensitive as his to the impulses of patriotism, not only consented to his going forth to conflict for his country again, but urged him to do so. His own judgment and conscience bade him gird on his armor, and, as usual, he yielded private considerations to the public good. He was chosen a representative of Virginia in the convention which he had recommended. He departed for Philadelphia in his carriage on the 9th of May, and on the 14th was chosen president of the august body which framed our National Constitution. He served in that capacity with dignity nearly four months.

The result of the labors of this Constitutional Convention was not exactly in accordance with his desires. He had misgivings concerning the new constitution, but yielded a cheerful acquiescence in the will of the majority. To Lafayette he wrote from Philadelphia at the close of the convention concerning the instrument which had been adopted:

"It is the result of four months' deliberation. It is now a child of fortune, to be fostered by some and buffeted by others. What will be the general opinion or the reception

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William and Mary College, Virginia, the chancellorship of the institution. It was little more than an honorary position, as not even his personal attendance at any time was necessary. He was the Mæcenas, or patron of the college.

of it is not for me to decide; nor shall I say anything for or against it. If it be good, I suppose it will work its way; if bad, it will recoil on the framers."

In due time this constitution was ratified by conventions of the people in the requisite number of States. Then followed spontaneous expressions of an universal desire that Washington should be chosen the chief-magistrate of the Republic, which had now for the first time assumed the dignity of a *nation* in fact. In the autumn of 1788 the suffrages of the people were given to him in the choice of electors, and he was chosen President by the unanimous voice of the Electoral College in the spring of 1789. There had been such delay in the assembling of Congress that a quorum was not present at New York, the temporary seat of the National Government, until early in April, to hear the report of the electors. So reluctantly did Washington accept the office that the delay was a source of pleasure to him. To General Knox he wrote:

"For myself, the delay may be compared to a reprieve; for in confidence I tell you (with the world it would obtain little credit) that my movement to the chair of government will be accompanied by feelings not unlike that of a culprit, who is going to the place of execution; so unwilling am I, on the evening of a life nearly consumed in public cares, to quit a peaceful abode for an ocean of difficulties, without that comforting of political skill, abilities, and inclination, which are necessary to manage the helm. I am sensible that I am embarking the voice of the people, and a good name of my own, on this voyage; but what returns will be made for them, Heaven alone can foretell. Integrity and firmness are all I can promise. These, be the voyage long

or short, shall never forsake me, although I may be deserted by all men."

On Tuesday morning, April 14th, between ten and eleven o'clock, a visitor arrived at Mount Vernon charged with an errand more important and momentous than that of any who had passed the threshold of that hospitable mansion. He was received by Mrs. Washington with her usual cheerful and cordial welcome, for she had enjoyed his friendship and hospitality in Philadelphia. He bore tidings which to most people would have been joyful and exhilarating, but to the general and his wife were of the most painful nature. He bore a summons for them to abandon the sweets of private life and felicities of domestic enjoyment in their quiet rural home, which they both so much loved, and to endure for an indefinite time the cares and excitements of public life in the most exalted station in the gift of a free people. This summons was not unexpected, and therefore was not surprising.

The messenger was the venerable Charles Thomson, the secretary of the Continental Congress. He was the bearer of the official certificate of Washington's election to the presidency of the United States, and a letter from the President *pro tempore* of the Senate, John Langdon.

Washington was absent on the usual tour of his farms, and did not return until dinner-time. He warmly greeted his true and constant friend, and the two lingered long at table after Mrs. Washington and the family and one or two guests had retired.

Washington made arrangements immediately for a journey to New York. He rode to Fredericksburg to bid his invalid mother farewell, as we have observed on page 67,

and on the morning of the 16th he left his home, to which he did not return again, excepting at intervals, for the space of eight years, leaving Mrs. Washington to follow him soon. He was accompanied on the journey by Secretary Thomson, Colonel Humphreys, and his faithful body-servant, Billy.

The travellers were met at the lodge at the entrance gate to the Mount Vernon estate, about a mile from the mansion, by a cavalcade of gentlemen from Alexandria, who escorted them to that city, where they partook of a public dinner, the first of a series of ovations that awaited Washington on his journey. That night he wrote in his diary:

"About ten o'clock I bade adieu to Mount Vernon, to private life, and to domestic felicity, and with a mind oppressed with more anxious and painful sensations than I have words to express, set out for New York, in company with Mr. Thomson and Colonel Humphreys, with the best disposition to render service to my country in obedience to its call, but with less hope of answering its expectations."

At Georgetown, where Washington passed the night, he was very warmly greeted. At Baltimore, the next night, he was entertained at a public supper. On his departure in the morning he was saluted by discharges of cannon, and escorted seven miles by a cavalcade of leading citizens. On the frontier of Pennsylvania he was met by a troop of cavalry and many gentlemen on horseback, among them General Mifflin, governor of the State. At the Schuylkill ferry he passed under triumphal arches on each side of the river, where he was met by thousands of the citizens of Philadelphia, who escorted him into the city, where he was entertained by the municipal authorities. He rode on

to Trenton, where, at the little bridge over which he had been driven by Cornwallis about twelve years before, he passed under a beautiful triumphal arch, the work of ladies of New Jersey. His way there was strewn with flowers by thirteen young maidens, who chanted a song of welcome. At Elizabethtown Point he was met by a committee of each House of Congress, and was conveyed to New York in a magnificent barge (which was presented to him), manned by thirteen pilots, where he was received with great joy by the civil authorities and a multitude of citizens, and conducted by a military escort to a mansion prepared for him.*

On Thursday, the 30th of April, Washington was inaugurated the first president of the Republic under the National Constitution. The ceremony took place in the open gallery of "Federal Hall," on Wall Street, in the presence of a great multitude of citizens and strangers. The President was dressed in a suit of dark brown cloth and white silk stockings, all of American manufacture. The oath of office was administered to him by Chancellor Livingston, when the President said, "I swear," and lifting an open Bible† lying on a crimson cushion before him, he said, in a firm voice, "So help me, God!" Then the chancellor, turning to the people, said, "It is done!" and shouted with a loud voice,

* A more particular account of this journey of Washington may be found in "Mount Vernon and its Associations: the Home of Washington," pp. 206–214.

† This Bible belonged to St. John's Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons. Chancellor Livingston was then Grand Master of the order. It is preserved as a most precious treasure by the lodge, and contains a notice of the momentous event above recorded, together with a portrait of Washington engraved by Leney.

which was echoed by the people, "Long live George Washington, President of the United States!"

Arrangements had been made for an inauguration ball, but as Mrs. Washington did not accompany her husband the design was abandoned. A week later, however, a splendid ball was given at the "Assembly Rooms," on Broadway just above Wall Street, which was attended by the President and Vice-president (John Adams), a majority of both Houses of Congress, the ministers of France and Spain, generals and distinguished civilians, with wives, daughters, and sisters. "The collection of ladies," wrote a contemporary, "was numerous and brilliant, and they were dressed in consummate taste and elegance."

"Among the most distinguished women at this ball," says Griswold, in his "Republican Court," "were Lady Stirling and her two daughters, Lady Mary Watts and Lady Kitty Duer; Mrs. P. Vanbrugh Livingston, who was a sister of the late Lord Stirling; Mrs. Montgomery, widow of the hero of Quebec; Lady Christina Griffin, Lady Temple, the Marchioness de Brienne, Madame de la Forest, Mrs. Clinton, Mrs. Jay, Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. Provoost, wife of Bishop Provoost; Mrs. Duane, wife of the mayor; Mrs. Senator Dalton, Mrs. Senator Langdon, Mrs. Dominick Lynch, Mrs. Elbridge Gerry, Mrs. William S. Smith, Mrs. James H. Maxwell, Mrs. Beekman, Mrs. Robinson, the Misses Livingston, the Misses Bayard, and Mrs. Van Zandt. The President danced during the evening in the cotillion with Mrs. P. V. Livingston and Mrs. Maxwell, and with the latter in a minuet. He had repeatedly danced with Mrs. Maxwell (then Miss Van Zandt) while the head-quarters of the army were at Morristown." Every woman who attended the ball was

surprised by the present of a fan, prepared in Paris, with ivory frame, which, when opened, displayed a medallion likeness of Washington in profile.

The late Col. W. L. Stone described some of the costumes at this ball. He said, "Few jewels were then worn in the United States." He described one of the costumes as follows: "A plain, celestial blue satin gown with a white satin petticoat. On the neck was worn a very large Italian gauze handkerchief, with border stripes of satin. The headdress was a *pouf* of gauze in the form of a globe, the *créneaux* or head-piece of which was composed of white satin, having a double wing, in large plaits, and trimmed with a wreath of artificial roses falling from the left at the top to the right at the bottom, in front, and the reverse behind. The hair was dressed all over in detached curls, four of which, in two ranks, fell on each side of the neck, and were relieved behind by a floating *chignon*. Another beautiful dress was a perriot, made of gray India taffeta, with dark stripes of the same color—having two collars, the one yellow, and the other white, both trimmed with a blue silk fringe, and a reverse trimmed in the same manner. Under the perriot they wore a yellow corset or bodice, with large stripes of blue. Some of the ladies wore Spanish hats of white satin, with a plume."

Mr. Jefferson gave in his "Ana," as illustrative of the "frenzy which prevailed in New York on the opening of the new government," an account of this ball, on the authority of "Mr. Brown." He wrote: "At the first public ball which took place after the President's arrival there, Colonel Humphreys, Col. W. S. Smith, and Mrs. Knox were to arrange the ceremonials. These arrangements were as fol-

lows: A sofa at the head of the room, raised on several steps, whereon the President and Mrs. Washington were to be seated; the gentlemen were to dance with swords; each one, when going to dance, was to lead his partner to the foot of the sofa, make a low obeisance to the President and his lady, then go and dance, and when done, bring his partner back to the sofa, for new obeisances, and finally retire to their chairs. . . . Mrs. Knox contrived to come with the President, and to follow him and Mrs. Washington to their destination, and she had the design of forcing from the President an invitation to a seat on the sofa. She mounted up the steps after them, unbidden, but unfortunately the wicked sofa was so short that, when the President and Mrs. Washington were seated, there was no room for a third person, and she was obliged, therefore, to descend, in the face of the company, and to sit where she could."

This whole story was a fiction. Mrs. Washington did not arrive in New York until a fortnight after the ball, and Mrs. Knox was not present, for at that time she was in a situation which prevented her appearance in society. Yet this and other absurd stories concerning the etiquette of the republican court have been incorporated in history.

CHAPTER XIII.

The house provided for the residence of the President at New York was at No. 10 Cherry Street, near Franklin Square. It belonged to Mr. Osgood of the Treasury Board, and had been occupied by presidents of the Continental Congress during its sessions in New York.* The mansion was quite elegant and spacious for the time, and was in a very respectable, though not in the most fashionable, quarter of the city, which was then in Wall and Broad streets. It was regarded as "up-town." The situation was pleasant, for in front of it flowed the broad East River, beyond which were the little village of Brooklyn and the green forests of Long Island.

Mrs. Washington did not join her husband until nearly a month after his inauguration. She lingered at her beloved home on the Potomac as long as possible, reluctant to leave her family, her friends, and the delicious enjoyments of quiet domestic life. She was then fifty-seven years of age, and still retained many traces of the beauty of her early life, with all its cheerfulness and sweetness.

But Mrs. Washington's inclinations yielded to duty, as usual, and very early on the morning of the 19th of May

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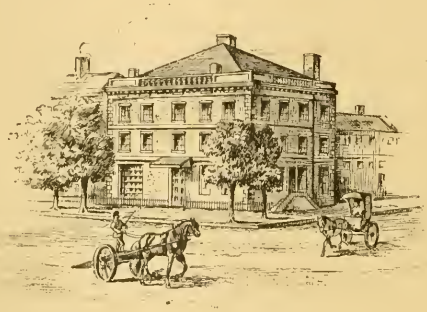
* This house was built by Walter Franklin, one of the wealthiest merchants in New York. Mr. Osgood married his widow.

she departed from Mount Vernon in her chaise, drawn by four horses, and accompanied by a small escort on horseback. In her carriage were her two grandchildren (the foster-children of her husband), Eleanor Parke Custis and George Washington Parke Custis, and a maid. She was clothed, like her husband at his inauguration, in cloth of American manufacture. She was warmly greeted by friends at Alexandria and Georgetown, but she tarried not, except to dine, until she reached Baltimore the same evening.



PRESIDENT'S HOUSE IN CHERRY STREET, NEAR FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

An express had heralded her approach, and a number of gentlemen rode out to Hammond's Ferry on horseback to meet her and escort her into the city, where she was received with many tokens of the most profound respect and affection. During supper at the best inn in the city (at which several ladies and gentlemen sat with her) she was serenaded by a band of amateur musicians composed of respectable young men. Afterwards some brilliant fireworks were displayed in her honor.

An express was sent to Philadelphia to announce the coming of Mrs. Washington. It was ascertained that she would breakfast at Chester on the morning of the 22d. Two troops of dragoons and a numerous cavalcade of gentlemen rode out from the city at an early hour, and at a place ten miles distant they awaited her coming. Among the gentlemen were Governor Mifflin and suite, and the speaker of the General Assembly. On her appearance the military formed in two open columns and received her with the honor due to the commander-in-chief. Many of the troops were veterans of the late war, and as Mrs. Washington in her carriage passed through the flanking columns, they all looked upon her with the most tender emotion, their eyes brimming with tears. Some of them had felt her loving kindness to them when sick in camp, and in most pathetic undertones they said as she passed by, "God bless Lady Washington."

At the pleasant little village of Darby, seven miles from Philadelphia, Mrs. Washington was met by a brilliant company of women in carriages. These in grand procession accompanied her to the famous inn at Gray's Ferry, on the Schuylkill, a pleasant and fashionable resort for the young and gay people of Philadelphia. Thither they went in summer, singly and in parties, to enjoy the cool and shady retreat, and in winter in sleighing parties, to dine and sometimes to pass the night in the pleasure of the dance. There the distinguished travellers partook of a collation with fully one hundred ladies and gentlemen.

At the ferry Mrs. Washington was met and warmly embraced by her friend Mrs. Robert Morris, wife of the great financier of the revolution, who had come out from the city to greet the distinguished lady who was to be her guest while

she remained in Philadelphia. The two friends took seats together in Mrs. Washington's chaise, Mrs. Morris resigning her place in her own carriage to young Custis, a boy about eight years of age.

From the ferry to the city the scene was like that which marks the return of a victorious general. The way was fringed with thousands of men, women, and children, who rent the air with prolonged huzzas. Thirteen discharges from a park of artillery had announced Mrs. Washington's arrival, and set the quiet city astir. At High Street the procession halted, when Mrs. Washington, rising in her carriage, thanked the troops and citizens in a few gracious words, and then took leave of her escort. The joyous multitude were soon dispersed to their homes and occupations. The wearied travellers were vouchsafed a night of uninterrupted repose; but on the following day the spacious drawing-room of Mrs. Morris was crowded for hours with distinguished men and women, who came to tender the homage of their profound respect for her guest. Mrs. Washington's reception at this time was in marked contrast with that which she experienced while tarrying a few days in Philadelphia in 1775, when on her way to Cambridge.*

On the morning after this reception, Mrs. Washington, accompanied by Mrs. Morris, in her own carriage, left Philadelphia for New York. Troops had paraded early, preparing to escort them as far as Trenton. Ominous clouds were gathering when they reached Frankford, five miles from Philadelphia, and rain began to fall, when Mrs. Washington kindly requested the troops to go no farther. They took a

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* See page 138.

respectful leave of her and her company and returned. The travellers lodged at Trenton that night, and the next day rode to Elizabethtown, where the whole party became the guests of the venerable Governor Livingston, at "Liberty Hall," his seat, not far from the village. There they met his daughter, the beautiful Mrs. Jay, a matron of thirty-three, and then the central figure of the best society in New York.

On leaving the hospitable "Hall" on Wednesday morning, the 28th, Mrs. Washington and her company rode to Elizabethtown Point, only a short distance, where they were met by the President, Mr. Morris, and other distinguished gentlemen, who had left the city at five o'clock that morning. They had come in the President's magnificent barge, manned, as when he was conveyed in it to New York a few weeks before, by thirteen pilots in handsome white garments. The travellers took seats in the barge, and they were conveyed swiftly to New York. As the beautiful vessel was seen coming up the bay, a throng of citizens gathered at the landing-place to welcome the wife of the President to the now metropolitan city. As the barge and its precious burden approached the Battery, it was saluted by the discharge of thirteen heavy guns, and as the distinguished passengers landed, the multitude greeted them with prolonged cheering, some shouting "Long live President Washington! God bless Lady Washington!" The President and his wife entered a carriage and were driven to the mansion in Cherry Street.

Mrs. Washington had sent from Mount Vernon, by sea, for the purpose of adorning the presidential mansion, many articles of taste and luxury which European friends had presented to her husband and herself. Among these were pict-

ures, vases, and other ornaments.* Washington had taken with him to New York the family plate, which he caused to be made over into a tea-service more elegant in form and massive in structure. This service Mrs. Washington always used at her private tea-parties while she was in New York and Philadelphia. Each piece bore an engraving of the arms of the Washington family. The massive salver was twenty-two and a half inches long and seventeen and a half inches wide, and was oval in shape. This service composed a portion of the Washington treasures at Arlington House before the late Civil War.

On the day after the arrival of Mrs. Washington she and her husband entertained at dinner without ceremony a few distinguished gentlemen. These were Vice-president Adams, Governor Clinton, the French and Spanish ministers (the Count de Moustier and Don Diego Gardoqui), Mr. Jay, General St. Clair, Senators Langdon, Wingate, Izard, and Few, and the Speaker of the House of Representatives, Mr. Muhlenberg. It was a plain family dinner. Washington, standing at the head of the table, asked a blessing in a few words.† After the dessert a single glass of wine was offered

* The pictures were chiefly engravings. Among them was a large engraved portrait of Louis XVI., full length, standing by his throne in his state robes. It was a present from the king to the patriot. It was inclosed in a superb gilt frame. At the top of the frame, surrounded by appropriate emblems, were the royal arms of France, beautifully carved in high-relief, and at the bottom the arms of the United States. In each corner of the frame were monograms of Louis and Washington.

† This was Washington's habit on all occasions. Several years ago I visited two venerable ladies—twin sisters—over ninety years of age, at the village of Croton-on-the-Hudson. They remembered Washington stopping at their house one day, and asking their mother for some food.

to each of the guests, and when it was drunk the President arose and went to the drawing-room, followed by the guests, when each one departed as he chose, without the least ceremony. This simplicity of private entertainment, though not quite so severe, was continued during Washington's administration of eight years.

On the same day (in the morning) many of the principal women of the city made formal calls upon Mrs. Washington and welcomed her to their society. Among them were Mrs. Governor Clinton, Mrs. General Montgomery, Lady Stirling, Lady Kitty Duer, Lady Mary Watts, Lady Temple (wife of the British Consul), Lady Christina Griffin, the Marchioness de Brienne, Madame de la Forest, Mrs. John Langdon, Mrs. Tristram Dalton, Mrs. General Knox, Mrs. P. V. Livingston, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Elbridge Gerry, Mrs. McComb, Mrs. Edgar, Mrs. Lynch, Mrs. Houston, Mrs. Bishop Provoost, Mrs. Beekman, the Misses Bayard, and many others.*

Two days after her arrival (Friday) Mrs. Washington held her first formal reception. These "drawing-rooms" or *levees* were continued ever afterwards on Friday evenings of each week, from eight to nine o'clock. They were numerously attended by all the most fashionable, elegant, and refined in society. Mrs. Washington, though averse to all ostentatious show and parade, "proud of her husband's exalted fame and jealous of the honors due," wrote Colonel Stone, "not only to his own lofty character, but to the dignified station to which

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She had nothing in the house but some cold ham and bread and butter, with cold water, which she set before him on a little deal table. Before partaking, Washington stood alone, and closing his eyes offered a few words of thanksgiving for the food set before him.

* Griswold's "Republican Court," p. 164.

a grateful country had called him, was careful in her drawing-rooms to exact those courtesies to which she knew he was entitled, as well on account of personal merit as of official consideration. . . . The charms of social intercourse were then heightened by a reasonable attention, in the best circles, to those forms and usages which indicate the well-bred assemblage, and fling around it an air of elegance and grace which the envious only affect to decry and the innately vulgar only ridicule and contemn. None, therefore, were admitted to the *levees* but those who had either a right by official station to be there, or were entitled to the privilege by established merit and character; and full dress was required of all."

At these and the President's receptions "there were no places," wrote Colonel Stone, "for the intrusion of the rabble in crowds, or for the mere coarse and boisterous partisan —the vulgar electioneerer or the impudent place-hunter— with boots and frock-coats or roundabouts, or with patched knees and holes at both elbows. On the contrary, they were select and more courtly than have been given by any of his [Washington's] successors."

At Mrs. Washington's receptions the President usually stood by the right side of his wife for a while, and they received the visitors together as they were severally presented. When these were assembled Washington moved among them as a private gentleman, conversing with one and another with as much familiarity as he would have done in his own drawing-room at Mount Vernon. On these occasions, while in New York, he wore a suit of brown cloth with bright buttons, and had neither hat nor sword, as at his own receptions. The ladies were all seated, and as the Presi-

dent passed around he paid his compliments to each. On these occasions Mrs. Morris, if present, always sat on the right of Mrs. Washington.

At the beginning of these ceremonials at New York, Mrs. Washington would not allow them to interfere with some of the life-long habits of herself and husband. The reception was never allowed to extend beyond the appointed time. When the clock in the hall struck nine she would say to those present, with a sweet, complacent smile, "The general always retires at nine o'clock, and I usually precede him." In a few minutes the drawing-room would be closed, the lights would be extinguished, and the presidential mansion would be as dark and quiet before ten o'clock as the house of any private citizen. After the Government was removed to Philadelphia the next year, the time for the termination of these receptions was somewhat extended. Mrs. Washington's receptions were given on Friday afternoons.

The President held his *levees* or receptions on Tuesday afternoons, from three to four o'clock. These were numerously attended, but by gentlemen only. The President, as we have observed, wore a suit of brown cloth at these receptions while in New York, but in Philadelphia he was always dressed on these occasions in a suit of black velvet, black silk stockings, silver knee and shoe buckles, and having his hair powdered, and tied with a silk bag or queue behind. He wore yellow gloves, and held a cocked hat in his hand with a cockade upon it, and adorned with a black feather about an inch deep. He also wore an elegant dress-sword, the scabbard of which was of white polished leather. The coat was worn over the sword, the point only of the scabbard appearing below the skirt.

At his receptions in Philadelphia the President "always stood," wrote an eye-witness, "in front of the fireplace, with his face towards the door of entrance. The visitor was conducted to him, and he required the name to be so distinctly pronounced that he could hear it. He had the very uncommon faculty of associating a man's name and personal appearance so durably in his memory as to be able to call any one by name who made him a second visit. He received his visitor with a dignified bow, while his hands were so disposed as to indicate that the salutation was not to be accompanied with shaking hands, even with the most intimate friends, that no distinction might be made. As visitors came in they formed a circle around the room. At a quarter past three the door was closed and the circle was formed for that day. He then began on the right and spoke to each visitor, calling him by name, and exchanging a few words with him. When he had completed the circuit he resumed his first position, when the visitors approached him in succession, bowed, and retired. By four o'clock this ceremony was over."

During the sessions of Congress there was a Congressional dinner at the presidential mansion every Thursday. On these occasions the servants all wore the family liveries. At all dinners given by Washington, public or private, when Robert Morris was present he always occupied a seat at the right of Mrs. Washington.

It was customary when ladies called on Mrs. Washington for the private secretary of the President, or other gentleman of the household, to hand them from and to their carriages. The President made it an invariable rule, while in New York, to perform these complimentary duties himself

whenever the widows of Generals Montgomery and Greene called.

Before the inauguration of Washington, the subject of a title for the President occupied the attention of Congress. Each House appointed a committee (April 23, 1789) "to consider and report what style or title it will be proper to annex to the office of the President of the United States." The joint committee could not agree. That of the House reported against any title; that of the Senate proposed, *His Highness, the President of the United States of America, and Protector of their Liberties.* Meanwhile the public outside of Congress took up the matter and freely discussed it. Some of the newspapers adopted a part of the title proposed by the Senate, and applied the title of *Most Honorable* to Senators. Also the title of *High Mightiness*, which was given to the supreme ruler of Holland. A newspaper announcing the arrival of Mrs. Washington at New York said she was accompanied by the "*Lady of the Most Honorable Robert Morris.*" General Muhlenberg said Washington thought well of the title *High Mightiness.* Dining with the President one day, the latter, speaking about the resolution before the two Houses, which had been referred to him, said to Muhlenberg, in his usual dignified manner, "Well, general, what do you think of the title of *High Mightiness?*"

Muhlenberg answered, laughing, "Why, general, if we were certain that the office would always be held by men as large as yourself or my friend Wynkoop [a large gentleman from Pennsylvania sitting at the table] it would be appropriate enough, but if by chance a president as small as my opposite neighbor should be elected, it would become ridiculous."

There appears to be sufficient evidence to prove that Washington rather preferred to be addressed simply as *President of the United States*, as he had been by the House of Representatives in their response to his inaugural speech.

The subject of Presidential etiquette was a matter for serious consideration. There was no suitable precedent. It was desirable to combine in it republican simplicity and proper official dignity. To Colonel Humphreys, who had seen some court etiquette abroad, was referred the matter for arrangement, but he was unequal to the task. He proposed too much ceremony, and the President and Mrs. Washington, assisted by hints from Colonel Hamilton, with their usual application of common-sense, performed that task for themselves. Simple as was the system which they adopted, glimpses of which I have just given, it was assailed with vehemence by ultra-republicans who formed the leaders of the party opposed to the Constitution, as "aping royalty" and other offensive epithets. To his friend, Dr. Stuart, who had informed him of some harsh criticism in Virginia respecting his course,* Washington wrote:

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* Dr. Stuart said in his letter that Patrick Henry, who had opposed the adoption of the National Constitution, declined to accept the nomination for a seat in the National Senate because, he said, he was "too old to fall into those awkward imitations which are now become so fashionable." "From this expression," wrote Stuart, "I suspect the old patriot has heard some extraordinary representations of the etiquette established at your *levees*." Alluding to a person who had made extravagant representations concerning them, he said, "I am informed by good authority that he represented that there was more pomp used there than at St. James's, where he had been, and that your bows were more distant and stiff. This happened at the governor's table in Richmond."

Even Jefferson in his "Ana" wrote: "When the President went to

"Before the custom was established [receiving visits at stated times], which now accommodates foreign characters, strangers, and others, who, from motives of curiosity, respect to the Chief Magistrate, or any other cause, are induced to call on me, I was unable to attend to any business whatsoever; for gentlemen, consulting their own convenience rather than mine, were calling from the time I rose from breakfast, often before, until I sat down to dinner. This, as I resolved not to neglect my public duties, reduced me to one of these alternatives, either to refuse them altogether, or to appropriate a time for the reception of them. The former would, I well knew, be disgusting to many; the latter I expected would undergo animadversion and blaming from those who would find fault *with* or *without* cause. To please everybody was impossible. I therefore adopted that line of conduct which combined public advantage with private convenience, and which, in my judgment, was unexceptionable in itself."

Referring to the visits, he said, "They are optional. They are made without invitation. Between the hours of three

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New York, he resisted, for three weeks, the effort to introduce *levees*. At length he yielded, and left it to Humphreys and some others to settle forms. Accordingly an antechamber and presence-room were provided, and when those who were to pay their court were assembled, the President set out, preceded by Humphreys. After passing through the antechamber, the door of the inner room was thrown open, and Humphreys entered first, calling out with a loud voice, 'The President of the United States!' The President was so much disconcerted by it that he did not recover in the whole time of the *levee;* and when the company was gone he said to Humphreys, 'Well, you have taken me in once, but, by God, you shall never take me in a second time.'"

The account given of these receptions in the text shows how absolutely erroneous are Mr. Jefferson's observations.

and four every Tuesday I am prepared to receive them. Gentlemen, often in great numbers, come and go, chat with each other, and act as they please. A porter shows them into the room, and they retire from it when they please, and without ceremony. At their first entrance they salute me, and I them, and as many as I can talk to I do. What pomp there is in all this I am unable to discover. Perhaps it consists in not sitting. To this two reasons are opposed; first, it is unusual; secondly, which is a more substantial one, because I have no room large enough to contain a third of the chairs which would be sufficient to admit it. . . . Similar to the above, but of a more sociable kind, are the visits every Friday afternoon to Mrs. Washington, where I always am."*

These public meetings, and a dinner once a week to as many as their table would hold, constituted the "pomp" of the Republican court. "I can truly say," wrote Washington in the same letter, "I had rather be at Mount Vernon with a friend or two about me, than to be attended at the seat of government by the officers of State and the representatives of every power in Europe."

* Among other things determined upon was a method for relieving the President of the character of a private citizen, which has been observed until the present time. It was determined that he should not return any visits. This rule was strictly adhered to. In his diary he wrote: "Received an invitation to attend the funeral of Mrs. Roosevelt, the wife of a senator of this State [New York], but declined complying with it—first, because the propriety of accepting any invitation of this sort appeared very questionable, and secondly (though to do it in this instance might not be improper), because it might be difficult to discriminate in cases which might thereafter happen."

These restrictions did not apply to Mrs. Washington, yet her visits were very few, for she preferred the quiet of home life, though it was now intimately connected with public life.

CHAPTER XIV.

Mrs. Washington, as we have observed, like her illustrious husband, left the delightful home on the Potomac with the greatest reluctance. She endured the excitement, turmoil, care, and restraints of public life as a sort of patriotic and dutiful martyrdom requiring much patience and fortitude, and she looked forward to retirement from it with a sincere longing as a coveted blessing. She always spoke of the time when she was in New York and Philadelphia—"the first lady of the Republic"—as her "lost days." She was compelled to be governed by prescribed etiquette, and was very restive under the restraint. To the wife of the general's nephew, her niece, who was left in charge of domestic affairs at Mount Vernon, she wrote from New York:

"Mrs. Sims will give you a better account of the fashions than I can. I live a very dull life here, and know nothing that passes in the town. I never go to any public place—indeed, I am more like a State prisoner than anything else. There are certain bounds set for me which I must not depart from, and as I cannot do as I like, I am obstinate and stay at home a great deal."

From Mrs. Mercy Warren, with whom she had corresponded ever since she was in Cambridge, thirteen years before, Mrs. Washington received a letter expressing regret that she did not accompany her husband on his eastern tour in

the autumn of 1789. Mrs. Washington's letter in reply, more than any other of hers known to be in existence,* re-

* The letters of Martha Washington which are still in existence are very few in number. Before her death she destroyed the entire correspondence between herself and husband, and it is said that several years ago her letters written to her relatives, particularly those addressed to her mother and her brother and sister in New Kent, were also destroyed by those of her family who possessed them. In both these instances the motive for the destruction seems to have been the laudable one of preventing this private correspondence, in all its freedom and simplicity of expressions, being published to the world. "This," wrote the late G. W. P. Custis, her grandson, "proves the depth and purity of her love for her husband. She would not permit that the confidence they had shared together should become public; it would be desecrating their chaste loves, and, perhaps, some word or expression might be misinterpreted to his disadvantage."

The authors of these letters have happily escaped the cruel ordeal to which the domestic privacy of the lives of distinguished persons is often laid bare, to appease the morbid appetites of the hungry host of readers who delight to feast on such aliment.

Many years ago, while seeking additional materials for the Life of General Schuyler, I called upon General Van Rensselaer, at the Manor-house, in Albany, whose father, the "Patroon," was General Schuyler's executor. He took me to the office of the estate, and directed Mr. Lansing, his confidential clerk, to let me have whatever materials I might choose for my purpose. After the general retired, Mr. Lansing told me that it was doubtful if there was anything worth having among the Schuyler papers, for they were wholly of a business nature. When the papers were brought to the office from the Manor-house, General Van Rensselaer directed Mr. Lansing to examine them with great care, preserve all business papers and destroy the remainder. He did so. He found a most valuable and interesting correspondence between General Schuyler, General Hamilton, and a large number of others, chiefly on political subjects, in which all parties indulged freely in remarks upon

veals the character of her understanding, her heart, and her wisdom. Its tenor is in consonance with the topic here noticed. She wrote :

" Your very friendly letter, of last month, has afforded me much more satisfaction than all the formal compliments and empty ceremonies of mere etiquette could possibly have done. I am not apt to forget the feelings which have been inspired by my former society with good acquaintances, nor to be insensible to their expressions of gratitude to the President, for you know me well enough to do me the justice to believe that I am fond only of what comes from the heart. Under a conviction that the demonstrations of respect and affection to him originate in that source, I cannot deny that I have taken some interest and pleasure in them. The difficulties which presented themselves to view upon his first entering upon the Presidency seem thus to be, in some measure, surmounted. It is owing to the kindness of our numerous friends, in all quarters, that my new and unwished-for situation is not, indeed, a burden to me. When I was much younger I should probably have enjoyed the innocent gayeties of life as much as most persons of my age ; but I had long since placed all the prospects of my future worldly happiness in the still enjoyments of the fireside at Mount Vernon.

" I little thought when the war was finished that any circumstances could possibly happen which would call the

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the character of various public men of the time. It was to prevent this correspondence finding its way to the public, and so, perhaps, inflicting pain upon the living, that General Van Rensselaer ordered it to be burned. A vast amount of the secret political history of the State of New York was thus consigned to oblivion.

General into public life again. I had anticipated that, from that moment, we should be suffered to grow old together, in solitude and tranquillity. That was the first and dearest wish of my heart. I will not, however, contemplate with too much regret disappointments that were inevitable; though his feelings and my own were in perfect unison with respect to our predilections for private life, yet I cannot blame him for having acted according to his ideas of duty in obeying the voice of his country. The consciousness of having attempted to do all the good in his power, and the pleasure of finding his fellow-citizens so well satisfied with the disinterestedness of his conduct, will doubtless be some compensation for the great sacrifices which I know he has made. Indeed, on his journey from Mount Vernon to this place, on his late tour through the Eastern States, by every public and every private information which has come to him, I am persuaded he has experienced nothing to make him repent his having acted from what he conceives to be a sense of indispensable duty. On the contrary, all his sensibility has been awakened on receiving such repeated and unequivocal proofs of sincere regard from his countrymen.

"With respect to myself, I sometimes think the arrangement is not quite as it ought to have been, that I, who had much rather be at home, should occupy a place with which a great many younger and gayer women would be extremely pleased. As my grandchildren and domestic connections make up a great portion of the felicity which I looked for in this world, I shall hardly be able to find any substitute that will indemnify me for the loss of such endearing society. I do not say this because I feel dissatisfied with my present station, for everybody and everything conspire to make me

as content as possible in it; yet I have learned too much of the vanity of human affairs to expect felicity from the scenes of public life. I am still determined to be cheerful and happy in whatever situation I may be; for I have also learned from experience that the greater part of our happiness or misery depends on our dispositions and not on our circumstances. We carry the seeds of the one or the other about with us in our minds wherever we go.

"I have two of my grandchildren with me, who enjoy advantages, in point of education, and who, I trust, by the goodness of Providence, will be a great blessing to me. My other two grandchildren are with their mother in Virginia."

In her reply to this letter, in allusion to a passage in Mrs. Washington's epistle, Mrs. Warren wrote: "Your observations may be true, that many younger and gayer ladies consider your situation as enviable; yet I know not one who, by general consent, would be more likely to obtain the suffrages of the sex, even were they to canvass at election for the elevated station, than the lady who now holds the first rank in the United States."

New York at this time was noted for its charming society, intellectual and social. The leaders were found among those who held manorial estates—the Livingstons, the Beekmans, the Van Rensselaers, the Van Cortlandts, the Phillipses, the De Lanceys, the Jays, and other powerful and influential families, distinguished for wealth and position.

There were expectations of a gay season after the inauguration, but there was disappointment. The tardy arrival of Mrs. Washington, the severe illness of the President immediately afterwards, and the death of his mother late in summer

prevented Washington's attendance at any ball after the one given by the French minister on the 7th of May. Mrs. Washington, who had little inclination to participate in the mere amusements of society, was never present at a public ball during her residence in New York. She was sometimes present, with her husband, at the dancing assemblies, but always retired by ten o'clock. But she, as well as Washington, was fond of the drama, and they attended plays at the little theatre in John Street (which could accommodate only about three hundred persons) on several occasions. The first time they were present was just after Washington's return from his eastern tour. In his diary, under date of November 24, 1789, he wrote:

"A good deal of company at the *levee* to-day. Went to the play in the evening. Sent tickets to the following ladies and gentlemen, and invited them to seats in my box, viz.: Mrs. Adams, lady of the Vice-president, General Schuyler and Lady, Mr. King and Lady, Major Butler and Lady, Colonel Hamilton and Lady, Mrs. Greene—all of whom accepted and came, except Mrs. Butler, who was indisposed."

The President had been waited upon by the manager, Mr. Wignell, a few days before, who invited him to attend the theatre, with his friends. He was requested to choose the play. "The Poor Soldier" was selected, in which Wignell took the part of Darby. In order to give the play more freshness and piquancy, Wignell employed Dunlap, the young artist and dramatist, to write an interlude, which he called "Darby's Return." Darby was an Irish lad who recounted his experience in New York. Describing the change in the Government and the inauguration of the President, he said:

"There, too, I saw some mighty pritty shows;
A revolution, without blood or blows,
For, as I understand, the cunning elves,
The people, all revolted from themselves."

Washington smiled, but he looked grave and uneasy, expecting some personal adulation, which always annoyed him, when Darby, alluding to the President at the inauguration, said:

"A man who fought to free the land from woe,
Like me, had left his farm a soldiering to go,
But having gained his point, he had, like me,
Returned, his own potato ground to see,
But there he would not rest; with one accord
He's called to be a kind of—not a lord—
I don't know what; he's not a *great man*, sure,
For poor men love him just as he were poor,
They love him like a father or a brother—"

But when Kathleen here broke in and asked,

"How looked he, Darby? was he stout or tall?"

and Darby answered that he *had not seen him*, because he had mistaken a man

"All lace and glitter, botherum and shine,"

for the President, until the show had passed, there was a burst of merriment from the audience, in which Washington and his party heartily joined.

The orchestra on that occasion introduced a fresh and pleasing feature into their performance. Mr. Fayles, a German musician, had, at the request of manager Wignell, composed a piece of music called "The President's March." It was lively and stately in character, and was played for

the first time on the occasion we are considering, when the general with Mrs. Washington led the way into his stage box. This circumstance intensified the applause which greeted the President. So soon as this march was played, the audience, which held many soldiers and sailors, called with a hundred voices for their favorite air, "Washington's March," which the fife and drum had made familiar to their ears. "The President's March" is now known as "Hail Columbia," the song (so called from the first two words of its first line) having been adapted to the air.

When the first session of the First Congress adjourned, at the close of September, Washington resolved to visit the Eastern States during the recess of the National Legislature. He desired Mrs. Washington to accompany him on this tour, but she would not relinquish the care of her grandchildren even for so brief a period as the journey promised to occupy. She remained at the presidential mansion during her husband's absence.

The President left New York on the morning of the 15th of October, 1789, in his chariot drawn by four spirited bay horses, which were raised at Mount Vernon. He was accompanied by his two secretaries, Tobias Lear and Major William Jackson, on horseback. The chief-justice (John Jay), Colonel Hamilton, General Knox, and one or two other gentlemen rode with them as far as Rye, in Westchester County. His tour extended as far east as Portsmouth, in New Hampshire, and returning he reached New York on the 13th of November. In his diary for that day he wrote:

"Breakfasted at Hoyt's, this side of Kingsbridge, and between two and three o'clock arrived at my house, where I found Mrs. Washington and the rest of the family all well—

WASHINGTON'S ENGLISH COACH.

and it being Mrs. Washington's night to receive visits, a pretty large company of ladies and gentlemen were present."

The President had avoided Rhode Island in this tour, because that State had not ratified the National Constitution, and it was considered as an essentially foreign commonwealth. It entered the union in May the next year, and the President visited it in the autumn following, proceeding by water from New York to Newport in quest of benefit to his health.

Soon after his arrival in New York, in the spring of 1789, the President ordered a coach from England. It was not received until near the close of the year. The first mention of it in his diary was on December 12th: "Exercised in the coach with Mrs. Washington and the two children (Master and Miss Custis), between breakfast and dinner—went the fourteen miles round."* Previous to this date he mentioned riding in "*a* coach"—probably a hired one—and in the "post-chaise," the vehicle in which he usually travelled between Mount Vernon and New York.

The English coach was one of the finest in the city, and attracted much attention when abroad with the President and his family. It was drawn by four spirited bay horses, governed by a driver and a postilion, both in livery, and accompanied by outriders. The coach was of a cream color, and was suspended on heavy leather straps resting

* The "fourteen miles round" was by the old Kingsbridge Road, which passed over Murray Hill, where Lexington Avenue now does, to McGowan's Pass, at about One Hundred and Eighth Street: then across, on a line with the Harlem River to Bloomingdale, near the Hudson, and so down on the westerly side of the island by the Bloomingdale road and the Broadway.

upon iron springs. The upper part, sides, front, and rear, was furnished with Venetian blinds and black leather curtains. Upon each door the Washington arms were emblazoned, and upon the panels on each side of the doors were designs emblematic of the four seasons, painted on copper, on a dark green ground, by the celebrated Italian artist, Cipriani.*

PANEL ON WASHINGTON'S COACH.

In compliance with a prevailing custom at New York of receiving social calls on New-year's-day — a custom established by the Dutch and confirmed by the Huguenots—the President received formal visits between the hours of one and three o'clock from the Vice-president, the cabinet ministers, the Governor of New York, the sec-

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* At the sale of Washington's effects at Mount Vernon, after the death of his widow, this coach was purchased by the late G. W. P. Custis. It finally became the property of the late Bishop Meade, of Virginia. Becoming unfit for use, the bishop had it taken apart, and pieces of it were distributed among his friends, also among associations of ladies for benevolent and religious objects, who, at their fairs, sold fragments made into walking-sticks, picture-frames, and snuffboxes. I have a snuffbox made of a piece of one of the spokes. About two-thirds of one of the wheels thus produced one hundred and forty dollars. The old coach probably yielded more to the cause of charity than it cost the builder at its first erection.

retaries and members of the House of Representatives, foreigners of distinction, and "all the respectable citizens." Towards evening Mrs. Washington also had a reception for about three hours. Never before were so many ladies and gentlemen at one of her *levees*. The weather was glorious; the air was as balmy as in mid-May. For a generation there had not been so mild a winter at New York. Farmers and gardeners on Manhattan Island were cultivating the land in January, and ladies appeared at Mrs. Washington's reception in summer dresses. The evening was made delightful out-of-doors by the light of the full moon, and charming in the presidential mansion by the gracious hospitality of its mistress. Chairs were provided for the ladies, and liveried servants dispensed tea and coffee, and plain and plum cake, among the guests. Ice-cream, the favorite delicacy of to-day, was then unknown.

The President's house in Cherry Street became too small for the increasing demands of official business and social requirements, and at the close of February, 1790, Washington removed with his household to the more spacious dwelling of Mr. Macomb, on Broadway, a little below Trinity Church, which had been lately occupied by the French minister. The situation was delightful. There were grassy slopes from the house to the Hudson River, and far away to the westward spread out the fields and forests of New Jersey. There the President and his family lived, and Mrs. Washington entertained until the following autumn, when the seat of government was removed from New York to Philadelphia, and fixed there for ten years. Previous to this removal Washington had sat for his portrait several times to Col. John Trumbull, for the artist's use in painting his

pictures of the battles of Trenton and Princeton. In these pictures Trumbull represented Washington on horseback.

The private life of the President and his family while in New York was exceedingly simple, and furnished the only solace for himself and Mrs. Washington for their deprivation of the quiet, domestic bliss which they always enjoyed

THE PRESIDENT'S MANSION (MACOMB'S), ON BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

at Mount Vernon. Every evening, excepting that of Friday, they spent alone with the children and Mr. and Mrs. Lear, who formed a part of the family. This privacy was seldom disturbed by a visitor, for the desires and habits of the family were generally known. Mr. Lear, and sometimes Washington himself, would read aloud something entertaining to the whole family. On the retirement of Mrs. Washington at nine o'clock, the President went to his library and remained there an hour, when he, too, would go to his chamber. He always arose at daybreak, and busied himself in his library until the breakfast hour.

As a rule, visitors were not received at the presidential

mansion on Sundays; but there was one description of visitors which was welcomed there on all days. These were the veteran soldiers, who repaired to "head-quarters," as they said, just to inquire after the health of his Excellency and Lady Washington. All were kindly received, and many of them were conducted to the steward's apartments and received refreshments. On their departure, Mrs. Washington would bestow upon them some token of her regard, and would express wishes for their health and happiness. They went away, often with tearful eyes, invoking blessings upon their beloved commander and the good Lady Washington.

On Sundays the whole family attended St. Paul's Church in the morning. Mrs. Washington often attended divine service with the children in the afternoon. The President usually remained in his library most of the afternoon, and devoted the time to his private correspondence. In the evening he read a sermon or some devotional work aloud to the family, and closed the day by reading a portion of the sacred Scriptures to Mrs. Washington in her own apartment. These domestic habits were practised also at Philadelphia. Private tutors were always employed in the education of the children, but Mrs. Washington was their ever-present "governess," giving direction to their minds and morals.

The subject of the place of permanent residence for the National Government occupied the attention of Congress from the beginning. States and towns offered inducements for the location of the political metropolis within their borders. Congress finally agreed that some point on the bank of the Potomac River should be selected for the seat of government. The choice of the site was left to the Presi-

dent. It was also agreed that during ten years from the close of 1790, while awaiting the laying out of the capital city and erecting the necessary public buildings, Philadelphia should be the metropolis of the nation. This decision produced great dissatisfaction among the inhabitants of New York, for it was a severe blow against the rapidly increasing prosperity of that city. The Philadelphians were naturally much elated, and the prices of real estate and almost everything else in that city immediately advanced.

Robert Morris had been chiefly instrumental in securing the removal of the government to Philadelphia, and against him were levelled the keenest shafts of wit and satire with pen and pencil. A caricature was published in which Morris was seen marching off with the "Federal Hall" upon his shoulders, its windows crowded with members of both Houses of Congress, some encouraging, some cursing the movement, while the Devil, from the roof of the Paulus Hook ferry house beckoned to him in a patronizing manner, crying, "This way, Bobby!" *

The second session of the First Congress, the last ever

* The heads of departments and members of Congress were disappointed in going to Philadelphia, especially the prudent ones from the Eastern States, and regretted the removal of the seat of government from New York. The temper of some of them seems to have been soured. They found the prices of everything vastly greater than in New York, and this fact caused some pretty severe commentaries. Oliver Wolcott wrote, "The people of this State seem very proud of their city, their wealth, and their supposed knowledge. I have seen many of their principal men, and discover nothing that tempts me to idolatry." James Monroe said, "The city seems at present to be mostly inhabited by sharpers." Jeremiah Smith, of New Hampshire, wrote, "The Philadelphians are, from the highest to the lowest, from the par-

held in New York, closed on the 12th of August, 1790, and two days afterwards the President sailed for Newport, R. I., accompanied by Mr. Jefferson, Governor Clinton, some members of Congress, Colonel Humphreys, and Major Jackson. This voyage was undertaken for the double purpose, as has been observed, of a quest for renewed health and to make a visit to Rhode Island, which had recently entered the Union, the President having avoided it while on his eastern tour.

Washington and his company arrived at Newport on the morning of the 17th, where they were received with every mark of respect. They were entertained at a public banquet at the State-house. From Newport they sailed up to Providence, where they were also entertained; and then they departed for New York, arriving there on the 21st. The President's health was much improved by the sea-voyage. He had endured much sickness since his inauguration.

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son in his black gown to the *fille de joie*, or girl of pleasure, a set of beggars. You cannot turn round without paying a dollar." Mrs. John Adams, wife of the Vice-president, wrote concerning the discomforts of the house she occupied, and said. "Mr. Lear was in to see me yesterday, and assures me that I am much better off than Mrs. Washington will be when she arrives, for that their house is not likely to be completed this year. And when all is done it will not be Broadway! If New York wanted any revenge for the removal, the citizens might be glutted if they would come here, where every article has risen to almost double its price, and where it is not possible for Congress and their appendages, for a long time, to be half as well accommodated."

But while men grumbled and scolded, the women were generally pleased with Philadelphia, because of its order and cleanliness, sociability, and even gayety. This was especially the case after the season for parties and balls had begun.

"Within the last twelve months," he wrote to a friend, "I have undergone more and severer sickness than thirty preceding years afflicted me with."

During the President's absence, Mrs. Washington, with a joyous heart, had made all necessary preparations for their departure for Mount Vernon, from which they had been exiled fifteen months. On the day before that happy departure they entertained at dinner Governor Clinton and his wife, the mayor and corporation of the city of New York, and one or two other distinguished persons. They sat long at table. The President and his family were about to leave the transient seat of government, perhaps forever, and many topics for conversation and discussion were presented for consideration.

It was the desire and the intention of the President to leave the city the next morning at ten o'clock, without ceremony, and he believed that purpose would be accomplished when the city seemed as quiet as usual at early morning. He was destined to disappointment. Unheralded and unexpected, before the time fixed for departure, Governor Clinton and his suite, the State officers, the municipal authorities, the clergy, members of the Society of the Cincinnati, and many leading citizens, pursuant to a secret prearrangement, appeared at the presidential mansion, accompanied by a band of music. These, by permission, formed an escort for the President and his family to the landing at Whitehall, where the beautiful barge which had brought the general and Mrs. Washington to the city was in waiting to receive them. The moment the honored family entered the barge they were saluted by thirteen discharges of cannon and the huzzas of a great multitude of citizens who had has-

tened to the spot. To this salutation the President, standing erect in the barge, with a voice tremulous with emotion, bade the company farewell. This was the final farewell to New York by the President and his wife, for they never saw that city again. Governor Clinton, Chief-justice Jay, General Knox, Colonel Hamilton, and the mayor of New York, accompanied them in the barge as far as Paulus Hook, on the Jersey shore, where they entered their English coach, drawn by six horses, and proceeded to Liberty Hall, the seat of Governor Livingston, where they dined.

The driver of the coach was incompetent to manage such a team, and before they reached Elizabethtown he ran it into a gully and nearly overturned it. It was considerably injured. The driver was transferred to the baggage-wagon, which he upset twice. At Governor Livingston's a new coachman was procured, and the family proceeded in safety to Philadelphia, escorted from time to time, from place to place, by cavalcades of gentlemen. Near Philadelphia they were met by Governor Mifflin and many distinguished persons on horseback, escorted by a squadron of cavalry. At the city they were greeted by a vast multitude, and were conducted to the City Tavern, where quarters had been provided for them. There the city authorities welcomed them to the future home of the chief-magistrate.

After remaining a few days in Philadelphia, Washington and his family departed for Mount Vernon in a post-chaise, leaving the coach in that city to be repaired. That business was intrusted to David Clarke, an Englishman and a coachmaker. The emblazoning on the coach doors was changed, retaining only the crest of Washington's coat-of-arms surrounded by a wreath.

CHAPTER XV.

The people of Philadelphia indulged the hope that their city might yet be the chosen permanent residence of the National Government, notwithstanding the action of Congress, and offered to provide a mansion for the President at the public expense. The legislature of Pennsylvania at about the same time appropriated a fine building on South Ninth Street for the same purpose. But Washington declined to accept the liberal offers, because he desired not to live in a house furnished by the public. Besides, he had determined to live in a style of the utmost simplicity, and preferred to furnish the house himself in a modest way, compatible with the dignity of his official position. He was probably moved to this decision by another cogent reason; he knew the Philadelphians were using every means in their power to firmly establish the seat of government in their city. He preferred a site farther south, and was unwilling to afford the Philadelphians a plea such as the providing of a presidential mansion would afford; so he hired a house (not so large as he had left in New York) of Robert Morris, situated on High Street, one door east from the south-east corner of Sixth, at the rate of three thousand dollars a year. Additions were made to it. There were fine stables, sufficient for the accommodation of twelve horses. Attached to the house was a large garden, enclosed by a brick wall, and a lot well stocked with fruit.

Mr. Lear had been left in New York to forward to Philadelphia the furniture and other things in the presidential mansion there. With these and some furniture bought in Philadelphia he fitted up the house in a most satisfactory

THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE IN PHILADELPHIA.

manner to both the President and Mrs. Washington. At the close of November they arrived from Mount Vernon and took possession; yet it was some time before Mrs. Washington was ready to see company. Her first public reception was held on Friday evening, Christmas-day. The President and his wife held their respective *levees* on Tuesdays and Fridays, as they had done in New York, and Congressional and official dinners were also given in a plain way, without any extravagant display of plate, ornament, or variety of dishes. The tenor of their private lives continued to be simple and unostentatious.

An English manufacturer (Henry Wansey, F.R.S.), who breakfasted with the Washington family in 1794, wrote as follows: "Mrs. Washington herself made tea and coffee for us. On the table were two small plates of sliced tongue and dry toast, bread and butter, but no broiled fish, as is the general custom. Miss Eleanor Custis, her granddaughter, a very pleasing young lady of about sixteen, sat next to her, and next her grandson, George Washington Parke Custis, about two years younger. There were but slight indications of form, one servant only attending, who had no livery; and a silver urn for hot water was the only expensive article on the table. Mrs. Washington struck me as somewhat older than the President, though I understand they were both born the same year. She was short in stature, rather robust, extremely simple in her dress, and wore a very plain cap, with her gray hair turned up under it."

Mrs. Susan Wallace, whose mother lived opposite the President's home in Market Street, gave to her son, the late Horace Binney Wallace, some notes of her recollections of Mrs. Washington at this period. She and Mrs. Wallace's mother became intimate friends, and visited each other frequently. Mrs. Washington always returned a call on the third day. A footman would run over, knock loudly, and announce "Mrs. Washington," who would then come over with Mr. Lear. Mrs. Wallace often met the President's wife in her mother's parlor, and was delighted with her manners, which she said "were very easy, pleasant, and unceremonious, with the characteristics of other Virginia ladies."

The first Congress expired at twelve o'clock at noon, on March 4, 1791. At that hour the President and his family departed from Philadelphia for Mount Vernon in a hand-

some white coach, built by Mr. Clarke, of Philadelphia, and drawn by six horses. Finding the roads very heavy when they reached Delaware, they embarked in a vessel on Chesapeake Bay, and after encountering great perils during a tempestuous night, they arrived in safety at Annapolis. Proceeding to Georgetown, the President there met the commissioners appointed to lay out the District of Columbia and locate the site of the National metropolis. Having settled everything satisfactorily, he proceeded to Mount Vernon, where he remained a week, when he set out upon a tour through the Southern States.

Washington had prepared for this journey before leaving Philadelphia. His equipage and attendance consisted of his new coach, drawn by four horses, a light baggage-wagon and two horses, four saddle-horses, besides a led one for himself, and five persons — his valet de chambre, two footmen, a coachman, and postilion. He was accompanied by Major Jackson, one of his secretaries.

This tour was extended to Savannah, in Georgia. The President was everywhere received with tokens of veneration, love, and respect. He was welcomed to towns by salvos of artillery, and corporations of cities entertained him at banquets. At New Berne he attended a public dinner and a ball in the old palace of Governor Tryon. He was escorted into Wilmington by military companies and citizens who went out to meet him, and he was conveyed across the Cape Fear River in an elegantly decorated barge, manned by six masters of vessels. The citizens of Charleston gave him a magnificent reception. He was entertained at a public banquet at the Exchange, and in the afternoon he was visited by a great number of the most respectable ladies of

Charleston—"the first honor of the kind I had ever experienced," he wrote in his diary, "and it was as flattering as it was singular."

Similar honors awaited Washington at Savannah. At this point he turned his face northward, travelled through the interior of South Carolina by way of Columbia, and reached Mount Vernon on the 12th of June, much invigorated by the journey.

Washington remained at Mount Vernon about three weeks, inspecting his farms and teaching a new manager of the estate in his duties, for the failing health of his nephew, George Augustus Washington, compelled the latter to relinquish that position. The President made a flying visit to Philadelphia, and returned early in September; but soon afterwards he and Mrs. Washington journeyed to the seat of government, for the first session of the Second Congress began on the 24th of October.

In the presidential mansion the usual routine of its life in house-keeping, public receptions, and Congressional dinners was resumed. The city was very gay that season. It assumed metropolitan features and put on metropolitan airs. Parties, balls, and other entertainments abounded. The theatre, "as elegant, convenient, and as large as Covent Garden," wrote an English traveller, was favored with the best professional company before seen in America, under the management of Wignell, already mentioned. Its performances were often enjoyed by the President and his family.

The terrible storm of the French Revolution had now begun to rage furiously, and its influence was soon severely felt in the political and social life of the United States. Blind, unreasoning sympathy with the revolutionists and in-

telligent conservatism soon produced antagonistic parties here. Society was speedily divided by a strong line of demarcation, and these antagonisms became more and more violent during the whole of Washington's administration. His cabinet was divided, yet he held it as a unit on the greater questions of the day—during all the excitements growing out of the conduct of Genet and his successors, the President's proclamation of neutrality, Jay's treaty, and the Whiskey Insurrection.

Unlike the atmosphere of European palaces, wherein political plots and intrigues among the women were often generated and fostered, that of the presidential mansion was never disturbed by any political movements. Mrs. Washington, who was supreme in her domain, never permitted political discussions among her guests. She never expressed an opinion on public questions excepting in private among her most intimate friends. Though diplomatists and others often attempted to draw her into conversation on such topics, she so adroitly but most courteously evaded the subject that she remained a sphinx; yet her convictions were as strong and clear as those of her husband, and were in perfect harmony with his. Indeed her sympathizing heart, sound sense, and judicious advice gave the President much of his strength, and helped him to wise decisions when he was perplexed with doubts. Mr. Custis informed me that Washington's letters to her from the seat of war and from the seat of government, while she was at Mount Vernon, were largely filled with matters on public affairs, and that her answers abounded with full and free expressions of opinion; yet she was never known to utter, even semi-publicly, any opinion upon important questions of State.

During the old war for independence, Mrs. Washington was more outspoken, and it is believed that an address published in a Philadelphia paper in 1780, while she was in that city, entitled, "The Sentiments of an American Woman," was written by her. Under that impression it was read from the pulpits of the churches throughout Virginia.

Mrs. Washington was particularly distinguished, at all periods of her life, for her tender solicitude for the comfort and happiness of the friends she loved. In the spring of 1793 Col. Alexander Hamilton, then Secretary of the Treasury, suffered a severe attack of typhoid fever. It is probable the following characteristic letter from Mrs. Washington to Mrs. Hamilton, for whom she cherished the warmest regard, was written at that time:

"I am truly glad, my dear Madam, to hear Colonel Hamilton is better to-day. You have my prayers and warmest wishes for his recovery. I hope you will take care of yourself, as you know it is necessary for your family.

"We are lucky to have three bottles of the old wine that was carried to the East Indies, which is sent with three of another kind, which is very good, and we have a plenty to supply you, as often as you please to send for it, of the latter.

"The President joins me in devoutly wishing Colonel Hamilton's recovery.

"We expect to leave this to-morrow, and beg you will send to Mrs. Emerson for anything that we have that you may want.

"I am, my dear Madam, your very affectionate friend,

"M. WASHINGTON."*

* Autograph letter of Martha Washington, in the possession of Mrs.

As the chief topic of this narrative is the career of the wife of Washington, and as notices of great events in which he was chief participant and with which she was in some degree connected have been introduced incidentally, and yet necessarily, in order to give lucidity to the narrative, I shall make note of but little more of his administration of eight years. During that time Mrs. Washington was almost constantly at his side, a nurse in sickness, a companion in social life, and a counsellor and best friend at all times. She gave him the comforts and the exquisite enjoyments of home life, which he so much coveted in the intervals of his public toils and cares. She was with him in their occasional seasons of retirement on the banks of the Potomac, when a lull in public business, during the recesses of Congress, would allow him to leave the capital. She was the ever cheerful, ever gracious mistress of the presidential mansion, who entertained distinguished strangers from abroad and public characters at home with a dignity and grace which commanded universal admiration.

Washington refused to accept the exalted office of President a third time. In the autumn of 1796 he published his famous "Farewell Address," and in the following spring he

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Philip Hamilton, of Poughkeepsie, a daughter-in-law of Col. Alexander Hamilton.

The autograph letters of Mrs. Washington are extremely rare. The contents of this one are so characteristic that it appears worthy of publication in this connection. The President and his family always left the seat of government immediately after the termination of the short session of Congress, on the 4th of March. We may infer from the circumstances hinted at, that this letter was written in the first week of March, 1793. Mrs. Emerson was the house-keeper of the presidential mansion.

retired to private life. The last two years of his administration had been exceedingly trying to his patience, for never before nor since, in the history of our country, did political party-spirit evince more violence of temper or indulge in more unscrupulous attacks upon private character than at that period. The President was the object of the most scurrilous personal abuse.* No one dared to accuse him openly of dishonest or even dishonorable conduct, yet by innuendoes and falsehoods of darkest aspect, disguised as insinuations, his political enemies attempted to destroy his popularity and to send him into private life without the sweet consolations of the approval of his countrymen.

"To the wearied traveller who sees a resting-place, and is bending his body to lean thereon," Washington wrote to General Knox at that time, "I now compare myself; but to be suffered to do this in peace is too much to be endured by

* Three days after the President retired from office, a writer in the *Aurora* newspaper said, "When a retrospect is taken of the Washington administration for eight years, it is the subject of the greatest astonishment that a single individual should have cankered the principles of republicanism in an enlightened people just emerged from the gulf of despotism, and should have carried his designs against the public liberty so far as to have put in jeopardy its very existence. Such, however, are the facts, and with these staring us in the face, this day ought to be a *jubilee* in the United States." Thomas Paine had published an open letter to Washington a few days before, in which he said, "As to you, sir, treacherous in private friendship and a hypocrite in public life, the world will be puzzled to now decide whether you are an apostate or an impostor, whether you have abandoned good principles, or whether you ever had any." Poor Paine was very angry because Washington had not used his power and influence in compelling the French Jacobins to release him from prison in Paris.

some. To misrepresent my motives, to reprobate my politics, and to weaken the confidence which has been imposed in my administration, are objects which cannot be relinquished by those who will be satisfied with nothing short of a change in our political system. The consolation, however, which results from conscious rectitude, and the approving voice of my country, unequivocally expressed by its representatives, deprive their sting of its poison, and place in the same point of view the weakness and malignity of their efforts."

The misfortunes of Lafayette and his family during the later years of Washington's administration gave the President and his wife the most painful anxiety. The marquis had taken an active part in the opening events of the French Revolution, but opposing the rash acts of the Terrorists he was ostracized by them. He started for Holland, to make his way to the United States, but was caught by Prussians and cast into an Austrian prison at Olmütz. When, in 1795, his wife and daughters hastened to Olmütz, by permission, to share the prison with him, his son, George Washington Lafayette, came to the United States with his tutor, to crave the care and protection of Washington.

The first impulse of the President and his wife was to receive young Lafayette at once and cherish him as a son, but State policy forbade it at that critical juncture in public affairs. Provision was made for the lad's welfare. He was for a time an inmate of Col. Alexander Hamilton's family at New York.* In a letter to him explaining the cause of his action, Washington wrote:

* Hamilton's residence was then at "The Grange," near the Harlem River. The late Philip Schuyler, of Pelham, Westchester County, N. Y., a grandson of General Schuyler, was at that time a student in Columbia

"How long the causes which have withheld you from me may continue I am not at able this moment to decide; but be assured of my wishes to embrace you so soon as they shall have ceased, and that whenever the period arrives I shall do it with fervency."

The sixty-fifth anniversary of the birth of Washington (February 22, 1797) was celebrated at Philadelphia with unusual enthusiasm and ceremony.* The ships in the harbor

College, and boarded with the Hamiltons. He informed me that on one occasion he and young Lafayette quarrelled, and the American boy whipped the French youth. When, in 1825, young Lafayette with his father visited Mr Schuyler at Saratoga, the latter pleasantly reminded him of the circumstance.

* Washington's birthday was celebrated immediately after the close of the Revolution. A clause in a letter from Washington to Rochambeau, in the spring of 1784, indicates that it had been celebrated in Paris by the French officers who had served under him. The first birthnight ball seems to have been given by his neighbors and friends at Alexandria, a few miles from Mount Vernon, and this was soon imitated in the principal cities of the Union. It was always celebrated at the seat of government while he was President, and the ball at night was invariably attended by him and Mrs. Washington. It was also a gala night at the theatres. At one of these balls, in Philadelphia, appeared groups of young ladies, wearing on their heads and intertwined with their curls bandeaux, with the words embroidered on them, "Long live the President." Popular songs often enlivened the public celebrations of Washington's birthday. I quote the opening stanza of one of them.

"Come, boys, close the windows and make a good fire,
Wife, children, sit snug all around;
'Tis the day that gave birth to our country's bless'd sire,
Then let it with pleasure be crowned.
Dear wife, bring your wine, and, in spite of hard times,
On this day at least we'll be merry;
Come, fill every glass till it pours o'er the brim,
If not with Madeira—then Sherry."

displayed a profusion of flags. During the day the church bells rang merry peals every half-hour. Members of Congress, the diplomatic corps, and a great number of citizens called on the President at his house to offer him their congratulations. In the evening a ball was given in his honor at the amphitheatre. The portion usually occupied by the horses was floored over for dancing, and flowers, flags, and evergreens decorated the building in every part. Many banners and complimentary inscriptions were displayed.

When the President and Mrs. Washington entered, they were conducted to a sofa with a canopy over it, on an elevated platform. Washington did not occupy it much of the time, but moved about conversing familiarly with the company. "The ladies," wrote an eye-witness, "were elegantly dressed. There were at least five hundred present, and a greater number of gentlemen. The President and Mrs. Washington were in very good spirits, and, I am persuaded, have not spent so agreeable an evening for a long time. Every countenance bespoke pleasure and approbation; even democrats forgot for a moment their enmity, and seemed to join heartily in the festivity."

Mrs. Washington and the President held their last *levees* together as one entertainment a few days before he retired from office. It was attended by the beauty and fashion of the metropolis, and by a far greater number of these and persons of distinction than usual. On the 3d of March they gave a farewell dinner to as many persons as could be seated at their table. Among the guests were the Vice-president, the cabinet ministers, the foreign diplomatists, and several distinguished citizens of Philadelphia, with their wives. Bishop White, who was among the guests, wrote:

"During the dinner much hilarity prevailed; but on the removal of the cloth it was put an end to by the President —certainly without design. Having filled his glass, he addressed the company, with a smile on his countenance, saying, 'Ladies and gentlemen, this is the last time I shall drink your health as a public man. I do it with sincerity, and wishing you all possible happiness.' There was an end to all hilarity, and the cheeks of Mrs. Liston, wife of the British minister, were wet with tears."*

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* The Rev. Ashbel Green, the chaplain of Congress at that time, and who was generally at the public dinners given by Washington, left on record an account of the manner of these entertainments. "His weekly dining day for company," wrote Mr. Green, "was Thursday, and his dining hour was always four o'clock in the afternoon. His rule was to allow five minutes for the variation of clocks and watches, and then go to the table, be present or absent whoever might. . . . When lagging members of Congress came in, as they often did, after the guests had sat down to dinner, the President's only apology was, 'Gentlemen (or sir), we are too punctual for you. I have a cook who never asks whether the company, but whether the hour has come.' . . . Mrs. Washington often, but not always, dined with the company, sat at the head of the table, and if, as was occasionally the case, there were other ladies present, they sat each side of her. The private secretary sat at the foot of the table, and was expected to be quietly attentive to all the guests. The President himself sat half way from the head to the foot of the table, and on that side he would place Mrs. Washington, though distant from him, on his right hand. He always, unless a clergyman was present, asked a blessing in a standing posture. . . . The President, it is believed, generally dined on one dish, and that of a very simple kind. If offered something, either in the first or second course, which was very rich, his usual remark was, 'That is too good for me.' He had a silver pint cup or mug of beer placed by his plate, which he drank while eating. He took one glass of wine during dinner, and commonly one after. He then re-

On the following day John Adams was inaugurated the second President of the United States. At the appointed hour (noon) Washington rode to Congress Hall in his coach drawn by six horses. When he entered the crowded hall he was greeted with cheers and the waving of handkerchiefs. Mr. Adams followed him and received similar honors. When they were seated in front of the Speaker's desk with the justices of the Supreme Court, Washington arose and introduced Mr. Adams to the great assemblage, and then read a brief valedictory address, with such sensible emotions that it touched all hearts and brought tears to all eyes. The oath of office was administered to the new President by Chief-justice Ellsworth, an inaugural address followed, and the ceremonies ended. Washington re-entered his coach and returned to his house. He was followed by a multitude of shouting citizens. From his door-step he briefly addressed the people, and bade them farewell.

On the evening of that eventful day the merchants and principal citizens of Philadelphia gave a brilliant entertainment—a banquet—at the amphitheatre in honor of the retiring President. It was attended by the foreign ministers, heads of departments, Congressmen, and a very large number of ladies and gentlemen. When the President and Mrs. Washington entered the room the band played "Washington's March." At the same moment a large curtain hanging at one end of the room was drawn aside, when a beauti-

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tired (the ladies having gone a little before), and left his secretary to superintend the table till the wine-bibbers of Congress had satisfied themselves with drinking. Nothing could exceed the order with which his table was served."

ful allegorical picture, painted by Charles Willson Peale, was revealed. The chief figure in it was that of the Beloved Guest. Other paintings depicting scenes in the public career of Washington decorated the room. Among these was a view of the mansion at Mount Vernon to which he and his family were about to retire.

With this generous display of affection—this homage of intelligence, taste, and refinement—this notable testimonial of the popular regard, the public life of Washington was closed. He had on that day stepped down from the lofty pedestal on which he had stood for eight years, the chief representative of a new nation—the admiration of the civilized world—and became a plain farmer on the banks of the Potomac.

CHAPTER XVI.

Young Lafayette had been invited to Philadelphia early in the winter of 1796–97, and was received with the warmest tokens of affection by Washington and his wife. He was advised to avoid society. He and his tutor, M. Frestel, lived near the presidential mansion, and when the Washington family left the seat of government for Mount Vernon they accompanied them. Under the hospitable roof of these friends, the lad, as tenderly cared for as if he had been a son, remained until the following autumn, when the joyful news reached him that his father had been restored to his country and friends. At the close of October he and his tutor went to New York and sailed for France.

In his journey from the seat of government to Mount Vernon, Washington was received with unbounded enthusiasm at all the towns on the way. In these honors Mrs. Washington largely shared. They desired to avoid all parade and escorts, but could not. When they approached Baltimore they were met by a troop of horse and a large crowd of people, some on foot and some on horseback, who had come out to escort them into the town. When they alighted at Fountaine's Inn the ex-President "was saluted," wrote an eye-witness, "with reiterated and thundering huzzas from a vast multitude of voices." They reached Mount Vernon on the 14th of March. Mrs. Washington was suffering from the effects of a cold she had contracted in Phil-

adelphia, but she soon recovered under the influence of the genial sunshine and delightful quiet that prevailed at her home.

The family at Mount Vernon now consisted of the general and his wife, his adopted children (Eleanor Parke Custis and George Washington Parke Custis), his niece (Miss Harriet Washington), young Lafayette and his tutor, and Mr. Lear. Eleanor was then eighteen years of age, and George was sixteen. The latter was a freshman student at the college at Princeton. The other two grandchildren of Mrs. Washington were then married. Elizabeth Parke was the wife of Mr. Law, a nephew of Lord Ellenborough and a gentleman of fortune, and Martha Parke was the wife of Thomas Peter, a gentleman of great wealth and excellence of character.

The quiet of private life and freedom from public cares in their beloved home, with a promise that it should never again be interrupted, gave exquisite enjoyment to Washington and his wife, and they fairly revelled in the luxury. Their letters to friends soon after their return home were filled with indications of their serene delight. To one Washington wrote: "If I could now and then meet the friends I esteem it would fill the measure of my enjoyments; but if ever this happens, it must be under my own vine and fig-tree, as I do not think it probable that I shall go twenty miles from them." Alas! the voice of his country soon called him to her aid against the aggressions of intoxicated France, and before the close of the next year he was in Philadelphia as the commander-in-chief of a provisional army.*

* The French Government, offended because of the neutral position

Mrs. Washington took equal delight in her quiet seclusion. To Mrs. Knox she wrote: "I cannot tell you, my dear friend, how much I enjoy *home* after having been deprived of one so long, for our dwelling in New York and Philadelphia was not *home*, only a sojourning. The General and I feel like children just released from school or from a hard taskmaster, and we believe that nothing can tempt us to leave the sacred roof-tree again, except on private business or pleasure. We are so penurious with our enjoyment that we are loath to share it with any one but dear friends, yet almost every day some stranger claims a portion of it, and we cannot refuse.

"Nelly and I are companions. Washington [G. W. P. Custis] is yet at Princeton and doing well. Mrs. Law and Mrs. Peter are often with us, and my dear niece, Fanny Washington, who is a widow, lives at Alexandria, only a few miles from us. Our furniture and other things sent to us from Philadelphia arrived safely; our plate we brought with

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the United States had assumed, treated the American minister there with much rudeness, and authorized depredations on American commerce by French cruisers. President Adams attempted to negotiate for a good understanding, but failed, and Congress prepared to vindicate the dignity of our Government. A large provisional army was authorized, and Washington, urged by the President and the expressed public desire, accepted the position of commander-in-chief of the new army, on the condition that he was not to take the field unless in the case of a great emergency. With this understanding, and that Alexander Hamilton should be made the acting commander-in-chief in the field, he undertook the great task. Happily, war did not ensue. The existing French government fell to rise no more early in 1799, and Napoleon Bonaparte, at the head of affairs, soon made an amicable arrangement with our Republic.

us in the carriage. How many dear friends I have left behind! They fill my memory with sweet thoughts. Shall I ever see them again? Not likely, unless they shall come to me here, for the twilight is gathering around our lives. I am again fairly settled down to the pleasant duties of an old-fashioned Virginia house-keeper, steady as a clock, busy as a bee, and as cheerful as a cricket."

Mrs. Washington was, indeed, a notable "Virginia housekeeper." A pleasing picture of her in her home was drawn in a letter written by Mrs. Col. Edward Carrington to her sister a few months before the death of Washington. "Let us repair to the old Lady's room," she wrote, "which is precisely in the style of our good old Aunts—that is to say, nicely fixed for all sorts of work. On one side sits the chambermaid with her knitting; on the other a little colored pet learning to sew. An old decent woman is there with her table and shears cutting out the negroes' winter clothes, while the good old lady directs them all, incessantly knitting herself. She points out to me several pair of nice colored stockings and gloves she has just finished, and presents me with a pair half done, which she begs I will finish and wear for her sake. It is wonderful, after a life spent as these good people have necessarily spent theirs, to see them, in retirement, assume those domestic habits that prevail in our country."

Washington gave his personal attention to the management of his farms, riding over them daily, a distance of from ten to fourteen miles. Starting out immediately after breakfast he would return in time to dress for dinner, "at which," he wrote to a friend, "I rarely miss seeing strange faces, come, as they say, out of respect for me. Pray, would

not the word *curiosity* answer as well? And how different this from having a few social friends at a cheerful board!"

When war-clouds were gathering again, and Washington had accepted the chieftaincy of the provisional army authorized to be raised in 1798, the number of visitors at Mount Vernon greatly increased, for civil and military officers repaired there to consult the great commander.

(From a painting by Stuart.)

Mrs. Washington was ever indulgent to her two grandchildren, the foster-children of her husband; she and Washington both felt a deep solicitude for their welfare. Nelly (as Eleanor was usually called) afterwards said, "Grandmamma always spoiled Washington [her brother], and often shielded him from the penalties which his many little faults had incurred." His foster-father, though most indulgent also, never relaxed proper and wholesome discipline. To enforce this more satisfactorily he removed George from Princeton to an excellent seminary at Annapolis, where he completed his school education.

Though Mrs. Washington was very indulgent, she was also a most strict disciplinarian. She compelled Nelly to attend punctually and faithfully to her studies in letters and

NELLY CUSTIS'S HARPSICHORD.*

music. Washington presented to her, at Philadelphia, a fine harpsichord, at a cost of a thousand dollars. The best teachers were employed to instruct her in its use, and her

* This instrument was at Arlington House until Mount Vernon was purchased by the women of the United States, when Mrs. Lee generously presented it to the association, and it was sent back to the old mansion, where it may be seen in the drawing-room. It was one of the most elegant of its kind. It is about eight feet long, three and a half feet wide, and has two boards, containing one hundred and twenty keys in all. The case is mahogany.

grandmamma made her "practise" upon it four and five hours a day. It became an instrument of torture to poor Nelly. "She would cry and play, and play and cry for hours," said her brother.

Nelly Custis was regarded as one of the most beautiful and most brilliant young women of her time. She was the pride of her grandmother, and was greatly beloved by her foster-father. Her beauty is attested by a portrait of her painted by Stuart just before she left Philadelphia, and which adorned the drawing-room at Arlington House until the breaking out of the late Civil War. Late in life she related to a friend the following incident of her young girlhood:

"I was young and romantic then," she said, "and fond of wandering alone in the woods of Mount Vernon by moonlight. Grandmamma thought it wrong and unsafe, and scolded and coaxed me into a promise that I would not wander in the woods again, *unaccompanied*. But I was missing one evening, and was brought home from the interdicted woods to the drawing-room, where the General was walking up and down with his hands behind him, as was his wont. Grandmamma, seated in her great arm-chair, opened a severe reproof."

"Poor Miss Nelly," says Mr. Irving, who first related the story, "was reminded of her promise, and taxed with her delinquency. She knew that she had done wrong, admitted her fault, and essayed no excuse; but when there was a slight pause, moved to retire from the room. She was just shutting the door, when she overheard the general attempting, in a low voice, to intercede in her behalf. 'My dear,' he observed, 'I would say no more—perhaps she was not alone.'

"His intercession stopped Miss Nelly in her retreat. She reopened the door, and advanced up to the general with a firm step. 'Sir,' said she, 'you brought me up to speak the truth, and when I told grandmamma I was alone, I hope you believe *I was alone.*'

"The general made one of his most magnanimous bows. 'My child,' he replied, 'I beg your pardon.'"

This charming granddaughter always spoke of her life at Mount Vernon, during childhood and young maidenhood, as most delightful. The domestic atmosphere was always peaceful and lovely. There was, at all times, perpetual harmony between her grandmamma and the general. In all his intercourse with her he was most considerate and tender. Nelly had often seen Mrs. Washington, when she had anything to communicate or a request to make at a moment when his mind was abstracted from the present, seize him by the button to command his attention, when he would look down upon her with a most benignant smile, and become at once attentive to her and her wishes, which were never slighted. He keenly enjoyed a joke, she said, and no one laughed more heartily than he did when she (Nelly), a gay, laughing girl, gave one of her saucy descriptions of any scene in which she had taken a part, or any one of the many pranks she often played.

When Nelly was about sixteen years of age she attended her first ball, at Georgetown, and wrote a description of it to her foster-father at the seat of government. His response presents the Father of his Country in the attitude of an essayist on the "Art of Love," and in delightful epistolary undress—an attitude in which he was rarely seen. After alluding to some remarks of hers about her indifference to

young men, and her "determination never to give herself a moment's uneasiness on account of any of them," he warned her not to be too sure of her control of the passions. "In the composition of the human frame," he wrote, "there is a good deal of inflammable matter, which, when the torch is put to it, may burst into a flame." He continued:

"Love is said to be an involuntary passion, and it is, therefore, contended that it cannot be resisted. This is true, in part only, for like all things else, when nourished and supplied plentifully with aliment, it is rapid in its progress; but let these be withdrawn and it may be stifled in its birth or much stunted in its growth. For example: a woman (the same may be said of the other sex) all beautiful and accomplished, will, while her hand and heart are undisposed of, turn the heads and set the circle in which she moves on fire. Let her marry, and what is the consequence? The madness ceases and all is quiet again. Why? not because there is any diminution in the charm of the lady, but because there is an end of hope. Hence it follows that love may and therefore ought to be under the guidance of reason, for although we cannot avoid first impressions, we may assuredly place them under guard; and my motives for treating on this subject are to show you, while you remain Eleanor Parke Custis, spinster, and retain the resolution to love with moderation, the propriety of adhering to the latter resolution, at least until you have secured your game, or the way by which it may be accomplished.

"When the fire is beginning to kindle, and your heart growing warm, propound these questions to it: Who is this invader? Have I a competent knowledge of him? Is he a man of good character; a man of sense? For, be assured,

a sensible woman can never be happy with a fool. What has been his walk in life? Is he a gambler, a spendthrift, or drunkard? Is his fortune sufficient to maintain me in the manner I have been accustomed to live, and my sisters do live; and is he one to whom my friends can have no reasonable objection? If these interrogatories can be satisfactorily answered, there will remain but one more to be asked; that, however, is an important one: Have I sufficient ground to conclude that his affections are engaged by me? Without this the heart of sensibility will struggle against a passion that is not reciprocated—delicacy, custom, or call it by what epithet you will, having precluded all advances on your part. The declaration, without the *most indirect* invitation of yours, must proceed from the man, to render it permanent and valuable, and nothing short of good sense and an easy, unaffected conduct can draw the line between prudery and coquetry. It would be no great departure from truth to say that it rarely happens otherwise than that a thorough-paced coquette dies in celibacy, as a punishment for her attempts to mislead others, by encouraging looks, words or actions, given for no other purpose than to draw men on to make overtures that they may be rejected. . . . Every blessing, among which a good husband when you want and deserve one, is bestowed on you by yours affectionately."*

Numerous suitors sought the heart and hand of beautiful

* Autograph letter of Washington, dated "Philadelphia, January 16, 1795." He wrote many other familiar letters to this sprightly foster-child, but they have been lost or destroyed. I found the above in the possession of Mrs. Mary Custis Lee, of Arlington House, a great-granddaughter of Mrs. Washington.

Nelly Custis. She gave them both to Lawrence Lewis, a favorite nephew of Washington and a son of his deceased and much loved sister Elizabeth. Soon after his retirement from public life, Washington invited Lawrence to become a permanent resident at Mount Vernon, for much company became burdensome to the master and mistress. He wrote to his nephew:

"As both your aunt and I are on the decline of life and regular in our habits, especially in our hours of rising and going to bed, I require some person (fit and proper) to ease me of the trouble of entertaining company, particularly of nights, as it is my inclination to retire (and unless prevented by very particular company, I always do retire) either to bed or to my study soon after candle-light. In taking these duties (which hospitality obliges one to bestow on company) off my hands, it would render me a very acceptable service."

Lawrence complied with the request of his uncle, and became one of the family at Mount Vernon at the beginning of the year 1798. He was then a tall, finely proportioned, and handsome young man of twenty-two years, and in face and figure bore a striking resemblance to his illustrious kinsman. Already the most intimate friendly relations existed between him and Nelly Custis. These now soon ripened into a mutual tender attachment, which gratified Washington.

Other suitors for Nelly's hand appeared. Among these was young Carroll, a son of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, who had just returned from Europe, possessed of all the grace and refinement of manners incident to a thorough and well ordered education and heightened by travel. He was heir to a large estate, and bore an unblemished charac-

ter. Mrs. Washington decidedly encouraged his suit. Nelly's brother, at school at Annapolis, sympathized with his grandmother, and ventured to write to Washington on the subject, saying:

"I find that young Mr. C—— has been at Mount Vernon, and, report says, to address my sister. It may be well to subjoin an opinion which, I believe, is general in this place, viz., that he is a young man of the strictest probity and morals, discreet without closeness, temperate without excess, and modest without vanity; possessed of those amiable qualities and friendship which are so commendable, and with few of the vices of the age. In short, I think it a most desirable match, and wish that it may take place with all my heart."

Washington, who as decidedly favored the suit of his nephew, closed abruptly the correspondence with young Custis on that theme, by saying in a letter:

"Young Mr. C—— came here about a fortnight ago to dinner, and left us next morning after breakfast. If his object was such as you say has been reported, it was not declared here; and therefore the less is said upon the subject, particularly by your sister's friends, the more prudent it will be until the subject develops itself more."

Nelly's heart beat in unison with the wishes of her foster-father. Suitor after suitor was rejected, and she and Lawrence Lewis were married at Mount Vernon on Washington's birthday, 1799. The day was brilliant with unclouded sunlight, and the air was as balmy as the most genial day in May. A gay and joyous company were assembled at Mount Vernon on that occasion. The bride was "given away" by her loving foster-father. The nuptial ceremonies were per-

formed by the Rev. Thomas Davis, rector of Christ Church, Alexandria, and Washington presented to him, on that occasion, an elegant copy of Mrs. Macaulay Graham's "History of England,"* in eight volumes, saying, "These, sir, were written by a remarkable lady, who visited America many years ago; and here is also her treatise on the 'Immortality of Moral Truth,' which she sent me just before her death—read it and return it to me."

The young couple, Lawrence and Nelly Lewis, resided at Mount Vernon until the death of Mrs. Washington in 1802.

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* See page 247.

CHAPTER XVII.

The long and eventful period of the sweet earthly companionship enjoyed by Martha Washington with her husband was now drawing to a close. At near the end of the year in which the happy wedding occurred at Mount Vernon, the spirit of Washington departed from the earth. The story of that departure is familiar to all my readers, and I will not repeat it here in detail.

For several months before that event Washington appears to have had at times a presentiment of near approaching death. In July he executed his last will and testament. He also prepared, in minute detail, a system for the management of his estate, for the guidance of whomsoever might have charge of it. That paper was completed four days before he died, and was accompanied by a letter to his manager, Mr. Lear, giving him special directions, as if the writer was about to depart on a long journey. He seems to have communicated his forebodings to Mrs. Washington, who, early in the autumn, when she was recovering from a severe illness, wrote to a kinswoman in New Kent:

"At midsummer the General had a dream so deeply impressed on his mind that he could not shake it off for several days. He dreamed that he and I were sitting in the summer-house, conversing upon the happy life we had spent, and looking forward to many more years on the earth, when suddenly there was a great light all around us, and then an

almost invisible figure of a sweet angel stood by my side and whispered in my ear. I suddenly turned pale and then began to vanish from his sight and he was left alone. I had just risen from the bed when he awoke and told me his dream, saying, 'You know a contrary result indicated by

SUMMER-HOUSE AT MOUNT VERNON.

dreams may be expected. I may soon leave *you*.' I tried to drive from his mind the sadness that had taken possession of it, by laughing at the absurdity of being disturbed by an idle dream, which, at the worst, indicated that I would *not* be taken from him; but I could not, and it was not until after dinner that he recovered any cheerfulness. I found

in the library, a few days afterwards, some scraps of paper which showed that he had been writing a Will, and had copied it. When I was so very sick, lately, I thought of this dream, and concluded my time had come, and that I should be taken first."*

CHRIST CHURCH, ALEXANDRIA.

Washington enjoyed unusual good health for the several months which preceded his death. He and Mrs. Washington attended divine service as usual at Christ Church, at Alexandria, after her recovery, and at the middle of November they received an invitation to attend the dancing assem-

* Autograph letter at Arlington House, dated "September 18, 1799."

blies in that town, as they had frequently done. To this invitation Washington replied:

"MOUNT VERNON, 12th November, 1799.

"GENTLEMEN: Mrs. Washington and myself have been honored by your polite invitation to the Assemblies at Alexandria this winter, and thank you for this mark of attention. But, alas! our dancing days are no more. We wish, however, all those who have relish for so agreeable and innocent amusement all the pleasure the season will afford them."

Just a month from the date of this note Washington rode over his farm on horseback for several hours in a storm of sleet, sat down to dinner without removing his damp clothing, and during the succeeding night suffered a violent attack of membranous croup. Physicians came, and soon so reduced his vital powers by excessive blood-letting that he had not sufficient strength left to resist the disease. He died from the effects of maltreatment through ignorance, at near midnight on December 14, 1799.

At the moment of her husband's departure Mrs. Washington was sitting near the foot of the bed, where she had been a constant watcher for almost twenty-four hours. Dr. Craik, the family physician, and Mr. Lear stood near the head of the bed, and several house-servants were in the room.

"While we were all fixed in silent grief," wrote Mr. Lear, "Mrs. Washington asked, with a firm and collected voice, 'Is he gone?' I could not speak, but held up my hand as a signal that he was no more. 'Tis well,' said she, in the same voice; 'all is now over. I shall soon follow him; I have no more trials to pass through.'"

So sudden was the attack of the disease, and so rapidly did it run its course, that Washington died before some of the near relatives could reach the chamber where he lay while he yet breathed. Mr. Lewis and Master Custis were at the "White House," in New Kent, and the daughter-in-law of Mrs. Washington, Mrs. Dr. Stewart, and the married granddaughters of the bereaved matron were not notified in time to reach Mount Vernon before all was over. Nelly was too ill at the time to leave her room in safety. The solemn funeral service of the Protestant Episcopal Church was pronounced by the Rev. Mr. Davis on the 18th, when the body was laid in the family vault with Masonic rites.

Congress was in session in Philadelphia at the time of Washington's death, and rendered appropriate honors to his memory. A public funeral was decreed, at which Major Henry Lee pronounced an oration, and the National Legislature resolved that a marble monument should be erected to his memory by the United States at the National Capital (the city of Washington), so designed as to commemorate the great military and civil events of his life. It was also resolved to request his family to permit the remains of Washington to be deposited under the monument. Like similar memorials authorized by Congress during the war for independence, the construction of this monument was indefinitely deferred. After the lapse of nearly eighty-six years, a "marble monument" at the "National Capital," in honor of the illustrious citizen who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," was completed at the beginning of 1885.*

* The monument is a simple grand obelisk, rising five hundred and

A copy of the resolves of Congress was sent to Mrs. Washington. Letters of condolence came to her from all parts of the Republic and from over the sea. The President of the United States, John Adams, and his wife visited

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fifty-five feet above the ground. It stands near the Potomac River, in the city of Washington, on the very site selected by the great patriot for the erection of a monument commemorative of the American Revolution. It is of the exact proportions of the Egyptian obelisks, but instead of being a huge monolith, it is a shaft composed of layers of hewn blocks of marble. Its apex is aluminium. This monument was formally dedicated on Washington's birthday, 1885. The Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, who was the orator on the occasion of laying the corner-stone about thirty-seven years before, was the chosen orator on the late occasion. Happily did he say, at the conclusion, in allusion to the obelisk and to Washington:

"The storms of winter must blow and beat upon it. The action of the elements must soil and discolor it. The lightnings of Heaven may scar and blacken it. An earthquake may shake its foundations. Some mighty tornado, or resistless cyclone, may rend its massive blocks asunder and hurl huge fragments to the ground. But the character which it commemorates and illustrates is secure. It will remain unchanged and unchangeable in all its consummate purity and splendor, and will more and more command the homage of succeeding ages in all regions of the earth. *God be praised, that character is ours forever!*"

The earliest monument erected to the memory of Washington was reared on the highest pinnacle of South Mountain, in Maryland, in 1809, by the inhabitants of Boonesboro' and the neighboring farmers. They did not ask aid in their patriotic undertaking from the State or the National Treasury, but contributed the funds and the labor themselves. The farmers hauled the stones and laid the foundation of unhewn blocks of sandstone, and upon this a rude pile arose which at this day is a landmark for the country scores of miles around. It is a simple cairn, such as patriotic pagans erected in honor of their heroes. What more than an artistic cairn is the "pile of stones" which composes the grand obelisk at the National Capital?

Mount Vernon to condole with the widow of the departed patriot. So also did other distinguished citizens.

Mrs. Washington, with the cheerful resignation of a trusting spirit to her Master's will, and an unselfish obedience to duty towards the living as well as the dead, maintained the domestic establishment at Mount Vernon on the same scale of generous hospitality which prevailed during the lifetime of her husband. In her social ministrations and deeds of charity she was assisted by her accomplished granddaughter, Nelly Lewis, whose husband and Mr. Lear took the charge of all matters pertaining to the estate until everything was settled in accordance with the will. Mr. Lewis and his wife made Mount Vernon their home until the death of Mrs. Washington, when it passed into the possession of Bushrod Washington, a nephew of the general, to whom it had been bequeathed by his uncle.

"I shall soon follow him," said Mrs. Washington, when her husband departed, never to return. This prophecy was fulfilled about two years and a half afterwards. Early in the month of May, 1802, she was stricken with a malignant bilious fever, which baffled the skill of physicians from the outset. She was then seventy years of age. She felt satisfied from the beginning that she would not survive the attack, and yet, in all her sufferings, her calm cheerfulness did not forsake her. She conversed tenderly with her grandchildren concerning the faithful performance of the several duties of life in which they were engaged, of the happy influences of the Christian religion upon the affairs of the world, and of the consolations of the Divine promises given to every believing heart in every emergency.

In the presence of these living relations and two or three

house-servants, the spirit of Martha Washington left its earthly tabernacle on the 22d of May, 1802. "To those amiable and Christian virtues which adorn the female character," said the writer of an obituary notice in the *Port-Folio* of June 5th, "she added dignity of manners, superiority of understanding, a mind intelligent and elevated. The silence of respectful grief is our best eulogy."

The remains of Martha Washington were placed by the side of those of her husband, in the old family vault built by Lawrence Washington, near the mansion at Mount Vernon. There they rested until 1837, when they were reinterred in white marble coffins and placed in the vestibule of a new vault which had been prepared in accordance with a provision of the will of Washington.* These coffins were made by John Struthers, of Philadelphia, and presented by him to the relatives of Washington for the perpetual preservation of the remains of the illustrious dead. The wooden coffins which covered the leaden ones that contained their ashes had been twice renewed.

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* The following is the clause: "The family vault at Mount Vernon requiring repairs, and being improperly situated besides, I desire that a new one of brick, and upon a larger scale, may be built at the foot of what is called the Vineyard Enclosure, on the ground which is marked out, in which my remains, and those of my deceased relatives (now in the old vault), and such others of my family as may choose to be entombed there, may be deposited."

After the lapse of about thirty years the new vault was built, with a small vestibule. Over the vault are the words,

"I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE; HE THAT BELIEVETH IN ME, THOUGH HE WERE DEAD, YET SHALL HE LIVE."

The vestibule was too small to give a proper reception to the marble coffins, and another was built. The whole structure is in bad taste, and impresses every visitor most unfavorably.

These marble coffins are so placed in the vestibule of the new tomb that they may be easily seen by visitors through an open picketed iron gate. The coffin containing the remains of Mrs. Washington is perfectly plain; that of her husband has an ornamented lid, on which is a sculptured representation of the American shield hanging over the flag of the Union. The latter is hung in festoons. The whole group is surmounted by an eagle.

Martha Washington, in all that pertains to true womanhood, was one of the noblest of women. As a daughter, wife, mother, and friend she was a bright exemplar. As an humble, trusting Christian, an earnest patriot and an unostentatious and generous philanthropist she was beloved, honored, and blessed. The sum of her excellence may be estimated by the consideration that she was an eminently worthy life-companion of one of the most illustrious men who ever trod the earth, of whom Dr. Franklin wrote in his will:

"My fine crab-tree walking-stick, with a gold head curiously wrought in the form of a cap of Liberty, I give to my friend, and the friend of mankind, George Washington. If it were a sceptre, he has merited it and would become it."

Of him the Marquis de Chastellux wrote:

"Let it be repeated that Condé was intrepid, Luzerne was prudent, Eugene was adroit, Catinat was disinterested. It is not thus that Washington will be characterized. It will be said of him, *at the end of a long civil war he had nothing to reproach himself*. . . . Brave without temerity, laborious without ambition, generous without prodigality, noble without pride, virtuous without severity."

To Washington Lord Erskine had written:

"You are the only being for whom I have an awful reverence!"

The great Count Herzburg wrote to him from Berlin:

"I have always admired your great virtues and qualities, your disinterested patriotism, your unshaken courage and simplicity of manners—qualifications by which you surpass men even the most celebrated of antiquity."

Lord Brougham said:

"Until time shall be no more will a test of the progress which our race has made in Wisdom and Virtue be derived from the veneration paid to the immortal name of Washington!"

A writer in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," said:

"Of all men that ever lived, he was the greatest of good men and the best of great men."

And one of England's greatest poets wrote:

"Where may the wearied eye repose
When gazing on the great,
Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable State!
Yes, One—the first, the last, the best,
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom Envy dared not hate—
Bequeathed the name of Washington,
To make men blush there was but One!"

The prime-minister of England, Mr. Gladstone, has pronounced him "the purest figure in history," and has written that "if among all the pedestals supplied by history for public characters of extraordinary nobility and purity, I saw one higher than all the rest, and if I were required at a moment's notice to name the fittest occupant for it, I think

my choice, at any time during the last forty-five years, would have lighted, and would now light, on Washington."

The latest and best historian of England, Mr. Green, wrote:

"*No nobler figure ever stood in the forefront of a nation's life.*"

Such was the man for whom Martha Washington was worthy to be a wife, a counsellor, and a friend. I have spoken of her person. Her voice was sweet and musical, flowing gently, yet rather quickly, especially when excited by any emotion. Her husband's speech, on the contrary, was rather slow and deliberate, subdued in tone, precise in articulation, and always impressive.

SHADOW PORTRAIT.

Several portraits of Mrs. Washington were painted. Only two were of life size, namely, the Woollaston portrait (see page 93) painted when she was Mrs. Custis, and a head by Stuart, now belonging to the Boston Athenæum, painted when she was beyond sixty years of age. Of the several miniatures of her, probably the most accurate was painted by Archibald Robertson, a Scotch artist, in 1792, when she was sixty years old. It was first engraved from the original at Arlington House, about the year 1833, for the "American Portrait Gallery."

From that miniature as a likeness Chappel made his fine picture of Martha Washington for Duyckinck's "Portrait Gallery of Eminent Men and Women," published by Mr. Henry Johnson, who kindly permitted the artist of this work to copy it in pen and ink. James Sharpless made a profile of her in colored crayons when she was a year or two older, which her friends declared was an excellent likeness.

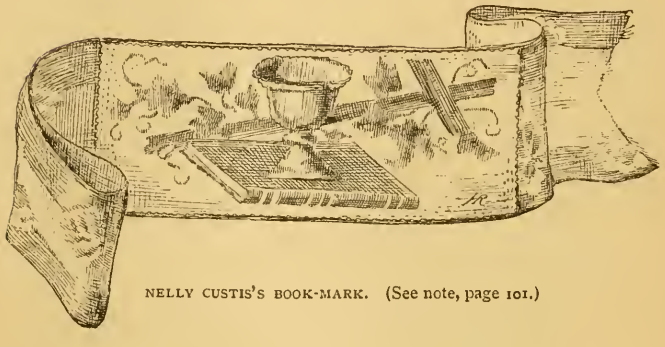
Not long before Washington's death, shadow portraits in profile of the general and his wife were made at Mount Vernon. These were undoubtedly drawn by Mrs. Washington's clever granddaughter, Eleanor Parke Custis. The profiles were cast in shadow upon a wall by a strong light, and were traced there upon paper. They were in the possession of Mrs. Lewis many years, when they were presented to her friend Mrs. Gibson. On the back of each is the following certificate:

"The within profiles of General and Mrs. Washington were taken from shadows on the wall. They are as perfect likenesses as profiles can give. Presented to me by my friend, Mrs. Eleanor Parke Lewis, Woodland, July, 1832.

"Elizabeth Bordley Gibson."

My pleasant task is done. In this volume I have endeavored to present to my readers an outline delineation of all that is known of the character and life-career of the

Mother and the Wife of Washington, and by so doing I have incidentally unveiled to view the most pleasing, because the most tender and lovable, characteristics of the Beloved Patriot.



NELLY CUSTIS'S BOOK-MARK. (See note, page 101.)

APPENDIX.

MARTHA WASHINGTON WILL.

"*In the name of* GOD, *Amen.*

"I, MARTHA WASHINGTON, of Mount Vernon, in the county of Fairfax, being of sound mind and capable of disposing of my worldly estate, do make, ordain, and declare this to be my last Will and Testament, hereby revoking all other Wills and Testaments by me heretofore made.

"*Imprimis.*—It is my desire that all my just debts may be punctually paid, and that as speedily as the same can be done.

"*Item.*—I give and devise to my nephew, Bartholomew Dandridge, and his heirs, my lot in the town of Alexandria, situate on Pitt and Cameron streets, devised to me by my late husband, George Washington, deceased.

"*Item.*—I give and bequeath to my four nieces, Martha W. Dandridge, Mary Dandridge, Frances Lucy Dandridge, and Frances Henley, the debt of two thousand pounds due from Lawrence Lewis and secured by his bond, to be equally divided between them or such of them as shall be alive at my death, and to be paid to them respectively on the days of their respective marriage or arrival at the age of twenty-one years, whichsoever shall first happen, together with all the interest on said debt remaining unpaid at the time of my death; and in case the whole or any part of said principal sum of two thousand pounds shall be paid to me during my life, then it is my will that so much money be raised out of my estate as shall be equal to what I shall have received of the said principal debt, and distributed among my four nieces aforesaid as herein has been bequeathed; and it is my meaning that the interest accruing after my death, on the said sum of two thousand pounds shall belong to my said nieces, and be equally divided between them, or such of them as shall be alive at the time of my death, and be paid annually for their respective uses, until they receive their shares of the principal.

"*Item.*—I give and bequeath to my grandson, George Washington Parke Custis, all the silver plate of every kind of which I shall die possessed, together with the two large plated coolers, the four small plated coolers, with bottle castors, and a pipe of wine, if there be one in the house at the time of my death; also the sett of Cincinnati tea and table china, the bowl that has a —— in it, the fine old china jars which usually stand on the chimney-piece in the new room; also, all the family pictures of every sort, and the pictures painted by his sister, and two small screens, worked one by his sister, and the other a present from Kitty Brown; also, his choice of prints; also, the two girandoles and lustres that stand on them; also, the new bedstead which I caused to be made in Philadelphia, together with the bed, mattresses, bolsters, and pillows, and the white dimity curtains belonging thereto; also, two other beds with bolsters and pillows, and the white dimity window curtains in the new room; also, the iron chest and the desk in my closet which belonged to my first husband; also, all my books of every kind except the large Bible and Prayer-book; also, the set of tea china that was given me by Mr. Van Braam, every piece having M. W. on it.

"*Item.*—I give and bequeath to my grand-daughter, Martha Peter, my writing table and the seat to it standing in my chamber; also the print of General Washington hanging in the passage.

"*Item.*—I give and bequeath to my grand-daughter, Elizabeth Parke Law, the dressing table and glass that stands in the chamber called the yellow room, and General Washington's picture painted by Trumbull.

"*Item.*—I give and bequeath to my grand-daughter, Eleanor Parke Lewis, the large looking-glass in the front parlor, and any other looking-glass which she may choose; also, one of the new side-board tables in the new room; also, twelve chairs with green bottoms, to be selected by herself; also, the marble table in the garret; also, the two prints of the Dead Soldier, a print of the Washington Family in a box in the garret, and the great chair standing in my chamber; also, all the plated ware not heretofore otherwise bequeathed; also, all the sheets, table linen, napkins, towels, pillow-cases remaining in the house at my death; also, three beds and bedsteads, curtains, bolsters, and pillows for each bed, such as she shall choose, and not herein particularly bequeathed, together with counterpanes and a pair of blankets for each bed; also, all the wine-glasses and decanters of every kind; and all the blue and white china in common use.

"*Item.*—It is my will and desire that all the wine bottles in the vaults be equally divided between my grand-daughters and grand-son, to each of whom I bequeath ten guineas to buy a ring for each.

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